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ENGLAND'S OUTPOST



THE BARBICAN SANDWICH

ENGLAND'S OUTPOST

THE COUNTRY OF THE
KENTISH CINQUE PORTS

BY
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about Wiltshire," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED. ADCOCK
AND MAP

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PREFACE

THIS volume is in effect a sequel to my former one, *An Old Gate of England*, dealing with Rye and the Western Cinque Ports, in that the Author was no little moved to its accomplishment by the kind reception awarded to its predecessor. The two together cover the whole Cinque Port littoral which might indeed fairly claim a common share in the brief title inscribed on this second volume.

A. G. BRADLEY.

RYE.

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ENGLAND'S OUTPOST

CHAPTER THE FIRST

Introduction

THE great traditions of the Cinque Ports and their vital services to the nation in the days of old are to-day, I fancy, but little understood outside the South-East corner of England. Even in Kent and Sussex the full measure of their ancient significance, though vaguely accepted with a certain degree of local pride by the natives at large and a matter of passing interest to a portion of their summer visitors, is fully realized by comparatively few. I do not know what the "Wardenship of the Cinque Ports" suggests to an average Scotsman, Devonian or Londoner, as with each change of Government he reads in his paper that some conspicuous supporter of the new Administration has been awarded it; and immediately forgets the fact. Probably he regards the office as most of us no doubt regard the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, as a mere decorative sinecure for some deserving peer or commoner of political distinction. And that is really all you could ask of him, for it is, broadly speaking, true enough.

But though the Cinque Port dignity is now little more than decorative, it is the inheritance of a great post and a great past. West Countrymen, in the exuberance of their Tudor memories, seem to have forgotten altogether that for some

centuries previous to them their ships were required by law to dip their topsails on passing a Cinque Port or a Cinque Port ship, in recognition of the guardianship of the nation's safety and honour upon the sea for which these towns were responsible. They were, in short, mere traders saluting the Royal Navy, and the little ports, clustering along the nation's danger point which provided it.

It is indeed not easy to exaggerate the importance of these Cinque-Port towns up to the middle of the fourteenth century, when over-powering circumstances brought about the decline of their supremacy. Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney and Hythe constituted the original group and their respective importance in early times roughly corresponded with the order in which they are here named. Soon after the Norman Conquest, Winchelsea and Rye were added to the list, not as mere appendages, but in every respect as full and equal members. It is true that the formal designation of "The Ports," as they were familiarly and colloquially termed, remained and still remains "The Cinque Ports and the two ancient towns of Rye and Winchelsea." But this is of no consequence and has no practical application whatever. It is merely a survival of the difficulty no doubt felt at the time in changing the old title of Cinque-Ports. The French numeral on English lips and in English ears, we can well believe, did duty just as well when there were in fact seven ports, as when there were five. As a matter of fact the word was not merely anglicized and obscured in the vulgar tongue, but constantly written *synke* or *sinke*.

The three Sussex towns were commonly known as the Western Ports, the remaining four upon the Kent coast as the Eastern Ports. Romney fell automatically into my last volume, with the others, as belonging to Romney Marsh; so that in designating this one "The Eastern Ports," some slight liberty would seem to be taken if it were not that the division was purely informal and only used when required for con-

venience. At any rate Hythe, Dover and Sandwich, as representing the three Eastern Ports, had both a neighbourhood and sea-coast strip in common. They stood, moreover, for such difference as distinguished the men of Kent from the men of East Sussex in olden days, not very profound perhaps, but still appreciable. New Romney lay as it were midway, with a population influenced less by Kent or Sussex than by the indigenous habits and traditions of Romney Marsh, which has been jocularly termed by various writers, including *Thomas Ingoldsby*, "the fifth quarter of the globe."

But we must be cautious in accentuating county traits or differences in the matter of the Ports ; for they were practically a band of brothers, free and independent of any county administration. In brief, they were a group of self-governing towns, bound together in all those important matters which justified their existence in a common administration under a Lord Warden, responsible to the King alone. Their high privileges, which made them free of many financial and other obligations common to the rest of the country, were the price of their service to the crown and nation, and that service, as I have said, was mainly the defence of the realm on the seas. In other words they furnished the ships and the men for the Royal Navy in great part at their own expense.

The origin of the federation, thus utilized as a national weapon is obscure. It is a subject of interesting controversy and sometimes vaguely associated with the system of sea defence adopted in Roman-British times against the Teutonic invaders, under an official known as the *Count of the Saxon Shore*. All through the subsequent Saxon period, particularly in the later days of Canute the Dane, there are evidences of co-operative sea-fighting of some sort by the little fishing and trading towns along the South-Eastern littoral, as occupying the danger point of the kingdom in times when ships were small and the art of sailing but imperfectly developed.

So it was almost inevitable that English kings should look to the seamen on this dangerously narrow strait as their first and chief line of defence.

But it will be enough, in these introductory pages of our story, that the Cinque-Port organization, though already shaping to that end in the days of Edward the Confessor, was probably put on a regular footing for the first time by that great statesman, William the Conqueror. Many pre-Conquest incidents in connection with this or that Port will no doubt crop up in the course of this little volume. But great and familiar epochs are invaluable for purposes of *memoria technica*, when they can be legitimately made use of, and the general reader, who is not concerned to burden his mind with encumbering details may fairly picture the Cinque Ports as dating from the Norman Conquest, just as he may with sufficient accuracy associate their zenith and subsequent decline with the days of Edward the Third.

The system evolved by William out of the looser machinery of his Saxon predecessor, and strengthened from time to time by his immediate successors was economical and effective. Elaborate charters were granted to each and every town and renewed by successive kings with such slight alterations as the times required, and never to the detriment of the Port. They were all much alike, and made the Portsmen "quit on both sides of the sea throughout our whole land of tallage, passage, carriage, rivage, sponnage, wreck, re-setting and all customs, and answerable at law to none but the King's Constable at Dover." This last was the predecessor of the Warden of the Cinque Ports. In return for all these concessions, some of which no doubt will have a somewhat cryptic sound to the reader's ear, each port was to provide for the King's service a specified number of ships. The number allotted to the several ports respectively was roughly based on their importance and prosperity at the

moment, a condition which was always fluctuating. Here, for instance, is a mid-thirteenth century allocation of ships, by which time Dover, as the principal and sometimes the sole source of passenger traffic between England and the Continent, had overtopped the rest in importance. Hastings (six), Winchelsea (ten), Rye (six), Hythe, Sandwich and Romney (five), Dover (twenty-one).

Save certain financial obligations to great monasteries in Kent, or Normandy, or to the King, the Ports were self-governing democracies. They bore a certain analogy, which need not, however, concern us here, to the old towns of the Hanseatic league and other continental communities. They were administered by a bailiff and jurats, usually twelve in number, chosen by the freemen of the town. The latter, with or without office, were known as Barons. The not very appropriate title of "Baron of the Cinque Ports" arose from the fact that the towns were held by the King as separate baronies on military service, so that the most obscure freeholder within them represented the Barony, if only to a fractional degree. This resounding title must have given a certain fictitious importance to the worthy citizen of Sandwich or Dover in his walks abroad, and possibly helped him, though only the fortieth or fiftieth part of a baron, to assert his rights of free market and harbourage, when the folk of meaner towns and remoter counties ventured to flout them!

But if this fraction of a Baron was denied his rights, say in Hull or Portsmouth, he had the whole Federation of the Cinque Ports, of which a word presently, behind him, and that was a power not to be trifled with. They had also the privilege, which survives with the necessary alterations of detail to this day, of supporting the canopy at Coronations. The Barons of the Welsh Marshes at one time disputed the honour. But these haughty warriors, who could make or unmake kings, and indeed were sometimes almost kings themselves, had to knock under to the Burgess Barons of

the Cinque Ports when it came to the final function of crowning, each port then contributing its quota of canopy-bearers, apparelled in all the splendour demanded by the occasion. That for all these privileges, showy or substantial, granted to the Cinque Ports, the full *quid pro quo* was rendered, it was the business of the Lord Warden to see to.

This last office, which carried with it the constableness of Dover Castle, was hereditary till the time of Richard the First, when the increasing dangers of foreign aggression no doubt required a strong man at the front. The Federation or Brotherhood of the Cinque Ports was an assembly of representatives from each one of them, which met at stated times for regulating the common affairs and protecting the interests of the Confederacy. The original places of assembly were at Shipway Cross, near Lympne and in later days New Romney, as the more convenient centre. The full title of these assemblies, originally held in the open air, for regulating the affairs of the Cinque-Ports was "The Brotherhood and Guestling." The latter term brings us to the fact that a large group of less important coast villages came to be gradually attached to the main Ports. These were known as "limbs," and the reason for such association lay in the increasing demand of the Crown upon the Ports, as the duties of sea service became more urgent and exacting.

These limbs were endowed with practically all the privileges of their Head Ports, which usually, though not always, administered their civic affairs. Dover, for instance, had Folkestone and Faversham, Sandwich had Deal and Fordwich. These contributing ports were known as corporate members, and were usually governed by a deputy from their mother port. Occasionally, as in the case of Faversham, they had corporations of their own and were even entitled to claim the title of "baron" for their burgesses. On the other hand these inferior members of the Confederation were not entitled to a vote at the Brodhull or Brotherhood. They only at-

tended when invited, and joined in the discussion of such affairs as concerned all the limbs and Ports jointly. They came, in short, as guests ; hence the term Guestling and the summons to a " Brotherhood and Guestling."

Lastly there was another class known as " non-corporate limbs," which were fairly numerous : sometimes villages, now practically extinct, like Stonar or Reculver, or again places then of small importance, like Ramsgate and Margate, which in after times outstripped their controlling Port, in their case that of Sandwich. They too were usually governed by deputies appointed by the Head Port, but had no seat, even at the Brotherhood and Guestling. All these limbs seem to have been gradually attached, as the need arose, to the great Federation and their contribution of ships and men in national emergencies fixed for each occasion, like those of the Cinque-Ports themselves.

But all these places will more or less come under notice in the course of this book and it is now high time to say something more definite about the actual services of the Ports. These were in fact twofold. First and chief, came the sea defence of the realm, a general policing of the home waters, and the transport of the army on foreign expeditions ; secondly, the conduct and leadership of the great Herring fishery in the North Sea—for it requires a mental effort to realize what an important part salted herring played during the Middle Ages in the food supply of the nation, and in its foreign trade.

With regard to the active services of the Ports, we must pass over for the moment those frequent fights with the Danes in the ninth and tenth centuries. Whatever their exact position towards the Saxon king of the moment, whether or no, that is to say, he was *de facto* King of all England, Kent was always a conspicuous point of danger from attack. It was also the most highly developed and the wealthiest part of the island ; yet more, it was in a sense an outwork

of the capital. So the Ports, whatever their organization, bore the chief brunt of these attacks. Under Edward the Confessor, as already hinted, their Federation first took shape as an instrument of the Crown, and indeed that saintly, Norman-loving King was not always quite such a pacifist as we are apt to imagine. Hitherto the national sea forces, though largely drawn from South-East England, were supported by contributions from all or most of the counties, and this tax, known as *Danegeld*, was felt by the nation at large to be oppressive. Indeed one could hardly imagine a Northamptonshire Thegn or yeoman sufficiently alive to the need of sea-defence to contribute cheerfully to its support. Edward had more than once taken personal command of large fleets collected at Sandwich, when menaced by the Danes or Norwegians, and the money difficulties and complaints in connection with such efforts seem to have induced the soft-hearted King to cast about for simpler methods of sea-defence. Hence arose, as there is much good evidence for believing, the Cinque-Port system, which was crystallized by his Norman successor. At any rate, it seems to have been a going concern when Harold lay with the fleet in the Channel for so many weeks preceding the Norman invasion, till he himself was withdrawn to fight the Norwegians at Stamford Bridge, and the ships dispersed; some of them to support him in the North Sea and others as useless from lack of money and supplies, a double misfortune which, as we know, left the Norman landing unopposed.

William, however, appears to have at once grasped the value of the system, so crudely instituted by Edward, and utilized by Earl Godwin and Harold, and to have put it into working shape, to be further codified by his successors. The privileges granted to the Portsmen have been already touched upon. That which made them "free of every market in England," will more especially impress itself upon the reader. The free service in men and ships which was required of them

in return was limited to a fortnight and for any period beyond that they were taken into Crown pay.

Yet all this time every port was under the suzerainty of some monastery. The western ports had been granted by Edward the Confessor to the Norman abbey of Fécamp. The eastern ports were feudatories in a sense, and to some extent the nurslings of one or the other of the two great Canterbury Houses, Christchurch and St. Augustine's. This seems a little confusing ; but in truth the effect was slight and may fairly be discounted in so general a survey as is attempted here. The Norman abbey, that of Fécamp, actually fostered Anglo-French trade with the Western ports, while leaving their civic liberties undisturbed. Their overlordship was eventually resumed by the Crown and the French monks compensated elsewhere. Canterbury retained its interests in the Eastern ports to the Reformation, and in various indirect forms right up to the present day. But such as they were it may well be left for a later chapter to disclose.

Till Normandy was severed from the English Crown, in the reign of John—for over a century, that is to say—the English Channel remained practically an Anglo-Norman lake, and there was no great call on the warlike activities of the Cinque-Ports. Normandy was a buffer between the rest of France and England. Neither the Kings of France nor the Flemings were in a position to threaten seriously the English coasts. The Scandinavians had ceased from troubling in the face of such power as that wielded by these Anglo-Norman rulers, despite the temptation, one might well fancy to have been afforded, by an entire population chafing and more or less enslaved under the heel of a conqueror.

Little is known of the ship-service of the Ports under the Conqueror, William Rufus and Henry the First. The confirmation of their charters by all three leads to the assumption that such services as were demanded of them—that to Scotland, for instance—were duly rendered. It was in

Henry the Second's time that Rye and Winchelsea were actually added to the Cinque-Ports. Hitherto they seem to have been tributaries of Hastings, at that time the Premier Port. But it was not till John's reign, when Philip of France seized Normandy, that the centuries of struggle began between England and France, which made the Channel a scene of continual conflict and the South East coast of England once again an outpost of attack and defence. This opening of the narrow seas to all and sundry who felt themselves strong enough to take a hand on one side or the other in the hurly-burly, brought in the Flemish and occasionally the Spaniards. The Scandinavians by this time had abandoned over-sea ambitions and settled down to mind their own business or fight among themselves. Moreover, a great increase in trade with Germany and Flanders in the reign of Henry the Second had stimulated the prosperity of the Ports and strengthened their resources, in view of the work which they were called upon to face through the next two centuries of conflict. The wine trade too with Aquitaine grew rapidly, and some of the Ports were granted a monopoly of it for stated periods, traces of which still remain in the great underground vaults that popular superstition is fond of attributing to latter-day smugglers.

The reprobate John was a good deal mixed up with the Cinque-Ports and made several personal appeals to them on the spot. They repudiated him at first when his refusal to recognize the Pope's appointment to Canterbury, under whose ecclesiastical shadow they actually lay, brought an Interdict on the Kingdom. But when the King of France undertook to be the instrument of the Pope's spiritual thunder, the Ports like good Englishmen forgot the unworthiness of their monarch in their love of country and fought the French with ardour and some success ; till in the great victory at Damme, now a sea-forsaken inland Flemish village, they achieved, under their own old Warden, the first of many still greater triumphs.

They had now learnt, says Burrows, not merely to act upon the defensive, and protect the more vulnerable coasts of England, but to follow their enemies into their own ports, to receive discipline at the hands of the King's chief officers and to measure themselves against a far superior force. For we must get rid of any legend that England ruled the waves in the Middle Ages, or that her sailors had any definite claim to superiority in seamanship over her neighbours. We must not judge this period retrospectively by Elizabethan or Jacobean standards. The ships of the Cinque-Ports followed no ocean trails, nor attempted such distant enterprises as those of Genoa, Spain and Portugal. They were rarely, I think, seen in the Mediterranean. Even then the West of England was building bigger ships, which for transport, as for instance in the Crusades, were used in preference to the little fighting vessels of the Cinque-Ports. None however could manœuvre for battle like these last, whose chief business was to defend England, not to trade with Italy, or to roam the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean in search of undiscovered worlds or new channels of commerce.

What like were these little ships may be gathered from old seals, medals and illustrations. Twenty or thirty tons, till well into the fourteenth century, was the usual rating of a warship, which after all was but an ordinary fishing or coasting vessel capable of being put into fighting shape when the need arose. Their appearance, as reproduced from old seals, coins and the like, is familiar to most of us, with their rounded and up-tilted bow and stern, and their single, square-rigged mast in the centre. In war they carried an adaptable "castle," fore and aft, while it was not till the mid-fourteenth century that the big steering-oar developed into a rudder. A smaller wooden "castle" near the mast head completed the preparations for fighting at sea. Ships when on duty usually carried twenty or thirty men and a boy. The titles of the chief officers suggest a country village rather than a ship

of war. For the master and boatswain were known as "Rector" and "Constable," while the odd boy was registered as a "groom."

Sea language was probably undeveloped in those days; nor did the inland Englishman have the slightest hankering for salt water, or any ambition whatever, even by proxy, to rule the waves. Oars too were a great deal used, for under these single square-sails a ship could only sail before the wind.

A sea fight must have been little more than a land fight transferred to an inconvenient arena, though many shifts and tricks must have been part of the training and practice of these early representatives of England's Royal Navy. Bows and arrows were used before the little ships met in deadly embrace, and the moment came for the armoured knights and squires to belabour one another with axe or sword. Ramming too was a recognized and effective method of attack. When guns came into use at sea, the size of the ships increased and the resources of the Ports, enfeebled as they were in many cases by the treacherous action of an ever-shifting sea coast, became insufficient for the high duties they had hitherto performed. But the King had always maintained a certain number of vessels of his own, mostly large rowing galleys, to act in support of the Cinque-Ports fleet. These however were generally, though not always, stationed in one or other of the Ports and manned by Ports-men. At all times too, when necessary, the King had been accustomed to requisition transport-ships from East Anglia, the Solent and the West-country.

After the decline of the Ports had set in, towards the end of Edward the Third's reign, the inclusion of outside ships as fighters became an ever growing necessity, and in course of time, in the naval armaments that crossed the Channel to France or Flanders, the contribution of the Ports came to form but a moderate fraction of the whole. Indeed at all times there had been some slight official connection between

them and the neighbouring coasts of Essex and Suffolk, whose ships were frequently summoned as irregulars in time of danger.

It may be remarked incidentally too that the associated towns of Southampton, Poole, Lyme and Weymouth came out in fighting force with the Cinque-Ports, when the Bretons were proving troublesome. Edward the First had close connection with the Ports from his boyhood. In the wars between his father and the barons under Simon de Montfort, both parties bid for their support and aimed at Dover Castle as their chief stronghold. After three years of alternate occupation, the battle of Lewes confirmed the Ports in the attachment which they had shown to de Montfort and in the possession of the Castle, where Prince Edward was for a time detained in honourable custody. The Pope, who was hostile to the popular party, now attacked it with his spiritual thunders. But the interdicts against the leaders which he dispatched across the Channel were seized by the Ports' ships, torn in pieces and flung contemptuously into the sea.

Long after the battle of Evesham had brought the Civil War to an end and re-instated Henry the Third, and even after Dover Castle had been surrendered, the ships of the Ports held the sea and harried the King's subjects as their lawful prey. It was some months before Edward at the head of a large force brought them to terms, Winchelsea (the submerged town, not the later one), at that time only second to Dover in size and importance, being the last to yield. It is fairly obvious that what Edward had seen of the power of the Cinque-Ports impressed him with their high value as a support of the Crown. For they were quickly received back into the King's peace without penalty, save only Winchelsea, which was dealt with more drastically, a punishment amply made up for, however, by Edward's interest in and re-building of the town. He was Warden of the Cinque-Ports long before he came to the throne and throughout his energetic reign used their

fleets in all his wars and duly recognized their services by consolidating or amplifying their charters. Under the latter the Ports' Barons were made "for ever free of common summonses before our Justices for all manner of pleas itinerant *in whatever county their lands may be.*" They were also freed from the customs duty on wine, and further from the hateful Norman innovation of "wardship and marriage," which gave to the King the power of appointing a guardian to wealthy minors who enjoyed their wards' revenues and made profit out of their marriages.

The Ports' fleet went with Edward on his Welsh expedition and took a very active part in the final blow which completed the subjection of that distracted but gallant little country. They went twice with him to Scotland in those statesmanlike endeavours to bring an end by conquest and union to devastating internecine wars. Edward, however, expected too much of them. When anxious at all costs to keep out of war with Philip of France till his great work at home was completed, he looked to these Channel ports to suffer meekly the liberties which their traditional enemies naturally took, when the King and his army were away for months or years on the Solway or in the Menai Straits. Their own ship-service on these distant wars was transitory. So in their long intervals at home, it was hardly to be expected, in spite of the King's commands, that they should tamely suffer the outrages on merchant ships and fleets which the French perpetrated. The Gascons too, then their fellow-subjects, and even the Dutch as neutral sufferers, claimed their help, which was given with a will. Their personal passions were further aroused by insulting demonstrations off their own Ports, as for instance when passing French ships hung the bodies of slaughtered Englishmen alternately with those of dogs from their yard arms! Exasperation at length reached such a pitch that a mutual agreement was actually made to fight the quarrel out off St. Mahé, on April 14, 1293. A large fleet from either side

of the Channel, reinforced by various "friendlies," met on the appointed day and in a furious gale the Ports-men won a crushing victory.

Although Edward had determined to bear everything short of declared war from Philip, till his Scottish business was completed, this affair upset him sorely and brought down his anger on the Ports. But his well balanced mind could not resist the cogent argument with which they met his reproofs, and though involved himself with both Wales and Scotland, he gave directions to his sea forces to prosecute the war, which was now openly declared. But the French, bringing round their Mediterranean fleet, paraded the Channel with an irresistible force of 300 ships, and burned Dover though ultimately driven out of it with great loss. By 1297, however, Edward was free. He made an alliance with Flanders, called out all his sea forces and still further extending the franchises of the Ports, as a mark of his friendship and reliance on them, sailed for Swyn. Then just as the army was in the very act of landing, occurred the most extraordinary outbreak probably in British naval history. Now Yarmouth, of which more anon, as representing the vitally important herring fishery, had sent a contingent of ships with the fleet. The King had hardly reached his quarters on shore when the Ports-men, "inflamed," says the chronicler, "by their inveterate hatred of the Yarmouth seamen, dating from ancient times, rushed to arms and in the fury of their attack burnt more than twenty of their ships, putting to the sword as many of their crews as they could lay hands upon. Nor, though the King commanded them to desist, was he able to restrain their insane violence."

Edward, for some reason, took this affront and disaster almost meekly. It is suggested that he felt the Ports' sailors had real grievances, and more pertinently, perhaps, that he could not afford to alienate the good will of this independent and audacious confederation, which he had so loaded with

favours. His expedition proved futile, partly because the Pope interfered for peace. But it is the Ports which alone concern us here, and in connection with their untimely outbreak the King contented himself with summoning four barons from each port and twenty-four representatives from Yarmouth to meet him in London, when he would pronounce judgment. This resulted in nothing more than an order to behave themselves, with the more definite command that every master of a ship, with two or three of his leading sailors, should on going to sea take before the mayor a "sacred corporal oath" to keep the peace, and bring any who broke it before the Lord Warden.

Commerce by this time had vastly extended, and while the Ports were doing duty as national guardians of the narrow seas, other coast towns had taken away no little of their trade. The confusion and domestic strife of Edward the Second's weak reign bore hardly on the Federation and gave great encouragement to the national enemies. "Nothing," says Burrows, "but their splendid traditions and their situation over against the coasts of France and Flanders kept them in fighting line with the nation." The task was in truth getting too big for them and their once splendid harbours were already beginning to feel those freakish humours of the sea upon an ever-shifting coast, which eventually left most of them, to all intents and purposes, high and dry. Their strength was not equal to their spirit. Even Edward the First had begun to draw reinforcements from seaports outside the Federation. His son, however, continued to put his chief support in them. They accompanied him in his two first expeditions to Scotland, but after Bannockburn declined to go north again with so inept a leader.

The Scots, however, now allied with the French, had no such reluctance to come south and their ships appeared for the first time as combatants in the Channel. We need not follow the confused and badly organized sea-fighting of

Edward the Second's reign in which the Ports, and that too not for the first nor last time, come under the accusation of piracy, a rather nice question to define in those rough and ready days. Young Edward the Third inherited the muddle, and recognizing that Scotland must be conquered in France with the additional advantage of thereby protecting his province of Aquitaine, demanded of the Commons the means for doing so. But the latter, in which the Barons of the Ports were not yet represented, had little sea knowledge. They told the King that it was the business of the Cinque-Ports to guard the sea without pay, as it was that of the Commons to guard the land. They did not recognize that the job had grown too big for the Ports to grapple with single-handed. But now the Hundred Years' War with France had begun, originally with the intention of destroying the French fleet, which had wrought much havoc upon English coast towns, but developing, as we know, into far wider ambitions and invasions, and ultimately degenerating into marauding adventures, that even the ethics of that day can hardly palliate. But Edward's personality seems to have fired the nation with a new spirit somewhat analogous to that which Chatham kindled in 1758, and it was thought that another warrior king like Edward the First had appeared.

The Ports, as the nucleus of his fleet, responded promptly with all the strength at their command. The Lord Warden sailed out with sixty ships, including a Yarmouth force; the still lingering dread of another fracas being shown in the strict injunctions given to the captains, while seventy more ships came from the coasts beyond Sussex. They began operations by driving off a French fleet which threatened Rye and Hastings, and then attacking Boulogne, burnt part of it, seized the shipping and hanged a dozen French captains who had been prominent marauders. A few days later, with the King at its head, the fleet won the great victory of Sluys.

Some of the later ships of that day, having a larger tonnage,

were known as Cogs, and in one of these the King hoisted his flag. The line of battle consisted of alternate ships, the one loaded with knights and men at arms, the other with archers, for mutual support. The opposing forces were about equal, but the defeated French, though we may discount monkish figures, really seem to have lost many thousand men. For it must be remembered that in those days the crews of every captured vessel, save the few individuals good for a ransom, were pitched overboard remorselessly and none were rescued from such ships as were rammed and sunk.

The importance of the Ports as the unit force of the Navy was now so obvious to the King, that he made the utmost demands upon them. Those which were backward in coming up to the terms of their service he directed his agents to tax, as other towns, ignoring their franchises and even going so far as to distrain their goods.

For the ever-famous Siege of Calais, 710 ships were collected in Sandwich harbour, the only one large enough to contain so vast a fleet. These figures illustrate the greatly increased requirements of the national marine, and the fact that only 105 of them were from the Cinque-Ports shows how far the national needs had now outstripped the powers of the Ports to bear the burden of them alone. On this occasion, Sandwich and Winchelsea, with contributions of twenty-two and twenty-one ships respectively, headed the list, followed by Dover with sixteen. The three "limbs," Seaford, Faversham and Margate, the latter with fifteen ships, appear on this list, though in their case with only a dozen or so men to a ship, while those of the parent ports are twice as strongly manned, and doubtless twice the size. The King on this occasion had twenty-five of his own ships, mostly manned by Ports-men. London, which had always been in close touch with the Ports, also sent twenty-five. The largest outside contribution, however, was Fowey with forty-seven ships, though much under the average size, while Yarmouth sent

forty-three of full size, carrying, that is to say, 1,075 sailors. Dartmouth and Plymouth sent thirty-one and twenty-six ships of average size, and the importance which these West-Country fleets were beginning to assume makes one cease to wonder that they grew restive under the obligation to salute the Cinque-Ports and their vessels as of a higher rank. Probably, however, the Ports-men still represented, from their traditional training and discipline for war, something like "regulars" as against "irregulars." Many things seem to suggest this, but it would be rash perhaps to assume it. Bristol and Southampton with twenty-two and twenty-one ships apiece, and Dunwich with six, complete the number summoned to this great effort. If we except the confederate ports of Dorset, which on this occasion were omitted, possibly as being required for watching Brittany, it is probable that this list fairly represents the full sea power then available to the Crown.

Three years later Edward engaged a Spanish fleet off Winchelsea and won the victory made memorable by Froissart's vivid account of it, and thereby acquired the reputation in Europe of being "King of the Sea," an ephemeral title to be sure, in the Middle Ages. For in 1360 he was so absorbed in the conquest of France and forgetful of the French navy, that the latter slipped out, and amid attacks and counter-attacks on either coast, again established that equitable balance of power in the Channel that was more usual in the Middle Ages than any marked superiority of one side or the other.

The precedence of the Ports, however, as the nucleus of the national fighting force was still maintained by the entrusting of the whole sea forces of England to their successive Wardens at Dover. But they had now passed their zenith. Their relative importance was unavoidably on the decline, even had their individual prosperity not been on the wane. The power of England with that deterioration in the King's

character and conduct which marked his later years, together with the broken health of the Black Prince, steadily declined. She lost Aquitaine ; France and Spain were allied against her, and the Flemings becoming unfriendly, commerce languished. Indeed the great cost of the King's armies left little money for naval expenditure, while the French on their part discovered a new vigour and some able commanders who were capable of taking advantage of it. In view of their constant attacks fresh defensive works had been imposed on most of the Ports, save Dover, where the powerful and commanding castle, periodically strengthened since William the Conqueror's time, had rendered it comparatively immune. Hastings, Winchelsea and Rye, Hythe and Sandwich, had, during the two centuries preceding the accession of Henry the Fifth, all been raided, harried and burnt on one or more occasions. With the help of the Crown, however, to whose safety their existence was so vital, together with their own indomitable spirit, they defied every effort of the French to wipe them out and rose out of their ashes in some cases a little stronger even than before. But from the constant fighting and raiding, regular and irregular, that went on through the weak reign of Richard and that of the stronger but distracted Henry the Fourth, the Western Ports and Hythe never recovered ; handicapped as all were by the insidious action of the sea, a foe that neither valour nor energy could keep at bay.

Hitherto the Alard family of Winchelsea, a port more aristocratic in composition than any of the others, had furnished the most outstanding admirals to the confederacy. At this late period, however, and in the reign of Henry the Fourth, there arose the last of the Cinque-Port leaders to make a great name and become a terror to the national enemies. This was Henry Pay, and, curiously enough, he came from Faversham, that rather remote limb of Sandwich, which had its outlet not on the Channel, but on the Thames

estuary. The Spaniards honoured him, as they honoured Drake in later days, with a soubriquet, and though the citizens of their coast towns did not as in El Draco's case lie uneasy in their beds, their sailors held the name of " Arripay " in wholesome awe. He fought the French constantly with his Cinque-Port ships, and we hear of him off the coast of Pembrokeshire in 1403, capturing many of the ships which had landed the French Army sent to help Owen Glyndwr. Again in 1407 he made a great haul of 120 French ships laden with salt, iron and wine. A certain vagueness, however, attaches to his career, and tradition credits him with being something of a pirate. But to draw the line between piracy and legitimate war in the distracted times of Richard the Second and Henry the Fourth would puzzle, I take it, the most astute marine lawyer that was ever called upon to pronounce judgment. " Arripay " and his Cinque-Port ships, however, whether it was peace or war, laid about them in the home seas and beyond with a vigour that redeemed the national credit, on the water at any rate, when it was at a low ebb. The famous sailor nevertheless survived to die peaceably in his bed, in 1419, and his dust lies in Faversham churchyard.

When Henry the Fifth came to the throne, as everyone knows, the national fortunes took an upward turn. The King, moreover, had formerly been Warden of the Cinque-Ports, and must have been well aware of how much irregular fighting, by whatever name we may call it, had been going forward in the Channel. For immediately on his accession he passed a Bill through Parliament making piracy high treason. His rather characteristic cure for the evil was that declaration of war on France which led to his famous victories. But his naval policy, taken vigorously in hand, sounded the doom of the Cinque-Ports as the basic force of the Royal Navy. He recognized that they were no longer strong enough to build and man ships to the extent now

required, nor were their shrinking harbours capable of containing them. He began rapidly to build Royal ships, some of them, it is supposed, up to 500 tons in capacity, and selected Southampton as his chief naval base. The Cinque-Ports, however, retained all their privileges and turned out to war as before, though in declining strength. But their fleets no longer, by right and custom at any rate, led the van. Guns, too, began to take the place of bows in sea fighting, and larger and heavier ships became imperative. Nothing need here be said of the position of the Cinque-Ports, through the chaos of the Wars of the Roses, save that they figured more prominently on the Yorkist side since it best served their safety and convenience. Rye and Winchelsea were again burnt by the French. Warwick the Kingmaker, first as Captain of Calais and Controller of the Straits, and afterwards as Warden of the Cinque-Ports, under Edward the Fourth, was a dominant personality for many years in this most vital and important corner of the kingdom. Their discontent with the weakness of the Lancastrian government, under which Rye and Winchelsea and Sandwich had been sacked by the French, did much to throw the Ports into the arms of the Yorkists. They had taken their share, too, in the Insurrection of Jack Cade, while a strong contingent marched northward with Edward the Fourth and took a part in the battles of Northampton and Towton Field.

Though summoned to Parliament ever since the early days of Edward the First, in the proportion of two barons from each port, it was not till the closing years of his grandson that their attendance became regular, nor in truth do they seem to have been missed! For one thing, not being liable to the national taxation their presence in the Commons might have been something of an anomaly, while their aspirations to sit in the Upper House, though the wording of their summons might seem to justify it, were never fulfilled. They held a vague position between the Baronage and the

Knights and commoners. Moreover, attendance in Parliament, as well as at the Brotherhood of their own Confederation at Shipway, would doubtless have been regarded by themselves as a burden. From the mediæval point of view, Parliament in those days had little resemblance to "the finest club in Europe" of modern times. It was not much fun, even if it had been then regarded as a particular honour, to ride from the Kent coast to Shrewsbury or York in midwinter, and when there, face for an unknown period the discomforts of a mediæval country inn! Nor obviously, as I have said, were the Ports-men missed though always summoned. It has been suggested by some historians that these breezy sea captains might peradventure have proved a disturbing element among the mitred and mail-clad landmen, and even a hindrance to some of the King's plans. However that may be, when towards the end of the fourteenth century they found what was really their proper place in the House of Commons, they seem thenceforward to have attended pretty regularly. The representation continued unaltered till the Reform Bill of the nineteenth century, though long before this the old method of election by all the "freemen" had been whittled down by Tudor and Jacobean encroachments and corruption to the pocket borough and the rotten borough, of recent and familiar knowledge.

It does not occur to many of us, I fancy, to regard our bluff Bluebeard friend, Henry the Eighth, as a sailor King! Nor, so far as I know, was he given kindly to sea adventure beyond the shortest possible crossing, when bound for war or social festivities—which he liked better—in France. But all the same he was in a sense the founder of that greater and more adventurous navy which created our colonial empire. For not merely did he build larger ships, but he created centres where nautical science could be studied, and paved the way for those daring sea captains, who in the great days of his younger daughter left the narrow seas far astern,

followed the hitherto dominant Portuguese and Spaniards upon their long ocean trails, and disputed with them for the mastery of but half-discovered seas. It was in this reign that for the last time but one in their long history the Ports performed their immemorial service of conveying the King's armies to France. And it may be incidentally noted that when Henry crossed to Calais on his French war the uniform of the Ports-men consisted of a white cotton jersey with a red cross and the arms of the Ports underneath it.

As early as the thirteenth century there was a banner of the Confederation, bearing the three lions of England with the sterns of ships. Each port, too, had its own banner, which they were instructed to display on all occasions.

If the naval activity of Henry the Eighth hastened the further decline of the Ports as a federation, he paid more attention to Dover, and spent far more money on it than any of his predecessors, as we shall see when we get there in the course of this book. At the Spanish Armada the Ports turned out gallantly to the best of their reduced capacities, and subscribed, for their resources, quite a large sum of money. But their ships were small by comparison with the large vessels at this time in the service of the Crown, and rarely exceeded forty tons in burden. Thirteen ships joined the squadron under Seymour, while scores of smaller craft patrolled and watched the coast. Their last service in victualling and transporting an army was performed for Elizabeth when acting against Spain and France. For this they received the Queen's special thanks and a confirmation of all their charters.

The importance of the herring fishery to mediæval England has been already alluded to, and this in large measure was in the hands of the Cinque-Ports. For this purpose and during the herring season they had made their headquarters, since recorded history began, at Great Yarmouth, though long indeed before such a place came into existence the Ports-men

had been accustomed to land and dry their nets on the site of the future town.

The Fair, or sale of fish which was held every autumn, grew out of this temporary lodgment and in course of time acquired an importance almost European. People came thither not only from all parts of England, but from France, the Low Countries, and yet farther afield. This fact, naturally enough, stimulated the natives of the sandy strip at the mouth of the Yare to similar activity as fishermen, and to the erection of dwellings upon the shore, which by degrees grew into an important town.

But the Ports had immemorial rights upon the coast. They even exacted rent and tribute from the townsmen, and were officially recognized as having the entire ordering and policing of the Fair, the sale of fish and all concerning it. The laws and customs of the Yarmouth fair, dating it is said from Saxon times, which gave the Ports these prescriptive rights upon a distant coast, are too intricate to deal with here. But it needs no saying that they caused great heart-burning in the breasts of the Yarmouth natives, nor is it surprising that friction between them and the Ports-men steadily increased as the local town gained in strength and population.

Early in the thirteenth century Yarmouth became a Free borough with an elected Provost or Mayor, and stood very much indeed on its dignity. The Crown had constantly to interfere. It had no mind to reduce the authority of the Ports which for so long an age had successfully managed the Fair and the fishing rights, nor had the Ports-men themselves the slightest intention of surrendering one iota of their ancient rights. So the feud flourished unabated from reign to reign, smouldering for a time and then breaking out into renewed activity. It will be remembered what a catastrophe it caused in the fleet of Edward the First at Sluys. A weaker king than he might well have been stirred to taking definite action

after such a fiasco, nor is it likely that his partiality for the Ports, in this Yarmouth question, was quite so pronounced as before. At any rate, he proceeded to put the matter upon a new and more rigid footing. The Ports and Yarmouth were in future to have equal rights and equal powers. For the forty days which the Fair lasted, the Ports' Barons and the Yarmouth magistrates were to sit, cheek by jowl, upon the magisterial bench administering justice, each to their own transgressors. The minutiae of the settlement will hardly interest the reader, though some of the details which are entered into at greater length in my former volume might entertain him.

The Ports' banner, for instance, was to keep up its appearance at the Fair with their sergeants armed with rods to belabour potential sinners, and save trouble no doubt to the jailors. The long brazen horn of the Ports, too, was to be blown as of old, incidentally proclaiming that these ancient autocrats from Kent and Sussex were still to be reckoned with. The Barons had formerly taken the whole of the Fair tolls at 4*d.* a ship, no mean haul, from seven or eight hundred craft. In future a division of profits was arranged for. The Ports were still responsible for the beacon fires, which in a rowdy community like this were no doubt indispensable, and received twopence for each beacon. Nor, so it was ordained, were the dignitaries of either community any longer to make a profit out of the loose women who seem to have gathered in force on these occasions. Just as the Scottish herring fleet to-day, having followed the fish southward, land at Yarmouth to cure their catch or part of it, so in these old times the various groups of fishermen dried and smoked their fish at the mouth of the Yare under the auspices of Yarmouth burgesses and Ports' Barons, who were now to wield the rod of office conjointly. The Ports-men did not like these new arrangements at all, and kicked against them frequently. But as the Ports waned and Yarmouth

waxed in importance, the efforts of the former to retain their ancient supremacy became futile, and as time went on they found the old position becoming more and more reversed. Generally speaking, however, the amenities, supported by most solemn functions, were fairly well preserved. The Barons, who were allowed by their Ports liberal sums for entertainment, feasted the burghers, and the burghers feasted the Barons. They attended service together, in the most spacious parish church in England, though sometimes disputing hotly about place and precedence therein. They sat on the Bench together, though not always amicably. The acerbities of the daylight hours, however, were often smoothed away at the Gargantuan banquets to which they treated one another, perhaps under the smiles of the ladies of Yarmouth, who seem to have been freely invited to the festive board, as well as many of the neighbouring squires, in the later and more polished days of the Tudors.

But by the beginning of the seventeenth century the influence of the Ports and their barons was approaching extinction. The Yarmouth officials began to think they had no more use for them. Their representation had long been reduced and their powers whittled away. Their pathetic efforts armed with all the symbols of ancient state, their fine raiment, their banner, and their brazen horn, which last, since time began, had announced the opening of the Great Fair, were of no avail. Neglect, snubs and even insults were the sorry tale that the elected representatives, shrunk by now from eight to two, reported to the Brotherhood of the Ports at their session following the Fair, till early in the seventeenth century the connection with Yarmouth was finally severed. It had lasted at least six hundred years, and longer still with the strip of shore on which Yarmouth came into being.

The piloting of ships across the seas and up-channel was another duty officially performed by the Cinque-Ports and, as ultimately concentrated in Dover, lasted till our own day,

when it was taken over by the Trinity House. Nor must the conveyance and regulation of the hordes of pilgrims which in the Middle Ages crossed the Channel be omitted in enumerating the duties of the Ports. Our Lady of Compostella in Spain was the favourite goal of these enthusiasts, but there was also a large cross-current from France to Canterbury after the canonization of Becket. Dover, Sandwich and Winchelsea were the main ports of egress. Strict laws, limiting the amount of coin the pilgrims took abroad with them, were enforced, and they were further sworn not to divulge the secrets of the Kingdom, though the efficiency of such lip-service might well be questioned. The matter of accommodation at the various ports was always one of great difficulty, and at Dover, where the incoming foreigners mingled with the outgoing English, the confusion seems to have been so great that the officials took measures, as we shall see later on, for giving shelter to at least a portion of them.

Though the Ports retained the shadow of their honours and privileges till recent times, most of them were automatically eliminated by the great changes brought about in the civic and economic condition of England. To-day, except for the consciousness of the glories of their past, they differ in no way from other seaport towns and boroughs. But in regard to these former glories there is still a good deal of *esprit-de-corps*. They still recognize themselves as a distinct group. Their banners, their brazen horns, their relics, remind them that they are not quite as other towns, whether represented to-day by a mere village like Winchelsea, or a national port like Dover, or a great watering place like Hastings. No canopy is now carried at Coronations, or the Ports would undoubtedly carry it or know the reason why. But in lieu of this they get special recognition on these great occasions. Their representatives are still invited to help crown a monarch in less active fashion, and attend the Coronation in something

of the sumptuousness in which the Cinque-Ports Barons of old days attired themselves when they actually held the canopy and dined afterwards by right with the newly-crowned King. In local civic functions of exceptional importance an individual may still peradventure be seen among the Corporation resplendent in a wig, a scarlet cape, knee breeches and silk stockings. The crowd take a special interest in him. He is one of the "canopy-bearers," and represents about all that is left of the privileges and honours of the once great Confederation that formed the Royal Navy of England and guarded its shores for upwards of five hundred years.

CHAPTER THE SECOND

Minster and Ramsgate

I N my last volume I took Rye as a base from which to deal with the western ports and their hinterland, for the sufficient reason that it is far the most interesting of them all from the picturesque and present-day point of view.



ST. AUGUSTINE CROSS, EBBSFLEET.

Among the Eastern ports Sandwich holds very much the same position and like Rye is the most easterly of its group. Alone too, like the latter, it remains much as it was in olden days as regards population, neither shrunk out of all claim to local importance like New Romney, nor to a mere village like Winchelsea, nor yet again is it dwarfed by a modern town and watering-place, as in the case of Dover, Hastings and in a lesser degree of Hythe. In short Sandwich among the Ports is to-day in many respects the complement of Rye. It is not far from the same size and is even more clearly defined within its ancient barriers of wall and rampart. From a structural and æsthetic point of view it has the same picturesque old streets and squares, while if it boasts of four historic churches whereas Rye has only one, the latter enjoys the immeasurable advantage of being seated on a high upstanding rock. It is this last fact which to-day gives Rye in these respects easily the place of honour among all the Cinque-Ports, for Sandwich lies upon the flat. But judged merely as a town still lying compact within its original bounds, the Kent Port maintains perhaps an even greater consistency of ancient work in its tortuous streets than its high-perched and more imposing rival. Lastly, both towns have been deprived of their old and spacious harbours by the gradual recession of the sea and to-day stand back about the same distance from it, their only sea-going outlet a tidal river which, in the case of Sandwich even more than that of Rye, leaves much to be desired as a commercial asset.

Sandwich, however, at its zenith achieved an importance at no time attained by Rye, though Dover, on account of its impregnable castle and as the nearest point to France, became at a quite early period the official head of the Cinque-Ports. But Sandwich was for some time of even more practical consequence than a neighbour to whom no official dignities could fully make amends for an ineffective and troublesome harbour. That of Sandwich was for a time the most spacious

of all the Ports. It was the only one which could hold the largest fleets when some special effort was being made against France by the reigning King. Moreover, this Port controlled, not only its immediate neighbourhood, including Deal, but reached eastward across the waters of its own harbour and held jurisdiction over part of the Isle of Thanet, which in the time of the earlier Norman kings was very much of an island in the literal sense. Even to-day it retains something of its old insularity surrounded as it is by broad stretches of dyke-intersected meadows, only crossed by two railroads and three widely sundered highways. But well into the Middle Ages a broad sheet of water, nearly half a mile wide at its narrowest point, divided it from the mainland. This channel formed an alternative route to the mouth of the Thames for much of the sea-borne commerce going to and from London. Indeed it seems actually to have held the preference, not only as affording a shorter cut to London for up-channel traffic, but as diminishing in some degree the open-sea dangers from tempest, foe and pirate which were prolonged in rounding the North Foreland. The green and level basin of this old channel still throws into relief the isolated situation of Thanet and needs no pointing out to any visitor to its popular watering-places. To such as go by road it is of course still more obvious, whether in crossing the half mile of marsh from Grove Ferry to Sarre, where the chalk uplands of the island at once confront you, or looking across the six-mile flat from Sandwich, otherwise its ancient harbour, to the classic woody slopes of Minster and the staring white cliffs of Pegwell and Ramsgate.

Five years ago this wide flat was lonely marsh-land, through which the Stour meandered from Sandwich to its mouth, with but a modest dwelling here and there upon the road which traversed it. To-day, for nearly the whole distance the forbidding looking works connected with the new port of Richborough have created a complete and rather dismal transformation. Fortunately, however, all this upheaval

stops well short of the outskirts of Sandwich itself, while at the Thanet end again it leaves the historic banks and meadows of Ebbsfleet well clear of all disfigurement.

The northern or Thames opening of this old sea-passage lay between Reculver on the mainland and the parishes of Birchington and St. Nicholas on the island, and was roughly speaking a mile in width. But the silting up of this broad channel began before the Norman Conquest and it continued steadily to shrink in sympathy with Sandwich harbour, as the water-logged lands up the Stour valley towards Canterbury were reclaimed, or in the local speech "inned." This route to London, however, was not finally abandoned by merchant ships till near the close of the fourteenth century, after which the tides ceased to run, the streams up whose courses they had flowed were confined to their fresh-water channels, and drained meadow lands took the place of the wide sprawling tide-covered mud-flats. A causeway for heavy traffic was laid over the narrowed strip from Grove Ferry to Sarre, while local foot traffic as time went on found means of crossing the dykes and channels at various points, and Thanet ceased to be an island.

I propose to leave Sandwich itself for a future chapter and start our pilgrimage in Thanet, its in part tributary country in all matters concerned with bygone Cinque-Port administration. For the Thanet villages, Ramsgate and Sarre, besides Reculver came under Sandwich as non-corporate limbs. There is yet another and still stronger reason for this order of progress, for much of recorded history happened in Thanet and along its borders before Sandwich had any existence, and it is impossible to touch on this most classic of all English sea-coasts without recalling those epoch-making events, shadowy though some of them be, which in this corner of England laid the foundations of our national life. The mere fact that this strip of seaboard, whose sailors guarded the Channel for so many centuries, was the nearest point to the Continent, gave

it a significance which even yet, as the dwellers upon it have recently felt to their pride and cost, is not yet extinct. In remote times, when every extra mile of sea voyage represented something appreciable in the way of further risk and adventure, these eastern points of Kent were outposts indeed. To Roman, Saxon and Dane in turn they offered a constant and over-powering attraction, for in cases where propinquity was less marked they were on the high road to London, from earliest times, so far as we know, the chief seat of British wealth and trade. And lastly, Kent from the very dawn of history was accounted the wealthiest and most civilized portion of England, and the best worth plundering.

Regarding Thanet in particular, the first Roman invasions did not, to be sure, land on its shores, but ten miles to the westward at Deal. But the first Saxon invaders, so far as Southern England is concerned, beached their boats at Ebbsfleet, headed, so at least tradition has it, by those most generally familiar of all Saxon leaders, Hengist and Horsa. Two centuries later St. Augustine, the founder of Latin Christianity in England, stepped on shore at the same spot, while frequently in after years the marauding Danes made the Isle of Thanet a base for their further incursions. Two great Roman stations, Richborough (*Rutupiæ*), whose desertion by a receding sea paved the way for the rise of Sandwich, and Reculver facing the Thames estuary, confronted Thanet at close quarters. The trade of London for centuries found much of its outlet this way. From the treeless chalk uplands of the island in the Middle Ages, the towers of Canterbury seemed then as now quite close at hand. Roman roads led from the neighbouring ports of Richborough and Lympne (*Limenus*), the predecessor of Hythe, and thence to London. Things which vitally concerned the future of England were constantly happening here or hereabouts, though it actually fell to a western Cinque-Port to bear the brunt of the Norman Conqueror's first blow.

As you follow the long straight road northwards from Sandwich across the marsh to the rising ground of Thanet, but yesterday so solitary and now lined upon both sides with the vast works and buildings connected with the new port, the walls of the ancient Roman city which the Saxons re-named Richborough can be seen crowning a green hill a short mile away to the left. Still extensive and imposing, they look grimly down from above their screen of trees upon the chaotic litter left by the Great War : whole villages of huts, hospitals, canteens and aerodromes, used for the most part by the 30,000 embodied labourers of many nations and all colonies who worked here continuously through the last three years of war. The shallow waters of the Stour and its still shallower mouth were transformed by a fleet of dredgers into a navigable port for the urgencies of the moment, and with an eye no doubt to the coming years of peace. Hundreds of war-battered trolleys, wagons and tanks, heaps of scrap iron and stacks of timber, at this writing, line the road or stand inconsequently in the trampled fields. All no doubt will have vanished before these pages see the light. But along the banks of the dredged and deepened river are masses of more substantial buildings, intended, one may suppose, for permanent use. Of the future of this port, save that it may be presumed to have a future, the public at any rate know as yet little ; nor does it concern us here. It is enough that through the latter part of the war, long trails of ammunition barges left here daily for the opposite coast, and that the new steam-ferry still continues to carry over whole railway trains full of goods, and to form a nine days' wonder to the crowds of tourists who with returning peace have flocked back to their ancient haunts of Deal and Ramsgate.

I travelled this five miles of highway in 1915, when the first Zeppelins had already hovered over the Isle of Thanet, a foreboding of the shelling from the sea and the bombing from the air this hapless coast line was to endure. The lonely road

at that time still enjoyed its ancient peace. Two years later I was over it again, and the transformation was almost complete. This past year it was quite complete with the added embellishments of the flotsam and jetsam of war pitchforked over from the fields of France and Belgium and huddled hither and thither, as I have said, on meadow and roadside. All this, however, is scarcely in accord with the proposed lines of this book. Yet it can hardly be ignored when one finds a solitude immemorially devoted to dreams of Roman and Briton and Dane, of Saxon and Norman and of Cinque-Port fleets that once floated over it, transformed at a moment's notice into a sort of Manchester Ship Canal. But as a last word, it is worth noting, that while the local public, rigidly excluded from all access to it and prodigiously curious as to its present and future purport, regarded it as a mystery, the country at large had no notion even of its existence!

As the marsh road from Sandwich approaches the green slopes which once formed the shore of the Isle of Thanet, the mouth of the much-dredged Stour opens wide into Pegwell Bay, whose hitherto obstructive shallows have no doubt been sufficiently channelled for the needs of the new traffic. Inland and to the left, rising gently from the levels, are the meadows, now golf links, upon which an old farmhouse still bears the name of Ebbsfleet. As the chalk cliffs drop here suddenly to their end at Pegwell, it is obvious enough why this low shore adjoining them should have been the natural landing-place of the Isle of Thanet. There are good reasons too why Thanet itself should have been a desirable landing-place for foreigners with designs, whether of peace or war, on Kent and through Kent, as its outpost, on the country at large. It was here, upon these quiet leafy slopes of Ebbsfleet, that recorded English history began, and further that Latin Christianity first planted its cross. For it was at Ebbsfleet that Hengist and Horsa landed in 449 to that peaceful occupation of Thanet which turned it later into a warlike base for the Saxon conquest of

South-Eastern England. It was on this very same spot of English soil a century and a half later that St. Augustine first set his foot.

It was here too that the Danes in later years made frequent though less epoch-making landings, Thanet serving them for the same purpose as it had served their predecessors, now their bitter enemies. For one is apt to forget that those Jutes and Angles, now loosely spoken of as Saxons, who first invaded Kent, came from what we now call, or within living memory called, Denmark ; the Jutes, that is to say, though this seems not quite so certain, from Jutland, the Angles unquestionably from Schleswig-Holstein, though the Saxons from the adjoining mainland to the south soon, to be sure, followed them. In 449 one must picture the great Roman fortress of Rutupiæ commanding the Wensum, as the dividing channel was called, and probably still garrisoned by a Romanized British force. While the fortress of Regulbium (Reculver), guarding the northern mouth, and also on the mainland, had in all likelihood a similar garrison.

It will be remembered, too, that these early invaders came over at Vortigern's invitation to assist in repelling the pressure of the Picts and other barbarians from the north and no doubt to assist in domestic quarrels nearer at hand. They seem to have successfully performed the limited services required of them, in the meantime occupying Thanet, more or less peacefully, for some half-dozen years. This advanced guard appear to have been mainly Jutes, from whom the people of Kent, like those of the Isle of Wight for very similar reasons, are held to be descended. With their fellow-pirates of the three nations constantly in the channel, and no doubt depositing fresh settlers among them on so fair and fertile an island, it is no wonder they cast envious eyes across the Wensum. Possibly they had real or supposed grievances against the British leaders, in the matter of their original bargain with them. However that may be, the ethics of the fifth century

hardly justify such splitting of hairs ! The British leaders had in any case committed an act of supreme folly, though even had they not immediately suffered for it at this particular point, the ultimate course of history would not perhaps have been materially altered.

It will be sufficient here that the Jutes, under Hengist and Horsa, though the authenticity of these particular leaders is sometimes questioned, strongly reinforced no doubt from overseas, broke out of Thanet in 495 and waged those campaigns which after some reverses proved, as we all know, successful, and eventually led to what we call the Saxon Conquest. St. Augustine landed (597) at Ebbsfleet, because he preferred to remain in Thanet with a mile, more or less, of water between the King of Kent and himself, till he had gathered what sort of a reception awaited him. Augustine, accompanied by forty monks, had been despatched to England by Pope Gregory, whose interest in the remote island is said to have been from time to time aroused by the personal attractions of such of its natives as had appeared in Rome. He pitied them too as pagans. Moreover he knew that British Christianity had been extirpated so far as the better known parts of the island were concerned, but was possibly not aware how strongly it held out in those western regions, still occupied by the Britons. The stone upon which Augustine first stepped, on landing at Ebbsfleet, was held in reverence for centuries, and the impress of his foot remained clearly visible to the eyes of the faithful. A Runic cross after a Lancashire original was erected some fifty years ago on the spot supposed to have been the scene of this memorable disembarkation. It stands near the road skirting the marsh, between Pegwell and Minster, and not far from Ebbsfleet station on the railroad.

Ethelbert, then King of Kent, who had extended his influence northward as far as the Humber, was the great-grandson of Eric, son of Hengist, who had founded the dynasty of the Ash-tree, the generic name by which the Kentish kings were known.

More to the purpose, however, he had married Bertha, a Christian princess of the French royal line who was permitted by her marriage contract to retain her religion and its observances, which the King, her husband, was known to regard with no unfriendly eye. She had even been allowed to utilize an ancient British Christian chapel, and later pagan temple, at Canterbury, and St. Martin's Church, which now occupies its site, is thought to contain some of the original materials. Her own priest officiated there regularly ; so, pagan though the King was, the omens had never been more propitious for re-introducing Christianity upon English soil. Augustine and his company, however, were told to remain where they were on Thanet till the King, then at Canterbury, where a Saxon town had grown up between the old Roman walls, had well considered the situation. Ethelbert moreover stipulated that when the interview he promised to concede took place, it should be in the open air. It would seem that as a pagan he felt some vague suspicion of the close atmosphere of a building, lest peradventure the saint should find means to cast some spell or charm over him and thereby take an unfair advantage. So they met on the island, probably at Ebbsfleet.

The King with his attendants sat on the slope, and Augustine, a man of gigantic stature we are told, came up from his ship, in procession with his forty monks chaunting the Litany. These included Laurence, who succeeded him as Archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter, the first abbot of St. Augustine's, and they carried before them a large silver cup and a picture of Christ painted on a board. Priests had been prudently brought over from France to act as interpreters, and the interview began which ended, as we all know, so satisfactorily, and had such fateful consequences. The speech of the King was a model of candour and good sense. He declined off-hand to accept a strange faith for himself and that considerable slice of England for which at the moment he spoke. But

in the end he gave his visitors, with certain temporary modifications, a free hand for their missionary endeavours, welcomed them to Canterbury, established them in a heathen church at "Stablegate," where his servants worshipped, for their quarters, and permitted them to join in the Queen's services at her own chapel. As early as June 2 in the same year he was himself solemnly received into the Christian communion, and there we will leave it, as the chief step in St. Augustine's work was now achieved.

Henceforward it was comparatively plain sailing, so far as his reception went, till he met the seven Welsh bishops, representing the Western Church, who seem to have sprung something like a surprise on him. This famous interview, under the oak tree on the banks of the Severn near Hartlebury, takes us far from these Kentish shores. But the incident serves as a useful reminder that Britain was not wholly a heathen island, such as the overshadowing story of St. Augustine is sometimes apt to suggest, and that such Christianity as there was in Roman times had been by no means wholly extirpated by the Saxon pagans. There seems little doubt but that the Saint in demeanour was patronizing, if not arrogant, when confronted with these uncompromising Welshmen, who indignantly rejected his demands that they should adopt the Latin usages in those particulars which differentiated the two churches. He refused, so they said, to rise at their approach, while they on their part were deeply offended at the general attitude of this intruder, who appeared to regard them as inferiors. Perhaps they were unduly touchy, but they refused to break bread with the Latin monks, and the two companies parted more in anger than in sorrow! According to their chroniclers Augustine declared in effect that if he could not break their pernicious customs by his own persuasive eloquence, he would do so by means of Saxon spears. As a matter of fact the penetration of the Saxon monks in after years was much more effective than the Saxon spears, which

did very little lasting work west of the Dee and Severn and, made but trifling lodgment. Augustine returned to Canterbury in a bad humour : he did not in fact extend his influence much beyond Kent.



MINSTER.

The station at Ebbsfleet on the Canterbury and Ramsgate line is about equi-distant from the latter place and Minster. But the lanes which traverse this leafy fringe of the island lead more pleasantly from Cliffs-end by Ebbsfleet to the ancient church and village which took such an early lead in the ecclesiastical affairs of Thanet. We shall see a good deal more of Thanet presently, but it will be timely perhaps to take note here that this block of insulated chalk tableland which forms the north-east corner of Kent is about nine miles in length from east to west, and a little more than half that in width. It is said to have been covered with timber in early Saxon times, though its name Tenet or Tanat, signifying bon-fires, lit doubtless as signals, suggests a very early clearance of the woods. It is now about as bare of trees as Salisbury Plain, the more cultivated parts of which it not a little resembles. But Minster, like other villages lying on its outer slopes, has kept itself clad ever since its primitive days, no doubt, with sheltering timber. Despite its popularity as a place of visitation from Ramsgate and Margate, in each case but half a dozen miles distant, it still retains many of the qualities of an old Kentish village. Happily these die hard: they take a lot of killing. Nothing but the most flagrant onslaughts of the jerry-builder can wipe them out, though they may smirch them badly. Such horrors of brick and slate as are inevitable perhaps to a Railway Junction, have been kept fairly at arms'-length from the old village, whose highways and by-ways still run pleasantly between orchards, gardens, or mellow walls overhung with luxuriant foliage. Even the inns, some of them at any rate, in their idle hours, or off seasons, would seem to disclaim all acquaintance with the char-à-banc and its thirsty load who descend on them every day and almost every hour that regulations permit throughout the summer season and assume an air of ancient rural peace.

But the great church within its spacious graveyard, fringed with fine elms and filling in the whole lower end of the village,



MINSTER CHURCH.

while looking southward right over the marshes at this widest part of the old Bay of Sandwich, is what, nominally or other-

wise, attracts visitors to Minster. Its name "Minstre" is derived from its early monastic importance as the finest in the island and one of the finest in Kent. It is cruciform in shape, and consists of nave, chancel, transepts, side-aisles and a west tower, and is faced after the custom of the country with flint. The nave is a fine and perfect specimen of Norman work, the chancel of equally perfect early English, and transepts of the same period. The tower is Norman, with three stages of round-headed windows and surmounted by a shingle spire. The nave is wide, lofty and most imposing, with an arcade of five bays consisting of semi-circular arches, resting on round Norman pillars, standing on square bases. The three eastern bays show billet and chevron ornamentation on the mouldings and several of the capitals are floreated. The roof at the intersection of the transepts is groined, as is that of the chancel, the ribs springing from shafts with moulded bell capitals. The old grotesquely carved miserere stalls remain and are in good condition. Some of their designs are very quaint and their date, 1401, is fixed by the then rector's name cut on one of them. The chancel is lighted by eight lancet windows and at the east end by a beautiful triple lancet, enriched by deep mouldings and clustered shafts. At the south-east corner of the tower is a stair-turret, believed to be Saxon, and a portion of the original church built in the seventh century. The presence near its base of some Roman bricks lends possibility to the notion that this may have originally been the site of a Pagan temple. A remarkable old oak chest with three locks preserved in the church is traditionally believed to have been William the Conqueror's army pay chest.

The building and its surroundings is saturated in history and legend, beginning with the year 670, when the manor was possessed by Egbert, King of Kent. For it so fell out that two young cousins, Ethelred and Ethelbright, had been left in charge of this untrustworthy monarch, by a confiding uncle, under a solemn promise that their joint succession to the throne

at Egbert's death should be properly secured to them. But at the instigation, so it is said, of their unworthy tutor Tunnor, the King was persuaded to make away with the lads, lest they should prove a future menace to his throne. Possibly he did not want much persuasion, particularly as Tunnor undertook the job himself. In the meantime, the boys' sister, Domneva, had married a son of that formidable person Penda, King of Mercia. There does not appear to have been much secret made of a crime, common enough in those and after days, for the two great ecclesiastics of Kent, the Archbishop and the Abbot of the rival monastery of St. Augustine, Canterbury, were both aware of it. Whether Egbert feared their spiritual thunders, or possibly the martial vengeance of Penda's son, history does not say, but perhaps the two together caused him to profess repentance and offer expiation. At any rate the two ecclesiastics advised him to communicate with Domneva, who had suddenly taken the vow of chastity and a turn for serious things. So Egbert wrote to this lady, the nearest living relative of the victims, and offered to make atonement (in the usual way, no doubt) for his heinous crime. To this she responded by a request that he would grant her land in "Tenet" to found a monastery in memory of her brothers, where she and her nuns could pray for their souls.

The legend of this Foundation is narrated by a monk named Thorn, of St. Augustine's, and also a native of Minster, with great circumspection, and runs thus : Egbert having demanded of Domneva how much land she wanted for her purpose, she replied that she would be satisfied with as much as a deer could run over in one course, an enigmatic condition of the kind so dear to the pious founders of Saxon monasteries, or more literally perhaps to their monkish chroniclers. Possibly, however, the element of chance and the day's sport which it ensured to these royal donors and their courtiers made the parting with land more palatable than when expressed in the cold figures of hides or acres ! At any rate, a deer was

enlarged at Birchington on the north shore of the island and started on its pious errand. But Tunnor did not like the



THE ENTRANCE, MINSTER ABBEY

business at all, though one might think he would have been glad enough at such a moment to lie low. For he not only

ridiculed the atonement and its methods but actually headed off the deer, or tried to, whenever it showed an inclination to widen its course. This, however, was too much for the



MINSTER ABBEY.

Powers above, and while in the midst of his impious activities, the earth suddenly opened and swallowed Tunnor up. Upon this, the deer, having hitherto under his obstructive tactics

run an easterly course, portending but a meagre slice of Thanet for Domneva, now dashed off south-westwards and, finishing at Minster, cut off forty-eight ploughlands of some of the best soil in Kent for the pious princess. Tunnor seems to have caused a great upheaval at the spot where he so dramatically disappeared, known in olden times as "Tunnor's leap." The cooler judgment of later days however sees nothing in it but a deep excavation where the materials for building the church were quarried!

Domneva now founded her monastery for nuns on and about where the present church stands. It was dedicated to the Virgin and consecrated by Archbishop Theodore and a company of seventy nuns was soon gathered within its walls. Domneva lived and died its first abbess. The nunnery was named St. Mildred's after Domneva's daughter, who succeeded her as second abbess and was canonized. Her successor, Edburga, finding the accommodation too small for so numerous a company, erected in 670 a second and larger church close by and removed to it the body of St. Mildred, at whose shrine many miracles were performed. It was in the time of the next abbess that the Danes descended on Thanet, plundering everything, including the monastery. Their frequently recurring visits from now forward gradually reduced it to decay, till in 970 the remnant of the nuns with a number of clergy, who had fled there for refuge from a Danish invasion, were destroyed by fire, together with most of the buildings. Three of the chapels, however, were left uninjured by the Danes, those to St. Mary, St. Peter, and St. Paul, one of which was henceforward used as a parish church. The property now devolved to the crown till Canute in 1027 gave the site of the monastery with all its lands in Thanet to the monks of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, who reared upon it, in the twelfth and thirteenth century, the noble fabric we now see. Among the relics preserved within it is a stone image of St. Augustine unearthed in the Abbey grounds. Minster

became a court and manor of the Abbot of St. Augustine's. In a picturesque private mansion just across the road, and known as Minster Abbey, are incorporated the remains of



PEGWELL BAY.

St. Eadburga's nunnery. It had long been used as a grange by the Minster monks.

But further penetration of rural Thanet must be reserved

for another chapter and we must return for the moment to the main road from Sandwich to Ramsgate, where we left it just about to climb out of the marshes on to the chalk uplands above Pegwell Bay. For just here begins that curious wall of chalk cliff, which supports the two sea-board fronts, to the east and the north of the Isle of Thanet. They differ altogether from the chalk cliffs of Dover, or again from those of the Sussex coast about Beachy Head, and others further afield. They have neither their height nor dignity. They are not, in short, the sea front of downs or high rolling uplands, but rather of a table land, chopped sharply round the edges like a cream cheese of the whitest brand, and with an average elevation of from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet above the sea. They have a character, however, all their own, and in certain lights produce from their apparent regularity of outline, despite its actual curves, an extraordinary effect. This is particularly the case with the Pegwell and Ramsgate sections, as seen from a distance on the Sandwich road, rising above the flat marshes, the intervening sea being then below the line of sight. In ancient times they were admirably adapted for defence, being everywhere, save for an occasional gap, inaccessible, and so formed as to enable the defenders to make it extremely uncomfortable for an enemy on the move below. Moreover at high tide the sea surges almost everywhere against their base. In modern war as a continuous point of observation, with ample spaces for handling every precautionary device necessary to this outpost of England, this walled-up table-land provides a perfect natural platform.

For the purposes of peace, nature might almost seem to have designed it for the support along its level cliff-edges of seaside resorts, and furthermore has at intervals distributed beneath the sharp chalk precipices those stretches of sand, which contribute so much to their well-being. Cockneydom in its varying degrees, as every one knows, has long seized upon the coast of Thanet for its own, and for the whole fifteen

miles or more has planted it thick with modern towns, linked together by an almost uninterrupted string of the villas and mansions of the more exclusive. And no wonder ! For what, within reasonable reach of the ordinary Londoner, can be compared with the invigorating breezes that blow from the North Sea over the high table-land of Thanet ! In winter and spring, to be sure, there is a great deal too much of this good thing. But the mass of Thanet's frequenters have neither the need nor opportunity to go there in winter and spring. Those who do thus venture at such seasons and enjoy comparative solitude are of the kind, no doubt, who fancy a super-bracing climate or whose doctor thinks it profitable to them, which presumably it is. For the natives of Thanet are generally credited with an uncommon length of years. But that is neither here nor there. The ordinary holiday folk who crowd this coast in summer find it better adapted than any other perhaps to their special needs, which last may or may not appeal to the reader.

The spacious tableland behind the cliff-edges provides ample facility for the various athletic activities necessary to the happiness of so large a class in this country, and for which those picturesque coasts that some of us no doubt like better, are often most singularly ill-adapted. The broad, smooth sands meet a still larger demand, even if the wall-like cliffs, which so often defied the ancient enemies of England, have to be here and there negotiated by stair-cases, or even subterranean passages. But what perhaps is most to be appreciated in these Thanet towns, is their situation, lifted as they are so high above the sea. It makes a vast difference in outlook, whether from window or promenade, to that afforded, say, by Hastings, Eastbourne or Brighton, Lowestoft or Yarmouth set mostly as are these right upon the shore line. And again what a sea is this " between the forelands " from Dover to the wide mouth of the Thames ; above all from this commanding corner of Kent, so alive with shipping of every

country, and every type, from the fishing smack to the great liner, from the patrol boat to the Dreadnought, and with what memories since the dawn of history !



THE LIGHTHOUSE, RAMSGATE.

Ramsgate, however, arose in a natural gap or "gate" in the cliff, and now spreads far above it on either side, while

the old centre of the town fills the narrow valley which leads down to the harbour. This situation is supposed to be responsible for its name, i.e., the "gate of Ruim," the British term for Thanet. Probably in Roman times it was a small outpost of Richborough. Under the Plantagenet kings it became in due course a limb of Sandwich, and so a humble member of the Cinque-Port constellation. It only achieved incorporation, however, in 1884, when ten or fifteen times the size and fifty times the importance of its shrunken little suzeraine town, from which till then it had continued to receive its "Deputy and government." As in the Tudor period Ramsgate had only twenty-five houses, its early history need not detain us. Its small quota of ships and men to the King's fleet was included *pro rata* in that of Sandwich, and doubtless it received as much of hostile raiders' attention as they thought it merited. But the little town, such as it was in those days, mainly clustered around the old Norman Foundation of St. Laurence, on the plateau behind the first dip of the valley, a mile from the sea shore. Indeed St. Laurence remained the parish church of Ramsgate till quite recently. The town increased a good deal during the seventeenth century, but it was not till early in the next that it rose to importance as a trading port, though even then it only contained some 2,000 inhabitants. Its henceforward steady development came about through trading activities with Russia, Iceland and the Baltic, which so prospered that the great cost of creating the harbour, more or less as we see it now, was incurred; for hitherto a wooden pier had been made to suffice.

The Goodwin Sands, whose northern extremities lie opposite Ramsgate, made these works imperative, and throughout the last half of the eighteenth century the usual difficulties of making and perfecting a harbour on this treacherous coast were grappled with, and in the end with success, though it is still rather shallow. From first to last it cost nearly a million sterling, a huge sum for the place and the times. But

it was the shipping saved from destruction throughout the years, rather than the importance of the town itself, which no doubt took precedence in the reckoning of profit and loss. At the close of the Napoleonic Wars, Ramsgate had over 4,000 inhabitants and it was now that it began to rise into a recognized watering-place, and in the words of its chroniclers to become "a haunt of fashion." George the Fourth, it is said, actually deserted Brighton one summer for a sojourn at Ramsgate. I daresay he did, and the fact is easily verified, if it were worth while. It is quite certain, however, that the same egregious monarch took ship here for Hanover in 1821, and hither returned from the same trip. This "gracious condescension" towards their town, though purely a matter of personal convenience, threw the citizens into such ecstasies, that they raised an obelisk upon the place where the King's gouty foot first trod on shore and recorded upon it their emotions. These read strangely nowadays, in view of the prodigious unpopularity at that moment of the gentleman thus honoured. But other days other manners, and even George the Fourth, when the triumphant close of the long war was still fresh in the minds of a seaport within sight of France, may have been apostrophized rather as the head of the State than as the man he unfortunately happened to be.

In a book like this, which, as its title no doubt suggests, is mainly concerned with things of the past, it would be out of order to dwell at any length on these large watering-places which have in recent times grown out of the old Cinque-Ports and their limbs. Still their early rise and growth is closely linked with the changes in our national life and goes back into days that we are accustomed to regard as having much of the glamour of the past, if not of a past quite in the Cinque-Port sense. Particularly is this the case with those that are no longer regarded by the fastidious as eligible, that have long ago lost any pretension, even in advertisements, to being "select" and are frankly the resort of the multitude. East-

bourne and Bournemouth are, no doubt, ornate and select, but they have no story and no past. But when one reads letters written a hundred and fifty years ago from some fashionable dame, extolling Margate as the very cream of *bon ton*, or from a gentleman "of very respectable family," enumerating with ingenuous vanity the "persons of quality" with whom he has rubbed shoulders at Ramsgate, one begins to feel that these places have a peculiar social history of their own and a past with its own particular appeal. And it is in the older and shabbier terraces where 'Arry and 'Arriet are most in evidence at their shrimps and tea one may picture, if one chooses, the be-wigged and many-waistcoated beaux ogling the self-conscious belles as they minced past the windows, on their way to hear the latest gossip at the subscription rooms, or to face the dreadful joys of the new bathing machines.

We don't hear so much, however, of Ramsgate in its earlier and fashionable days, as of Margate, which in this respect is older. But even a century ago the old town and a good deal of the East cliff seems, from early prints and other evidence, to have been pretty much as it is to-day. Just recently built for visitors, Nelson Crescent, Albion and Paragon Places, were then, we learn, regarded as finer than anything that Margate with all its advantages could show. And indeed these earlier buildings of Ramsgate would seem to have justified such eulogy as they remain still eminently "respectable" and have not dropped in the social scale like the old fashionable quarters of Margate. Always "select" as Ramsgate was in the earlier part of the century, the winter company, of which there appears to have been a regular supply, was, we are told by a contemporary pen, "particularly so." Through the middle of the century, substantial city merchants, who frequently brought down their horses and carriages, were the élite of Ramsgate in the summer season. There is no doubt about that. To-day it is less ambitious, but claims to be in high favour with "the well-to-do tradesmen of the Metro-

polis." That even less distinguished crowds disport themselves on its sands and find quarters by thousands in the new streets that have sprung up at the back of the town, or in older terraces that have come down in the world, is beyond dispute. The East cliff must have followed its vis-a-vis very quickly in building activities, to judge by the "Regency" style of the terraces commanding the sea front.

In brief, the sea front of Ramsgate, both in its East and West cliff, is attractive enough and gains something more from the bustling town in the hollow between, with its long and narrow, but not unpleasing, main street, its sea-going atmosphere and traditions, and the ever busy harbour in full view beneath. Then again a generous space was left by these Georgian and later builders between the house fronts and the cliff edge; in some cases enough for large private gardens, as for example on the West cliff, to abut on the wide promenade, which commands a really noble outlook over Sandwich bay to Deal, with the white cliffs of Dover rising behind and the coast of France making its fitful appearance on the verge of sight. The sands of Ramsgate, depicted in their holiday condition some fifty years ago, in Frith's well-known picture, extend for about a mile under the East cliff, and are perfect for their purpose. The swarms which disport themselves thereon in the summer holidays have no great affinity, I fancy, in their coming and going with the high cliff-dwellers on either side. So these more exclusive folk enjoy their advantages of position with but slight interference from such crowds as fill every part of older Margate. These high extremities of the town still retain something of their old attraction, even in the holiday season, for the quieter and more fastidious folk who are content to keep to the heights and enjoy the always abiding interest of the ever-changing and much-furrowed sea.

The air of Ramsgate, which has almost a southern aspect, though dry and bracing, has not the extreme qualities which

work such wonders on some people, though not all, at Margate. For myself, I have only known Ramsgate in the war years, or in their immediate aftermath. Through the former, so far as visitors are concerned, it was a city of the dead, but for troops and later on for thousands of wounded Canadians. It was bombarded from the sea and bombed from the air continually. Half the inhabitants fled into the country and stayed there when possible. Why the Germans expended such tons of ammunition upon a tolerably inoffensive town, I cannot imagine. They never hit anything that really mattered, from their point of view, such as the great aerodromes in the immediate vicinity, or the vast harbour works in progress at Richborough close by. But they battered the unfortunate town sadly and killed altogether quite a number of its inhabitants. Throughout one week there was a daily raid! The rows of paneless windows along its sea-front, and cracked or gutted houses in various quarters during 1916-18 afforded a most depressing sight.

All, or nearly all sign of this, however, is now wiped out. The place is coming back into its own again, though many tales of individual ruin remain unhappily from those harrowing years. This past summer, the first of Peace, has proven, at any rate, that the Londoner has returned to his old allegiance to the south-east coast. To future generations this most battered of the whole Cinque-Port group will, I daresay, find its memories of shot and shell and bomb a further asset in its attractions. The fishermen too will for many a year have tales to tell of patrols in the North Sea, and mine-sweeping in the Channel, which made the harbour a scene of constant activity. So much for modern Ramsgate, too much perhaps! For it is high time we were away up through the back-lying parts of the town, threading the long, narrow, still fairly old-fashioned and always cheerful High Street to its uttermost fringes. Where at Ellington the town possesses a really delightful little park, was formerly the grounds of an old manor house of

that name, whose lawns and trees are of sufficient age to have shed all appearance of recent creation.



ST. LAURENCE, RAMSGATE.

But much more to our purpose here is the ancient village of St. Laurence, the parent of Ramsgate. It forms the extremity of the town and faces the open country, retaining

at least enough of old-world atmosphere to avoid any unpleasant sense of contrast with its ancient and historic church. This last fronts the village street, with its expansive graveyard, so characteristic a feature of the larger Thanet churches, spreading out into the country and giving that sense of space so well calculated to set off the proportions and adorn the memories of a fine old country church, which, like so many of its neighbours, came fortuitously, as it were, to preside over a great and important town. The present building dates from 1062, and about 1200 attained its present shape, which consists of a nave with side aisles, a central tower, small transepts, and a chancel with side chapels. The tower, all of which save the top storey is Norman, as shown by its windows, is further distinguished by a fine Norman arcade on its south and east sides, an exact copy of those over the windows of the dormitory in the cloisters and in the Refectory at Westminster, and of the same date. The whole tower, in fact, up to the top string-course is early Norman. Within, however, it is supported on pointed arches opening to the nave, transepts and chancel. The eastern and western of these are finely moulded with clustered shafts and foliated capitals. The nave is divided from the side aisles by an arcade of three pointed arches resting on massive Norman piers with square capitals. The chancel is divided from the chapels on each side by two pointed arches with square piers. On the south side there is a third and smaller arch, while the roof is panelled and ornamented with bosses at the intersection of the ribs. The north chancel, known as the Manston chapel, contains several brasses, including one to Nicholas Manston, 1444, and another to Joanna, wife of Thomas Nicholas of Ore, and daughter of Roger Manston. On the wall of the south chapel is a beautiful modern tablet in memory of the wife of the distinguished historian, James Anthony Froude. The church has been recently restored; the choir stalls are modern and much of the tracery of the windows has been

replaced. But before leaving the interior, attention should be called to a feature which is, I imagine, unique of its kind, but might easily escape the notice of the most observant visitor. Certainly the tale it tells would only reveal itself to those familiar with the building.

Now the capitals of the south arcade of the nave are ornamented at one corner only with grotesque heads which might well be taken for mere caprice. But at the north pillar of the chancel arch and on the south-east corner of its capital, crouches another grotesque in the shape of a demon, overlooking the three chapels which comprise the chancel. His hideous features wear a broad, self-satisfied grin. On the opposite pillar he is again depicted, wearing a sullen and baffled look. In front of him, upon an adjoining pillar, is a half-length figure with crozier, believed to be that of Archbishop Laurence, the successor to St. Augustine, though possibly an angel as it has wings. At any rate, he has obviously discovered the presence of the demon in the chancel, and is beckoning to it with his right hand and pointing with his left to the door of the south porch as a gesture of dismissal. Next, upon the south-west corner of the nearest pillar in the nave, is the outline of a head with the mouth gagged, symbolical of silence and restraint from further mischief. The demon is now approaching the south door and shows himself on the last pillar in yet another guise, namely, a most uncouth head, with staring eyes and left cheek distended by his tongue thrust derisively into it. For the demon has apparently got rid of the gag, and, anticipating his immediate exit, takes advantage of the shelter of a now intervening column to make this grimace at the Archbishop, before he gets as it were his last spiritual kick through the door!

The St. Laurence to whom the church is dedicated is not that Archbishop of Canterbury who is depicted in this successful contest with a demon, though he too was canonized, but that earlier saint of Spain, so notably associated with a grid-

iron. A familiar tradition thus reports the horrors of his last moments. "Bring out the grate iron," commanded his executioners, "and when it is hot, on with him, roast him, boil him, turn him, upon payne of our high displeasure do every man his office, O ye tormentors." To which the saint, after being pressed down with fire forks, courageously replies : "This side is now roasted enough, O tyrant, do you think roasted meat or raw the best ?" And soon after this the heroic martyr's soul departed.

The taste in church architecture and the knowledge of it, as possessed even by some writers on the subject a hundred years ago, is well exemplified in a book of four hundred pages mainly devoted to the churches of Thanet. All Norman work is credited to the Saxons ! The arcade on the tower of St. Laurence is held as "too plain" to be worth "the rude conceits of the artist in those uncivilized days." The author of this *Tour in Thanet* turns with obvious relief to "the very handsome and beautiful new building just erected" in Ramsgate (1792) ! Both within and without the church in its far-spreading and well cared for graveyard may be seen commemorated the old local families, together with strangers innumerable, mostly Londoners, who within the last three centuries have died at Ramsgate—a truly miscellaneous company. The Manstons, whose dust, still marked by a couple of monuments, still lies here in their own chapel, were the feudal family in possession from the time of John to the Wars of the Roses, when it went by a daughter to a Nicholas of Thorne, now a farmhouse near Minster, still preserving the remains of a chapel. The Ellingtons of Ellington, now Ramsgate Park, flourished through the same period, and disappeared about the same time, the brasses which marked their tombs in the church being reported as missing by Lewis in 1723. The Thatchers, even then an ancient family, succeeded, to be followed in Elizabeth's time by Spracklings, knights and armigers of importance, who also laid their bones for a century

in the chancel of St. Laurence. But they too died out and Ellington became a farmhouse about the time that the Port of Ramsgate down below was struggling into consequence by trading ventures to Iceland and the Baltic. The names of other tenacious and prolific families, Gillow, Curling, Hamett, Pettit, Tickner, repeat themselves again and again in the churchyard, and in truth may be found within or without almost every church in Thanet. But they are all gone long ago, so far as the little world, in which they once ruffled it on shore or ploughed the seas, is concerned ; knights, squires, physicians, parsons, Fellows of colleges, sailors, soldiers, traders and incidentally smugglers beyond a doubt, most of them. Armigers of course, and widely inter-married of necessity, their very names have vanished off the face of this corner of the earth at any rate. Their manors, with the chapels sometimes attached, whose ruins were noted by Lewis two hundred years ago, have disappeared beneath an orgy of bricks and mortar, or been remodelled as farmhouses, still holding at bay the slow but sure movement inland of this semi-circular fringe of watering-places.

The town houses of those who were substantial traders and the like in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are still fairly plentiful in the long old High Street of Ramsgate ; picturesque survivals, wedged in between the later creations of succeeding decades, or the more pretentious buildings of recent times. Little sense of these old times and its forgotten worthies, is present, I should imagine, among the exuberant crowds that fill the motor cars or trams, which stream past here, this way and that, in summer time ; for this quiet old church stands at the very parting of two highways. One of them leads northward along the high coast plateau at the back of Broadstairs to Margate, but four miles distant, a rather dreary journey over what might be called the besmirched end of Thanet ; wide-open and spacious enough, with an odd farm still surviving here, or a wood there, but sufficiently within

the building demand of a great seaside population to destroy all rural illusions. One or two large places, older at any rate than modern Ramsgate, survive in this rather forlorn end of the plateau, entrenched in woods, and in their seclusion affording a striking contrast to the semi-suburban character of the surrounding levels. Occupying the cliff edge, a mile north of Ramsgate, is a large stone mansion, standing amid pleasant lawns, within a quite large area of well-grown woodland. In recent years the seat of Sir Moses Montefiore, it has a look of antedating the longest span of human life, and doubtless does so, with probably many interesting associations. George the Fourth I believe inhabited it the summer he forsook Brighton for Ramsgate. Dumpton Park, further inland, is at present a mass of wild woodland, with the mansion standing deserted within it. The park walls show breaches that will obviously never be repaired. For the builder's axe was already laid to the root of the trees, before the neighbouring town ever expected to become the object of German guns and bombs. The other highway, running west from St. Laurence, plunges at once into the rural solitude of the Isle of Thanet, and on its way to Sarre at the further end, eight miles distant, passes through almost as lonely a countryside as you would have found in former days on Salisbury Plain, and one that in many features resembles it.

CHAPTER THE THIRD

Around Thanet

LEAVING St. Laurence by the Canterbury road, which skirts the southern rim of the Thanet table-land, these outermost suburbs of Ramsgate are quickly shaken off. A large country house on either side, each entrenched amid well-timbered grounds, holds them at arm's length, and beyond there is practically nothing to the right or to the left, for many a long mile, but the spacious, treeless undulations of the historic island. Of fences there are none; nor yet divisions of any kind between the large fields that lie bare to the sun and wind, always meeting the sky upon the horizon as the highway rises and falls in long gentle grades over the endless patchwork of clean and varied tillage. Wheat and clover, oats and barley, roots and lucerne, with here and there a field of peas or beans, succeed one another in long procession. Large homesteads, embowered in trees, lie away to the southward along the edge of the island, or scattered at intervals about the wide waste that rolls northward towards Margate, Westgate and Birchington. White chalk by-roads cross the tarred and traffic-harried highway at intervals, to wander round by lonely farms that, like wooded islets, dot at intervals the long stretches of otherwise almost lifeless upland. For this is no pasture land, sprinkled like the Downs with sheep and cattle. Nor again is it, as many similar chalk plateaus in France, alive with peasants labouring on little patchwork holdings, but a country of large tillage farms of generous breadth and spacious outlook.

The stock are now mostly away on the lush marshes,

where the sea once rolled between the island and what old writers call "The continent." Labour is concentrated here and there, as the moment requires, though it makes small showing on the wide plain to the casual eye. But the cockney land-reformer, who on his walks abroad looks out for people and is quite absent-minded as to the crop values, need not worry himself about the Isle of Thanet. Cultivation is clean and fine and its farming reputation has been high for generations. Two hundred years ago, it was written of the Thanet farmers: "This fruitfulness of the generality of the island, where the land is naturally poor and barren, is in great measure owing to the industry and good husbandry of the farmers, who spare neither cost nor labour to improve them." In this writer's day, there were more large farms on "Thanet" than in any part of Kent. This is no longer the case, for the holdings now are not particularly large, though they are cultivated on the best methods of large farming traditions, and with more science, no doubt, than was at the disposal of the Kent farmers in the reign of Queen Anne.

Yet, even then, we are told, these Thanet men made liberal use of lime, seaweed, kelp, and barnyard manure. They sometimes ploughed their summer fallows three or four times over to get a good tilth. They procured fresh seed wheat every year of a sort differing from their own and grown at a distance, taking pains before using it to clean it of cockles or wild oats. Even then they were accustomed to fold sheep on the land. They hauled the manure betimes from the byres to the field where it was going to be used, mixed it with mold and made "a Marxite" (midden) of it in quite approved modern style. One rather primitive custom obtained in those days, for instead of cutting their oats they pulled them up by the roots! But then they did not thresh oats in those days, but cut up the whole bundle for the horses in a knife box, a custom still continued in some

of the old-fashioned States of America : as indeed is another practised of old by the men of Thanet, namely that of grazing off wheat with sheep in the spring, to make it come thicker, and to pack the land. I frankly confess surprise too at finding that a horse-rake was used in Kent two hundred years ago !

But the reader will probably not thank me for all this, as the general public only take an interest in agriculture in moments of panic when there is a prospect of going hungry. And then the prescriptions for a remedy, collected, let us say, from the correspondence columns of the press or from the leading articles of a certain portion of it, would make an instructive volume indeed ! Agriculture and all concerning it is about the most intricate business under the sun. It is assuredly the one of all others in which practical experience counts for most. Yet it is the only trade, so far as I know, on which the absolute ignoramus, unashamed and unabashed, ventures to proffer advice and criticism to the expert. Why is this ?

I have been all about rural Thanet in the growing season and in harvest more than once, and there is no denying that it is a lonely-looking country. But no chalk upland, that I, at any rate, have ever seen, in France brings such a stock of food into the national granary. Thanet, from an æsthetic point of view, is most assuredly not everybody's country. But it has points beyond a doubt, and it has character, to say nothing of its overmastering historical appeal. But in harvest time there is no doubt about its attractions ; above all with a westering August sun streaming over its broad, waving bosom at that season, one swelling sea of gold or russet, broken anon by bright green interludes of roots or clover, while the old umbrageous and sparsely scattered homesteads stand up to their knees, as it were, in the far-flung abundance. In those golden days Thanet is at its best, and its best is very good. In winter, I have no doubt, it can be very dour and at times formidable.

The wind "rages here at all times," says an old account of the island. It would be more accurate to say, perhaps, that if there is a wind anywhere, there is rather more of it in Thanet. It is singularly pure, however, and the atmosphere is clear and rarefied. The natives are, or were, notoriously long-lived, though possibly an unrecorded fraction succumb early to the rigours of the spring! For it is not every one who thrives in a north wind straight from the Polar regions, or under the first lash of the east wind from across the North Sea.

But as I am thinking of it at the moment, it is sunny May. An east wind blows to be sure every day. That is a fairly normal condition at this season, but it is mercifully tempered by a hot sun, which does its English best in Thanet to modify conditions. For this is in all truth a droughty country, which does not much matter for wheat, but it speaks well for Thanet farmers that they can combat it as successfully as they do in their other crops, by means of diligent cultivation. Moreover the land dries so quickly that the ploughs will be running merrily here when the farm horses beyond the Wensum are still idling in the stable. Thanet prospers in a wet season. As an ancient distich tells us—

When England wrings
Thanet sings.

Just now, however, everything as far as the eye can reach is a tender green, save for a few scattered patches of red-brown soil in immediate preparation for roots. Horses and ploughs engaged on this are silhouetted here and there on the skyline. Larks are everywhere singing joyously in the May sunshine, and betimes a pair of partridges may be surprised dusting themselves upon the highway. The outlook too, from this high plateau to the south and west, is spacious and inspiring. Across the wide marshes sits Sandwich, a patch of brown and red half hidden in its own domestic foliage, with Deal lying low but conspicuous beneath the first high promontory of the Dover cliffs, and their back-

lying ridge of Downs. Away up the Stour valley, Canterbury Cathedral rears its towers high out of the shallow misty cup in which the city lies, while away to the north-westward the uncanny-looking twin steeples of Reculver, on the north shore, carry the eye over to the woodland country beyond the green levels of the old Wensum channel and to the broken upland between Herne Bay and Canterbury. Minster, with its great imposing church, down on the left at the edge of the marshes, is soon left behind, and three miles beyond, its neighbour parish of Monkton proclaims itself by the village of that name standing in like manner between marsh and upland, its ancient church finely poised upon a green knoll near by.

Here again, dropping down to it on a by-road, is another typical old Kentish village, in this case well off the route of the beanfeaster and the petrol-driven traffic of all kinds that rages furiously in holiday seasons along the Canterbury road. It is fairly active even in May and June, this single streak of feverish and discordant haste, driving its uproarious way through the otherwise serene, unruffled land. For the by-roads throughout the island are quiet enough, and indeed are not as a rule well adaptable for people in a hurry. Nor, for that matter, do I imagine that visitors to these coast towns are much given to dreaming dreams of bygone generations who have come and gone, fought and farmed upon this classic soil.

Monkton church is of no great size, and consists of a nave, chancel and west tower of flint. The latter is Early English, without battlements, and contains both plain and trefoiled lancet windows. There are some Norman windows walled up on the south side of the nave, while the chancel arch is Early English, resting on inset Norman shafts, with capitals of the same period. On the north exterior of the nave are marks of pointed arches, suggesting a vanished aisle. There is also a finely carved oak pulpit of the time of James the

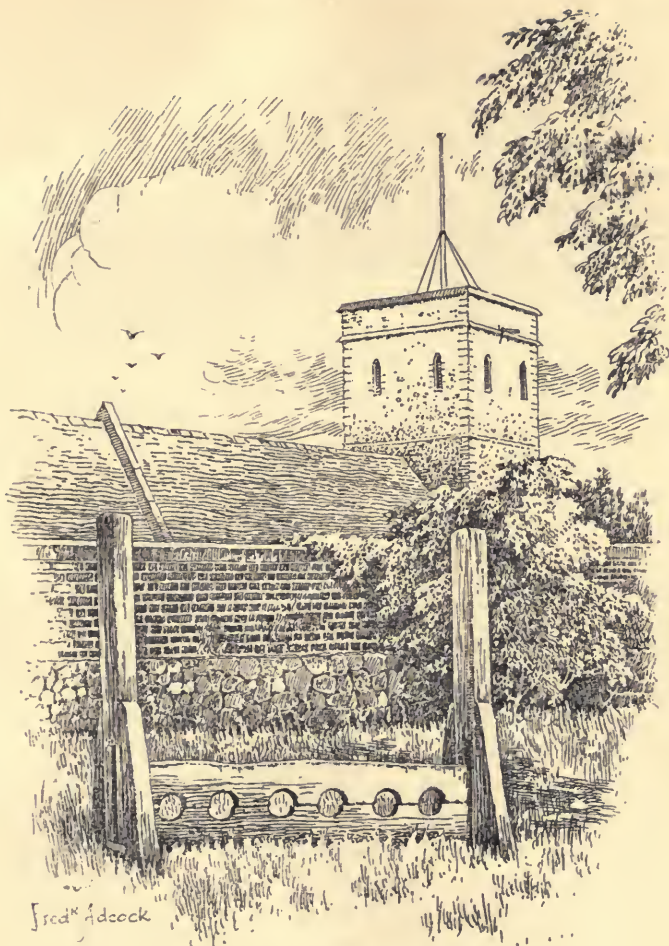


MONKTON.

First, and at one time I am told there were some curious frescoes on the walls, supposed to be portraits of the Christ-church monks. In Lewis' day the stalls in the chancel

existed, as well as some old glass. Outside the wall of the churchyard, the village stocks still stand in their original position, which duly exposed its unfortunate occupants to the notice of the traffic on the village road. The village itself lies below the church and straggles picturesquely along the highway; a roomy Georgian Rectory, with one or two farmhouses, and few cottages, well sheltered by old trees, being chiefly noticeable. Adjoining the church is Monkton Court, now modernized as a farmhouse. It was formerly the Grange of the monks of Christchurch Canterbury, who owned the manor, as its name implies, and seem to have habitually occupied it as a rural retreat. Just west of Monkton church, near to where the lower road through the village from Minster joins that higher one we have been in fancy travelling, the beautiful old gabled Tudor Manor house of Gore-street, now also a farmhouse, stands in its own elm-shaded grounds, and overlooks the wide green marshes of the Stour. Just here too strikes off to the left, one of the roads which cross this old bed of the Wensum estuary, and link the island with the villages of Ashe and Preston on the opposite "mainland," here a mile or so distant. Many an old Thanet family has occupied Gore-street during its long day. A brass in the west wall of the nave of Monkton church informs us that Nicholas Robinson, gent., lived and died here in 1594. There used to be a monument here to his wife, which described her as "a modest gentlewoman, the daughter of Thomas Blechenden, who enjoyed three husbands." It is also worth noting that there is still a fine brass in the church to the memory of one of the old monks, dated 1460.

Near Monkton a baulk, or boundary bank, of which some traces are left, ran right across the island and is spoken of by the old writers as the only thing in the way of a division fence remaining in Thanet. All the others, says Lewis, had been by this time encroached upon "by the greed of



THE STOCKS, MONKTON.

farmers and ploughed up " to the great loss of the people, who used them as roads for lack of others, particularly in going to church, which was then of course regarded as a binding obligation. This particular baulk, however, which

divided the large parishes of Monkton, and Minster, had sacred traditions attached to it as it was believed by the faithful to mark the course run by Domneva's deer when delimiting the bounds of her future monastery. A couple of miles beyond Monkton the still open road runs down to Sarre, which marks the old point of the island, and its chief and narrowest ferry from the mainland. Later on it received the first causeway and gathered some importance from both in succession ; more particularly, however, as a landing port, for soon after the drying-up of the channel, its church seems to have been abandoned to a decay which ended in oblivion, for there is now no sign of it.

Though Sarre is now but a hamlet, it is quite a notable one, and much distinguished for its group of fine old houses, vastly embellished as they are by the peculiar charm of their setting and environment. There is here too a fine old coaching inn which dispenses its hospitalities in summer time in a pleasant garden, all in harmony with the arcadian nature of the village, its tall whispering trees, its trim lawn-like paddocks and orchards. This is the half-way house to Canterbury from the coast towns. In former days such a situation had infinite significance for all that concerns the inner man. In winter a coach drive or a ride over the bleak roads of the island, whether they lay in front or behind you, furnished an undoubtedly just cause for liquid refreshment. The tradition seems to linger here even in summer time, though the hardy traveller may have done the nine miles from Ramsgate in a Napier car in twenty minutes ! A farmhouse by the road, partly rebuilt in the seventeenth century, represents the old manor, which for generations was one of those belonging to the family of de Crioll, of much feudal consequence in these parts in the pre-Tudor period, and fell in after days through the Wentworths to the Lords Howard of Effingham. Sarre, like some others of these Thanet places, was a limb of Sandwich,



OLD HOUSE, SARRE.

and like the rest administered, as regards taxation, by a deputy from that haughty little town. Indeed no magistrates were appointed at all in Thanet, either in town or

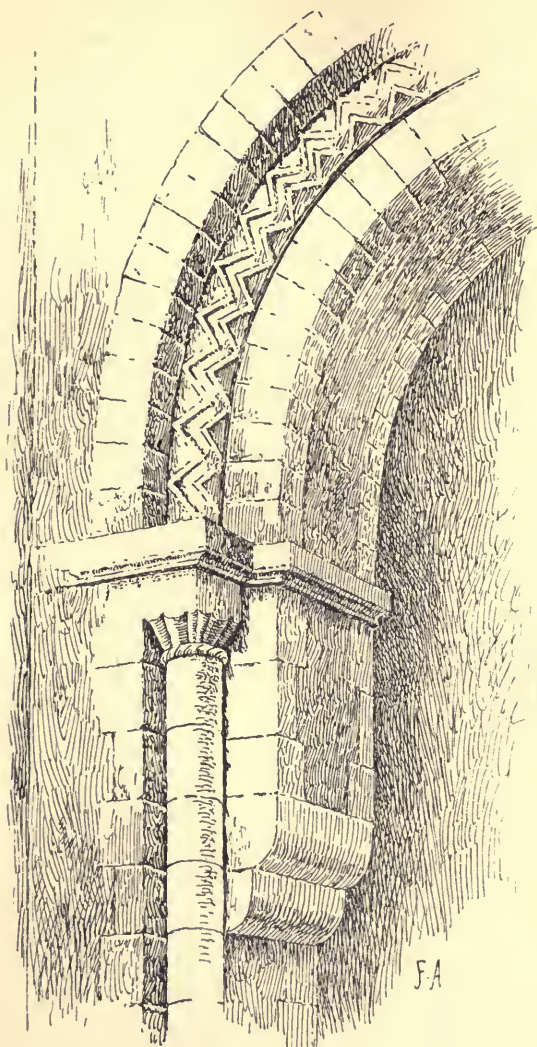
country, till quite recent times. The burgesses of Margate and Ramsgate, alike with the country squires in their rear, had all to repair to Sandwich for their legal remedies—an inconvenience at which they grumbled not a little.

Though I have implied that the Isle of Thanet marks the bounds of our easterly rambles in these pages, it would be quite unfitting to turn our backs on this old Wensum channel here at Sarre, without a look at Reculver, the post already alluded to as having been built to guard its northern mouth in the days of the Roman occupation. It stands, to be sure, on "the continent," as writers not so very long ago still termed the Kentish mainland. Any one in the least familiar even with the watering-places only of Thanet must be well aware of this, as its strange looking twin steeples are the most conspicuous land-marks in all this country. Possibly visitors to the Thanet coast do not often go there, for the now drained marshes of the Wensum, with their water-ways, are almost as effective a barrier to such intentions as when the waters covered them, save by way of Sarre, and this is a long way round. Herne Bay lays claim to Reculver, as in this respect its peculiar property, being only some three miles distant from it. But every one knows it as a familiarly outstanding object on the horizon. Nor could any one catch sight of it for the first time without something more than common curiosity as to what it might be and what it stood for. And I fancy the more they knew of such things, the more puzzled they would feel. At a distance it resembles nothing else in all England, by land or sea, though the Romans are in no way responsible for the uncanny erection, which is a merely mediaeval one in date, embellished by later eccentricities. But no pleasanter excursion can be made from Margate or Ramsgate than this one to Reculver, more particularly as regards its later and less travelled stages on the "mainland." For when you have crossed the marshes from Sarre on the straight willow-

bordered road, the old causeway, to Upstreet, otherwise Grove Ferry, two miles distant, the by-road which leads to the northern coast along the western fringe of the old channel is both a sequestered and a delightful one.

There is nothing much to say of the village of Upstreet. A well-known old hostelry stands just below it upon the banks of the Stour, which here washes the foot of the ridge, confronting the little railway station of Grove Ferry, and must be a familiar sight to all habitual travellers to Ramsgate, Sandwich and Deal. It lies just across the ferry and is the haunt of anglers who search the here sluggish depths of the Stour for pike, perch or roach, with an off-chance for one of those big trout, for which the higher reaches of the river are famous. The monks of Canterbury, like all other monks and other people with discerning palates, were partial to trout, and, I have no doubt, took care that the waters above and around the city, now sacred to a select band of fly-fishers, were kept equally sacred to themselves; and the demand from two large monasteries must have been considerable! And while here, it should be taken note of that the estuary of the Stour once covered all this valley, forming a southern arm to the Wensum and reaching up to Fordwich, only two miles short of Canterbury. Fordwich was thus the head of navigation and for a long time an important member of the Cinque-Port group as a limb of Sandwich. It is now a charming old-world village, still retaining its little fifteenth-century town hall of brick and timber, whose municipal insignia, including a golden mace captured from the Spaniards, may be seen in the Canterbury museum. There is also a Norman church with traces of Saxon work, and some remains have been found in the village of what is thought to have been a palace of the kings of Kent.

From Upstreet, the road to Reculver leads first by way of Chislet. There is nothing here of the bare chalk uplands of Thanet. It is quite another country, one of clay and



CHANCEL ARCH, CHISLET.

sandstone, of hedgerow-bordered fields, of old farms, cottages and village greens. The infernal din of mechanical traffic that has turned the main roads into pandemoniums, and outraged the remotest solitudes of the kingdom with their diabolically contrived discords, are now fairly left behind. A sweet-scented load of clover hay brushing either hedge, a farmer's trap, a string of plough horses going afield, a postman on his cycle, is about all the traffic to be encountered after leaving Chislet. The village itself is of quite engaging character, with its old hall embowered in trees, now a farmhouse, but like many others in this neighbourhood, associated of old with the ancient Kentish family of Denne. Adjoining it is the church, standing within its ample graveyard. Its massive and squat Norman tower with two stages of Norman windows is surmounted by a clumsy-looking and quite eccentric belfry of shingle, with a flat top and dormer windows in its face, though it is in fact nothing more than the base of a spire which at some former day either fell or was removed in fear of such a catastrophe. Within, most of the work is plain Early English, though a good Norman arch opens the tower, which is here at the east end, into the short chancel. I noticed too on the wall of the nave a tablet with this brief incscription, "To the memory of John Smith (we will so call him) a respectable inhabitant of this Parish, died 1813." This is excellent—"a *respectable inhabitant*"!

The way now lies along the flat, between the whilom marshes, now rich green pasture land spreading far away upon the right to the Thanet upland and to the long slope of the high plough-lands upon the left. At intervals, hugging the foot of the slope, are snug and ancient homesteads of mellow brick all creeper-clad, with sagging, gabled, lichen-covered roofs, and girt about with a wealth of thatched barns and outhouses. One or two of them with leafy walled-in gardens suggest, even had I not gathered as much from tombstones in neighbouring churches, the former seats of

old Kentish families. Crisp and verdant goose-greens, spreading to the unfenced road, make a fitting foreground to these charming old homesteads, the very embodiment of sequestered peace. Deep and brimming dykes of clear water follow the road, ruffling betimes in the breeze that blows up fitfully from the sea. For long stretches of them here and there are fringed by old pollarded willows which have taken obvious advantage of these past short-handed years to fling straggling branches from either side over the stream, which responds with flickering streaks of sunshine and shadow upon its limpid rippling surface. Away eastward on the marshes, cattle are grazing, some black-and-white Holsteins among them making vivid spots upon the green expanse. Restless peewits, with perchance young birds still on foot, flap hither and thither with complaining cries. Gulls circle and scream overhead. A heron beats his slow way, high in air, his long bill pointing, no doubt, to some familiar feeding ground, some shallow dyke corner, prolific in frogs and minnows. The startled whistle of a swift-flying redshank, such familiar music in all these Kent and Sussex marshes, betimes comes down the wind, while moorhens stalk about the grassy margin of the roadside dykes, with all the confidence of barndoor fowls.

The old Wensum channel was here nearly two miles wide, and the upland of Thanet lays its whole western length beyond the drained marshes, which for long ages have displaced the sea, the noble old church of St. Nicholas lifting its grey tower as a conspicuous and central object on the distant hill top. And northward is the long line of the sea, here hidden from sight by the grass-clad "walls," that were raised in olden times to hold back its tides. Fronting a wide green beneath the hill foot, an old tavern proclaims itself in luminous characters to be *The Hog and Donkey*, and it seems all in keeping that one should encounter a sign of such startling originality in such an old-world corner. The quiet of the road seems in

part accounted for by the fact that on leaving the marsh edge to turn inland, it invades the cheerful privacy of a farm-yard with the inevitable sheep dog to protest against the liberty, and a bunch of frisking yearlings showing unmistakable hopes that the intruding stranger may omit to shut the imprisoning gates. From the high tillage land above, the towers of Reculver now loom large and near, though the circuitous road thither takes a round of nearly two miles.

Now Reculver, that is to say the visible and spectacular Reculver, the ruined church as we see it to-day, has nothing to do with its ancient Roman predecessor, then known as Regulbium, save that it stands on its site and may contain some of its masonry. The church consists, at this present time, of two lofty west towers, surmounted with framework steeples, and connected by the remains of the west front, gable-high. Otherwise there is nothing remaining but fallen heaps of masonry and some upright fragments of the east end. The modern story of the building, which stands on a low bank at the very edge of the shore, is one of deplorable vandalism. For about 1806 the sea began to make serious encroachments on the hamlet which stood here, doing at the same time no little damage to the church. We have not space here for the long and rather confused story, but in brief, the destruction wrought was sufficient to attract curious spectators from far and near, which so aggravated the vicar's mother, who objected to have the place "turned into a puppet show," that she persuaded her son to have the whole building, hitherto in regular use, pulled down. The too filial cleric went to work in legal fashion and at a parish meeting of nine, got a majority of one for its destruction. So down it came, and, to quote a much quoted and obviously indignant member of his flock: "The last tax that Mr. Nailor took was these words, 'Let your ways be the ways of righteousness and your path the path of peace,' and down come the church, and what was is thout about is flock that day no one knows." The

doomed building was then abandoned to jobbers and speculators, who tore it to pieces and divided the spoil, some of the



RECVLVER.

materials, however, being used to build a new church at Hillborough, about a mile distant. But the twin towers with their high steeples were so valuable as land marks that

Trinity House interfered and replaced the latter, with the curious open woodwork vanes we see to-day.

The towers are locally known as "The two sisters." For a well-known legend has it that a certain abbess of a Benedictine nunnery at Faversham, Frances St. Clair, in the fifteenth century, being seized with an alarming illness, vowed that, if recovery were granted her, she would visit the shrine of the Blessed Virgin at Broadstairs and bestow upon it some costly present. Her prayer being granted, she took ship at Faversham with her sister Isobel, who had taken the veil through grief at the death of her husband on Bosworth Field. But when off Reculver at night, a storm arose, the ship struck on a sand bank, and in the rescue by boat which followed, Isobel succumbed to cold and exposure. To perpetuate her memory, her afflicted sister, the Abbess, restored the two towers of Reculver church, which badly needed it, and erected the vanes upon them which preceded the present ones. But the church dates back, for the most part, to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and what is left of it exhibits the Norman and later work of that period. It seems to have been a fine building, for there are plenty of descriptions of it before the vicar and his mother laid upon it their destructive hands. After all they built another church in the parish, and though evidently without due reverence for ancient buildings, they may really perhaps have expected the sea to swallow this one up, of which, thanks to past efforts to restrain its rage, there seems to-day little likelihood.

But it is as the Roman station of Regulbium that Reculver must chiefly appeal to us, even more than as a residence of the earlier Saxon kings of Kent, who have left no traces here. The original Castrum, on the present sea-front of which the depleted church stands, was estimated by Dr. Boys, the eighteenth-century Sandwich historian, to have contained eight acres. About half of this has vanished into the sea, which Leland describes as being in his time a quarter of a

mile from the church. The south or landward wall and much of that on the east still survives to the height of about twelve feet. The ground within the camp, however, has filled up to the top of the walls, turning thereby the whole enclosure into a raised plateau. There are no traces of towers, and there was only one entrance and that upon the west side.

If the vicar of Reculver did bad service to posterity in 1800 by wiping out the church, the vicar of the not far distant parish of Addisham laid it under great obligations in 1700 by much patient excavation work and a full record of his labours. When we learn that there was undoubted Roman work in the church walls, suggestive of the fact that it may have been a Roman place of worship, the full measure of Mr. Nailor's atrocity becomes apparent. But it was in the *Castrum*, before the sea had destroyed such a large slice of it, that Mr. Battely's services, for his unenterprising period, were so praiseworthy. For the encroaching sea laid bare to his discerning eye all kinds of Roman treasures ; foundations of buildings, tiles, British, Roman and Saxon coins, vases, hypocausts and tessellated pavements, jewellery, pottery and strigils. The latter, by the way, is a less common find, being the long curved, bronze implement with which the Romans scraped themselves on emerging from the bath. These are but a few specimens of the abundant relics of an ancient civilization, which Reculver yielded in the course only of a few years. For there was armour too and harness, belts, statuettes, weapons, and other articles of domestic life and adornment too numerous to mention.

As there will be more to say about the Roman occupation of this district when we get to the important Roman station of Richborough, it will be enough here that no inscriptions have been found at Reculver indicating the date of erection or the particular troops in garrison. Nor does there seem to be much historical evidence to help in the matter. But what there is suggests a late period of the Roman occupation ;

for it is mentioned as one of the fortresses of the Saxon shore. a term that comprises those coasts which had to be specially fortified against the incessant attacks from all the kindred tribes beyond the North Sea, that had in truth begun long before the Romans left Britain. But the *Notitia* does state that Regulbium, at the moment of publication, was garrisoned by the first cohort of the Vetasii, under the command of a tribune, a people occupying what is now the Province of Brabant. As we have seen, it helped, while manned by Romanized Britons, together with Richborough, to overawe the Jutes in Thanet, on their first occupation, and again when they were driven back for a much briefer time across the Wensum. But before leaving Reculver, we must again remind ourselves that it was for some time a seat of the earlier kings of Kent, at which period no doubt it was a considerable town, as towns then went, though such fragments of it as there may still be will for the most part lie rotting in the mud beneath the sea. There are no remains of the Royal residence, though it must have stood within the Roman fortress. The Saxon barbarian did not build for posterity, nor even for comfort, as a Roman gentleman or officer understood the word. Even afterwards, when moderately civilized, he was content with elementary conveniences, and generally with wooden walls which unhappily leave no traces.

The hamlet of Reculver consists to-day of a coastguard station, an inn and a few cottages all grouped more or less around the amazing ruin which along thirty miles of coast, from the white cliffs of Birchington which eastward confront it across the marsh, and away westward up the Thames towards the outstanding isle of Sheppey, makes the stranger rub his eyes and inquire what weird thing is this, which thus thrusts itself upon them.

Back again at Sarre, whence outstepping in a manner our limitations, we started on this little outside excursion, there is nothing more to be said of it, save that it is the site of large

Saxon burial grounds. These have been examined from time to time, and besides the inevitable skeletons of all ages and both sexes which proved its purport, and other interesting



Fred Adcock

ST. NICHOLAS AT WADE.

things, mostly articles of Saxon civilization have been discovered and scattered in the usual way among both public and private collections.

St. Nicholas at Wade, otherwise *ad Vadum*, is under two

miles from Sarre and stands well lifted up, overlooking, as already stated, the old Wensum channel, Reculver and the mainland of Kent. Though always an important place under the old scheme of life in Thanet, that of to-day has not touched it. It has remained, and still remains, a charming old-fashioned and even secluded village, though along the main road half a mile distant, the feverish traffic from Birchington, Westgate and even Margate riots its discordant ways in summer time through the wide, sweeping, silent cornfields ; for this is the alternative route to Canterbury and so of course to London. This noble church stands upon a raised graveyard in the centre of the village. Like most of those in Thanet and neighbourhood, it is of Norman origin, intermixed with a good deal of Early English and later work. Like most too, it is faced with flint ; and, by the way, the cutting of flints for this purpose is, I am told, by a local expert, an art in itself ; an ancient one, I need hardly say, but still possessed by a few natives, who exhibit rather wonderful skill in its execution. The church, whose dedicatory saint gives his name also to the village, consists of a nave with clerestory and aisles, a chancel with side aisles or chapels, and a lofty tower at the west end of the south aisle.

The nave arcade contains five bays. On the north side the arches are pointed, resting upon octagonal piers ; on the south side the three eastern arches are Norman, springing from shafts attached to square columns. The carving of these arches above the dog-tooth moulding is beautiful and rare, while on the Norman cushion caps, Early English decorative work, including masks, has been super-imposed. The other two arches are pointed ; so also is the chancel arch. The clerestory consists of splayed two-light, trefoil-headed windows. The north chapel, called after the Brydges family, whose vault and monuments are within it, opens into the chancel with two pointed arches. The tracery of the five-light east window is very rich and is filled with modern glass. The oak pulpit is beauti-

fully carved and is dated 1612. So much for the leading features of the building, which altogether has a singularly imposing interior ; an effect not easy to convey in words, but that makes it of some celebrity throughout the island and well worthy to rank with the three or four other ancient and historic Thanet churches, though all yield precedence to Minster. The tower is of a different period, but all in perfect harmony, while its lower and earlier part is regarded as one of the best pieces of work in Kent. Over the south porch is a parvise, or priest's chamber.

As one might expect from the atmosphere of the village and the size of the parish, many ancient families are commemorated within the church. In the Brydges' chapel, to which family the present Poet Laureate belongs, is an altar tomb to Edward and Elizabeth Brydges, of date 1651, and a still older slab on the floor to Valentine and Mary Everard, their immediate predecessors, and I think relatives. Intermingled and intermarried with these, one notes the old local names of Paramore and Gaskell, while under the chancel floor is the vault of another ancient stock, the Gillows. Several places, now farms, in this and the adjoining parishes, have been in former days the home and property of one or other of these old families, now mostly vanished from the district. A hunger for land on the part of the newly-enriched is no modern thing. It has been going on ever since the days of the Tudors.

Every now and again some wealth-acquiring lawyer or merchant, usually a native, arose and swallowed up many a small manor in his district to the extinction of a whole company of small squires and yeomen whose debts, difficulties or less urgent motives proved too great a temptation in the face of immediate relief or ready cash. Probably in this country of rather amphibious population, sea-ventures often tempted an embarrassed or bored landowner to part with his home, just as success in such enterprises as often enabled the new man to buy him out. I do not know the

particular process which shifted these old armigers from St. Nicholas, but this kind of thing was rife all over Kent, more particularly perhaps in the eighteenth century. One is sometimes too a little puzzled at finding one member of a family lying under a much-trodden or modest slab at the



OLD HOUSE, ST. NICHOLAS AT WADE.

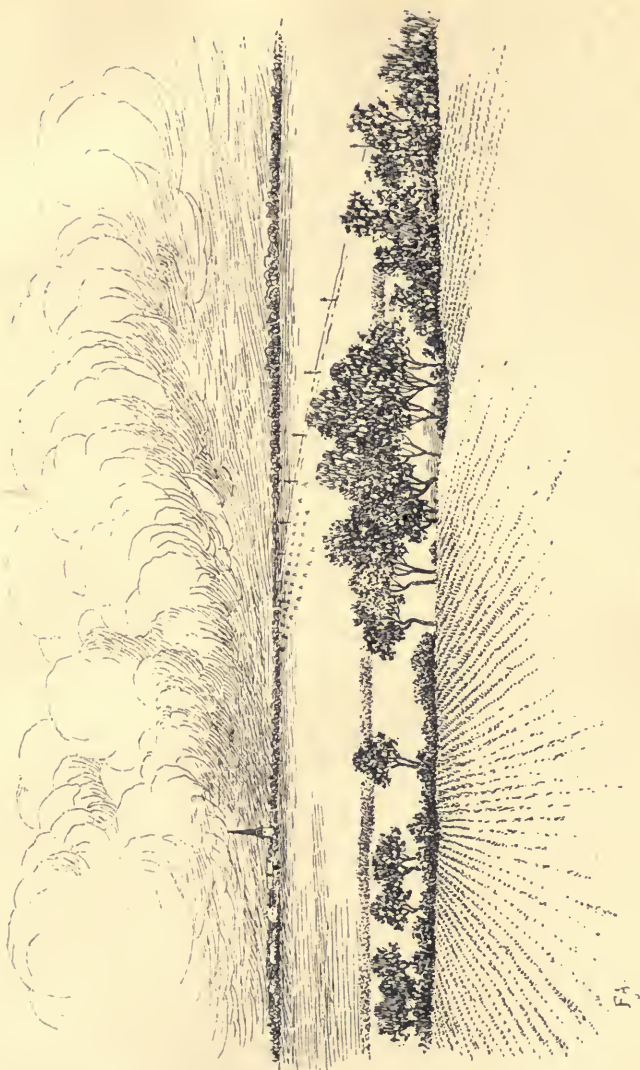
bottom of the church and described as a yeoman, while his relatives lie in resplendent and armorial tombs in the serene seclusion of a locked chapel at the east end. But this after all is pretty much how rural English life went in the simpler days. The younger son often became a small farmer if he

didn't go into trade, and his son without advantages, money or much education naturally lapsed into the yeoman.

The three miles of road from St. Nicholas to Birchington undulates over the wide, fenceless fields of Thanet, so warm and rich of colour in their seasons of growth and harvest. The St. Nicholas villagers consider themselves as quite out of the world, and though topography would hardly seem to bear them out, one feels somehow, when there, that this sense of seclusion is justified. In January, I have no doubt, they have the Birchington road pretty much to themselves if ever they feel drawn towards these then deserted haunts of distraction, of which that village forms as it were the outwork. Since the comparative quiet of wartime, however, it has again assumed its liveliness as a secondary through-route to the coast towns, though there are interludes even now when you might almost fancy yourself on some quiet corner of Salisbury Plain, but for the wide views northward over the Thames estuary.

Birchington was once a little old-world village clustering round a typical old Thanet church. Its wide-open heart still retains something of that character. But as you push on over the short mile to the low cliff edges, crossing the Chatham and Dover line on the way, its character as a sea-side resort and to some extent as an all-the-year-round residential place becomes evident enough. Rows of villas appear besides some other quite cosy ones standing out alone amid gardens and orchards; while on the cliff edges, bungalows, upon which owners or their architects have obviously expended much ingenuity, have entrenched themselves in bowery seclusion that no doubt excites the envy of many a passer-by. One of those natural cuts or stairways, everywhere necessary to those who would enjoy or use the seashore of this cliff-bound island, leads here on to the sands, which on this north side more than anywhere intermingle with stretches of tide-covered rock.

I cannot say that this north shore altogether appeals to



BIRCHINGTON FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

F.A.

me. A north aspect is always of itself a trifle *triste*. The white chalk cliffs, though as sheer as if sliced down with a knife, are here too low to be inspiring, and—well, there is little more than a suspicion of Thames mud left amid the rocks, which the coastguard men at Reculver tell me is most noticeable in long periods of wet weather. As the coast of Essex at this point is quite dim and distant, it seems strange that the floods of old Thames can precipitate their deposits so far into the opposing forces of the North Sea. The water too is very shallow for miles seaward, which thrusts all the shipping out of easy observation distance.

But then Birchington is tremendously bracing, and the reflection that only ten people in a thousand die per annum, must be cheering to the residents and even to the summer visitors. Moreover it is really a very nice little place. There is plenty of foliage and green grass besides some pleasant shady avenues, which its formerly exclusive character have so far preserved against the encroachments of the small-villa demand of later days. Birchington is indeed a very ancient place. It was formerly a "limb" of Dover, which appointed a deputy "to whom the inhabitants have recourse for justice," and indeed had till quite recent times. It of course contributed its quota of ships and men, or money equivalent, to the mother port. But now it has ceased I think to engage in any sea-traffic.

The church stands out well, confronting the wide triangular space which comprises the old heart of the village, with its back to the open country. Originally it was a chapelry of Monkton, built in the thirteenth century, but contains later additions. The tower, which carries a shingle spire and is graceful and well-proportioned, dates from the original building. The nave has an arcade, dividing it from a north and south aisle, of five bays with pointed arches of the Perpendicular period, resting on octagonal piers. The chancel is divided from a north chapel and from the tower space at

the south, in each case by two pointed arches. Though an old and handsome church, there is not as much interesting detail as attaches to most of those in Thanet. In monuments, however, it is particularly rich, more especially in its North or Crispe chapel, where lie the remains of the ancient family of the Crispes of Quex, their connections and successors. The most notable of these is a marble monument to Sir Henry Crispe and his two wives, with busts and coats of arms, impaling those of the two ladies, a Monings of Waldershare, and a Levinson of Eastry. The date is 1651. Another, an altar tomb, bearing effigies of a man and woman, commemorates three more Crispes, with as many wives, daughters of other notable houses, of date 1575. On another, of 1618, under two arches, kneels a Henry Crispe, his wife and five daughters, some of them carrying the skulls which show them to have predeceased their parents. Some of these monuments are in the gorgeous style of the Jacobean period. There are also a good many brasses. One is to "Johēs Queke," 1449, [the Quekes preceded the Crispes], another to Margaret Cryspe 1533, with an infant in swaddling clothes; a third depicts a family group of fifteen sons and daughters. There are several more monuments to this family, who seem frequently to have held public posts and whose alliances appear to have been highly satisfactory. The name ran out in the seventeenth century, but they were great people, not ordinary Thanet squires, and of the adventures of one of them a word will be said presently in connection with Quex, their ancient seat.

The churchyard at Birchington has all the extent and attractiveness so usual in Thanet, spreading out into the country as the need requires and being still in use. Close to the church porch is the grave of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, who died at Birchington in 1882. It is marked by a cross, designed by his friend Ford Madox Browne, while in the south aisle is a memorial to the same poet. The clerk of Birchington



ROSSETTI'S GRAVE, BIRCHINGTON.

in former days enjoyed privileges unique in Thanet, as a regular endowment, legally collected, was charged on the parish for his maintenance.

About half a mile south of Birchington lies Quex, the only seat in the island that retains at once the size and character of ancient territorial consequence. It stands out in picturesque contrast to the great bare tillage lands, which on all sides beset it; for the heavily wooded park, compact in a ring fence, must cover at a rough guess well over fifty acres. The house standing within it is comparatively modern, built a century ago on the site of the old one. Several farms, remnants of the once large estate, still belong to it. The Quekes were seated here in the fifteenth century and through a daughter and heiress it went to John Crispe, descended, it is said, from an Oxfordshire family of that name. His son Henry, whose tomb we glanced at, was High Sheriff of Kent, and "so eminent," says Lewis, "as to be called the King of Thanet." The Crispes of that day appear to have been constantly disputing with the Lord Warden concerning the right to wreckage on their manors which the latter claimed as perquisites of his office. Richard Crispe was captain of the Kent Light Horse, at the Spanish Armada crisis. The former house at Quex was built of brick and timber, about 1537, and was said to be the finest in the island, as from the illustrations existing, one can well believe. It was mainly pulled down in 1789, and the present house erected by Mr. Powell, whose descendant, Major Powell-Cotton, the well-known traveller and big game hunter, still occupies it and owns the estate.

The Crispes ran out in the male line about 1680, and a married daughter parted with Quex, which then changed hands several times till Sir Robert Furnese of Waldershare, a *novus homo* and plutocrat of the early eighteenth century, who picked up manors in East Kent by the dozen, absorbed this one, though not as a residence. For Lewis (1725) speaks of it as neglected and out of repair. After this it became a farmhouse. It was the property of the celebrated Charles James Fox, when purchased by the Mr. Powell who rebuilt and settled in it.

That same Crispe who was known as "King of Thanet," in the days of the Commonwealth, 1657, had a great adventure. Now occasionally in the Middle Ages a French landing party would pounce upon a wealthy Kent squire, carry him off and hold him to ransom, as they did, for instance, with one of the Derings from Romney Marsh. But this sort of thing was hardly looked for in the days of Cromwell. On this occasion, however, it was not the French but a parcel of English Catholics who carried off "Bonjour" Crispe, as he came to be called. He appears to have been a strong Puritan, which fact, though peradventure it gave his abductors more justification in their own eyes for taking such preposterous liberties with his person, made the outrage more audacious. Sir Henry had indeed suspected some such attempt and had gone so far as to loophole the house at Quex for musketry. He was famous for his hospitality, and it seems that it was some of these false friends that so basely abused it. At any rate, headed or contrived by a Mr. Goulding of Ramsgate, who had been some time abroad with the exiled Charles the Second, a party landed from a privateer at Gore-End, near Birchington, and seized Crispe in his bed. It appears that they made him drive to the sea in his own coach and then forcing him into an open boat took him out to their ship, which carried him off to Ostend. Thence he was taken to Bruges, which then belonged to Spain, at this time at war with us. Here he was held to ransom for £3,000, and detained for eight months till it was paid by his family. There was an idea current that the job was done to provide funds for the exhausted exchequer of the exiled King. Sir Henry was henceforth known to his contemporaries as "Bonjour" Crispe, that being the only French word which during the whole of his captivity he was ever known to utter! William the Third, who was in the habit of going to Holland viâ Margate, stayed at Quex more than once. There is an entry, too, in the church expenses for ringing the bells for

the Victory of the Boyne, and another to the effect that a surgeon's wife of Birchington, whose husband was killed in that action, received the princely sum of half a crown in compensation !

A mile or so behind Quex lies the small isolated hamlet of Acol, containing one or two picturesque old Georgian farm-houses, and a mile further on is the ancient seat of Cleeve, one of those woody islets in the wide-open chalky plain that give character to Thanet. A late Georgian house covers the site of the old mansion, also occupied by Crispes in the seventeenth century. Surrounded by pleasant groves of elm, oak and beech, with old farm-buildings abutting on the highways, it makes a delightful interlude on the long bare road from Monkton to Birchington, as the traveller passes for a moment through its shady purlieus. It is interesting to find on record that as long ago as 1763 a cricket match was played here at Cleeve, which is about the centre of Thanet, between elevens representing the two halves of the island, over which no doubt, as was the custom in those days, a good deal of money changed hands.

Two miles along the coast from Birchington, at a wide break or bay in the chalk cliffs, is Westgate, which has no early history, being entirely a modern creation, for fifty years ago there was nothing here but a farmhouse. Though only two miles from Margate, Westgate has not lost the exclusiveness which was its *raison d'être*. It is quite a large place, but does not cater for the class that mainly affects Margate, priding itself indeed on being a complete contrast and in keeping its plebeian neighbour severely at arm's length. It boasts two large bays, divided by a low projecting cliff, upon which are several acres of smooth turf where the fashion of Westgate stroll or sit on deck chairs, while their offspring and pet dogs disport themselves at large. There are pleasant gardens, too, and lengthy promenades laid out along either bay. From one of these there is admirable bathing, of the mixed

description, at high tide, gentlemen and ladies coming down from their houses in bathing costumes, to take a header straight into deep water, if they feel like it.

Westgate is really quite "select," or was so before the war. All the houses on the front, but a few hotels, are private villas standing in their own gardens. Even the back-lying streets breathe of that serener atmosphere, being wide and bordered with trees and wholly given up to accommodating the desirable people who patronize Westgate. The shops, moreover, are kept well in restraint in the background, and herded into one part of the town, so that the general high tone of the place shall not be impaired by the too obtrusive note of commerce. Several preparatory schools of repute occupy quarters in this wide-open town, while quite tempting areas of smooth tree-bordered sward, make pleasant interludes in the leafy streets, at which, if you choose, you may pause in your walk and watch juvenile elevens contending with all the serious and deadly rivalry of an Eton and Harrow match at Lords.

Westgate was very empty in the summer of 1915, as I have cause to remember, and when the air raids began it was soon utterly deserted by visitors and schools alike. As a resort, it is coming back into its own again. But here, as elsewhere on this coast, underneath an apparent revival of prosperity, —actual enough, no doubt, so far as the towns at large are concerned—lies many a sad tale of private and personal ruin. The western watering-places, far removed from the sights, sounds and dangers of war which were an every-day matter on the Kent coast, made fortunes out of the sore straits of their rivals at "the front," if the term be admissible. One does not forget that more than one of the Cornish resorts advertised themselves as affording entire oblivion to the fact that there was a war, in short, as forget-the-war refuges, and that returning visitors were unanimous in reporting that the claim was fully justified! Practically the whole of the coast, where

unprotected by its higher cliffs, was sandbagged and barbed-wired, while the various promenades, deserted even in high summertime by almost every one but soldiers from the camps



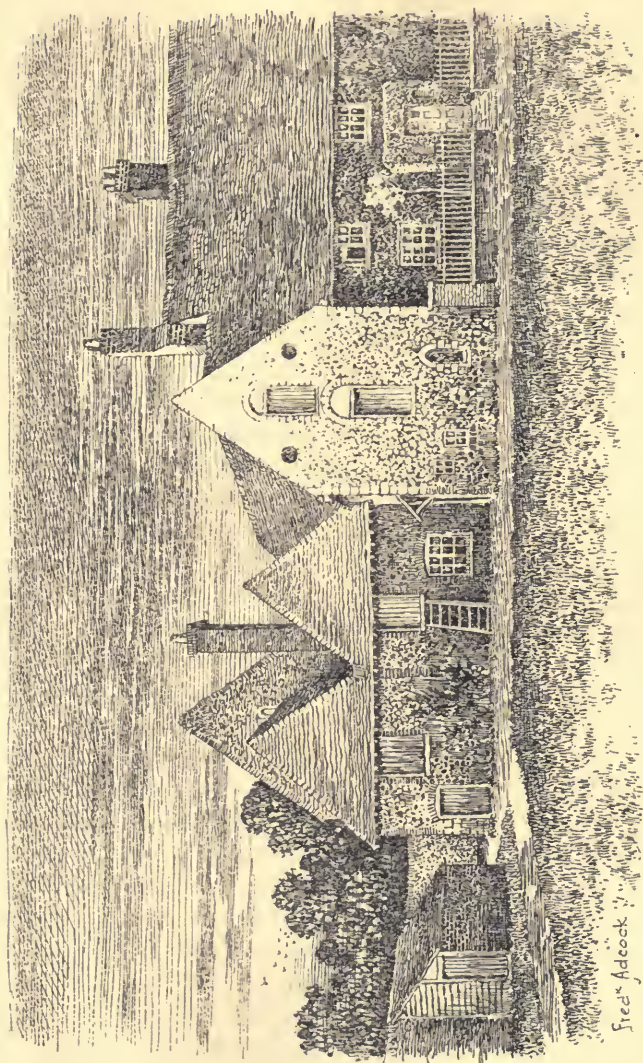
THE GATEHOUSE, DENT-DE-LION.

or the hospitals, and backed by broken-windowed and bomb-cracked houses, made a spectacle not soon to be forgotten.

The three miles of road from Westgate to Margate, whether that one nearer the sea or the main Canterbury highway

further back, offer no sort of interest, being in each case of a frankly suburban character. But about midway on the latter, a turn to the right leads by a by-way over still virgin fields, and in half a mile lands you at Daundelion (Dent-de-lion). Here Margate and Westgate might be a hundred miles away instead of creeping up close around on every side. Shaded with great trees and flanked by smooth well-timbered pasture land, is a fine old homestead, including a large courtyard in full use for farm purposes. The interest of the spot, however, lies in an embattled mediæval gateway surmounted by four square towers. It is built of brick, ornamented with rows of flints, and dates from the time of Henry the Fourth. It had then belonged, since the thirteenth century, to the powerful family of Dent-de-lion, who about this time became Daundelions, the spelling of which has always been capricious. The Daundelions ran out in 1445, a daughter carrying the estate to a Petit, whose family had it for several generations. In the seventeenth century a large crop of sons, inheriting under the Kentish custom of gavelkind, split the estate into fragments and all personal interest henceforward ceases. The arms of the Daundelions above the gateway recall their suggestive and resounding name. Pity that one so well worthy of preservation should have died out! Possibly it may even yet exist, in some Kentish village in mutilated form and shorn of its glory. Probably some of the old walls of the original house still exist in the farm buildings. But the great gateway is perfect, while the atmosphere of rural peace which broods under these stately trees and over the old roofs of barn and byre makes for a wholly admirable setting.

Daundelion is now private property, but a century ago the pleasure grounds of the adjoining house were turned into a sort of Ranelagh for Margate, then young and fashionable, to which the beaux and belles resorted in smart gigs and curricles. There was "a coffee-house, bowling green and a lawn well planted with alcoves," says an enthusiastic patron.



SALMESTONE GRANGE, MARGATE.

There was also a public breakfast once a week during the season, after which a band played cotillons and country dances till three in the afternoon, when the company all drove back to Margate and dinner through what were then wholly arcadian scenes. Daundelion itself is now silent, an arcady out of the world's hum though so near to it. But the rural scenes through which these old revellers drove backwards and forwards have all vanished beneath bricks and mortar and the enclosures that pertain to them.

While on the subject of these survivals of the past, it might be as well to skirt the rather unlovely outer edges of Margate, before turning in there, for another mile. For within a stone's throw of the last unsightly villa terrace which the sprawling town has thrown inland is another of them—Samuelstone Grange. Daundelion is occasionally visited by discerning people and is celebrated in the guide books. But I do not think any one to speak of ever goes to Samuelstone, for which the farmer, as this, too, is a farm, is no doubt duly thankful. But for all that it stands out, plain enough to see, on bare rising ground, a large and obviously ancient farmhouse with a Gothic chapel abutting it at right angles and quite conspicuous from the road. It belonged to St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and in older days was farmed by the monks, who did their own labour and collected tithes great and small from various Thanet churches. After the Dissolution it fell again to Canterbury, but its lay tenants seem to have been bound to most inconvenient obligations under their lease, such as distributing loaves, grain and blankets to all manner of specified clergy and poor inhabitants of Thanet. One of the most vexatious of these obliged them to furnish any poor person coming to them on a Monday or Friday, between May 3 and June 24, with a dish of peas. By 1725 this last nuisance seems to have become almost obsolete, owing to the cunning of the tenant who contracted the elastic term of "dish" into such small dimensions that

even the poorest applicant came to consider the supply as not worth the walk.

From Samuelstone one sees a mile or so away to the south in the open country the thick woods of Nash Court, now for long a farmhouse but originally the chief seat of the mediæval family of the Garwintons of Bokesbourn, and subsequently occupied by various well-known Thanet families, such as the Manwoods and Cleybrooks till two hundred years ago it fell to a yeoman stock. At that time it seems to have retained many armorial and other relics of its former state, and is not, I believe, even yet entirely bereft of them.

But it is high time to turn back into Margate, and all the roads hereabouts tap the heart of the old town and that western sea front, which wealth and fashion first affected in the eighteenth century, but now the most tripper-haunted quarter even of this tripper-haunted town.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH

Margate and Broadstairs

WHAT is there to be said about Margate, save that to the uttermost bounds of the kingdom, and beyond them, it stands for everything which makes holiday for the Cockney proletariat? Possibly Blackpool may afford a North-country analogy, but I do not know Blackpool, though I am quite sure that it has not the really interesting past which Margate can boast of. About the situation of the great Kent resort, however, there can be no two opinions. For this, apart from its hygienic pre-eminence, has something very like dignity. Its long sea-front, merging into the more exclusive Cliftonville, and stretching along its high cliff-plateau for a mile and a half to the North Sea, is undeniably imposing. Get rid of natural prejudices for a moment and shut your mind's eye to the teeming thousands who make high holiday here in the crowded months and it is impossible to regard Margate as æsthetically undistinguished, like those many watering-places which sprawl along the edge of a flat sea coast, and incidentally look upon this one, the oldest in England, as outside the social pale. As a matter of fact, Cliftonville, the eastward extension of Margate, shakes off, as everybody knows, the frankly popular atmosphere of the old town, and with its fine hotels, private houses, smart terraces and shops, clean well laid-out gardens, tennis courts, and bowling greens, is the resort rather of the prosperous and the wealthy. And that, too, not only in the holiday season; for, as noted in a former chapter, if such reminder be needful, the air at this



SMUGGLERS' GAP, KINGSGATE.

point is unique, so far as the south of England is concerned, and Margate believes itself to inhale, for reasons which, if you know the locality, seem quite plausible, the very choicest and freshest whiffs of it. Lastly, planted as is Margate high up at

the point where the wide mouth of the Thames—for the Essex shore is here invisible—meets the North Sea, it shares with its neighbours from hence to Deal the survey of an always lively sea-scape and that, too, the most classic bit of salt water in our island story.

But such interest as Margate may have for us here, lies rather in the fact of its being the oldest seaside resort of any consequence in England, and further as having been, long before that, the most important non-corporate limb of power in the Cinque-Port confederacy. At the siege of Calais it took the lead in naval contributions of all the non-corporate members of the Cinque-Ports. By Elizabeth's time it appears to have somewhat declined, as it then counted but 105 houses and only sixteen vessels. Camden says that "anciently the people of Margate were the most plenteous livers, but those of the other Thanet towns were sort of amphibious creatures."

Lewis tells us all about Margate in 1723, as he resided there when he wrote his account of Thanet. He spells it Mergate, deriving the name from a mere or pool, which had once formed the mouth of an inlet, or probably the inlet itself, to be eventually washed out by the sea. He speaks of it as a small fishing-town, irregularly built of low houses, and formerly of good repute for the fishing and coasting trade. It possessed a wooden pier of half-moon shape, which formed a harbour for small ships and fishing-boats and dated back to the time of Henry the Eighth, when so much of this kind of work was accomplished. Most of the Thanet grain went to London from Margate. It was also regarded as the nearest point to Holland, both William the Third and the great Duke of Marlborough making frequent use of it as such. The Duke of York started from here to command the ill-fated Walcheren expedition, while hundreds of invalided soldiers from that poisonous island encampment were subsequently landed at Margate, as well as numbers of the wounded at a later date from the field of Waterloo. Admiral Duncan, too, returned

here with part of his victorious fleet, after his victory at Camperdown. To come down in the scale, humanly speaking, George the First, when escaping from the too civilized atmosphere of St. James' to the beer mugs and vrows of Hanover, used to take ship at Margate, though the inhabitants do not seem to have been overwhelmed by the honour, or at any rate to have commemorated it with the monumental exuberance of their Ramsgate neighbours in the case of George the Fourth.

In the earlier period here alluded to, and in common with the neighbouring parishes, two companies of foot militia of sorts were maintained and mustered periodically, by the Lord Warden at Margate. And it was a standing grievance of the inhabitants that they had to pay part of the expenses of the same, and further to foot the bill for all the hospitalities extended to the Lord Warden when he held his inspections. Even in Kent the British civilian seems always to have grudged expending money for national insurance, though ready enough to pay the costly forfeit of negligence when the fateful moment came. When the soldiers and the rate for keeping them up were dropped, "the people," says a contemporary writer, "were mightily pleased, that is," he shrewdly hastens to add, "those who see not afar off."

Margate, like its neighbours, suffered much in the seventeenth century from the filling up of its harbour by the encroaching sea; for there seems to have been in those days a natural inlet of some kind where the old town with all its later works now fronts the shore. Its shipping trade dwindled when the larger vessels abandoned it for lack of sufficient water. "The trade of this poor town," writes Lewis, "is now very small and would be considerably less were it not for its being a market of the whole island where the inhabitants bring their corn to send it to London by hoys." In the Stuart period Margate had been famous for malting, and the parish boasted of forty malt-houses. It was famous also for Margate ale brewed by a Mr. Prince. But in time it

seems "the fickle humour of the gentry and people altered to the liking of pale North-country ale," and the more potent Margate brand went out of use. One would hardly have expected the robust Thanet islanders of those roystering days to be craving for a milder liquor! The energy of the Thanet farmers, too, in stripping the shore and even the rocks of "sea ware" in order to burn kelp was thought to have injured the fishing. At any rate, its activities declined and Margate, by the middle of the eighteenth century, had lost much of its earlier prosperity and importance.

It was soon after this, however, that the beginning of the great change came which made it the first to arise of the great English seaside resorts and to become the mother, one might almost say, of all of them. It was here indeed that the bathing-machine in its original and quaintest form was invented and first used. The inspired genius responsible for this historic chariot was one Benjamin Beale, a Quaker, and the first batch of them were trundled into the sea in the sandy bay beneath the old fishing-town—where the tripper now so gregariously revels—in 1753. Modern Margate likes to date itself from this pregnant year, though Londoners must have found it out before that, or the demand for bathing facilities would not have arisen. The new fad, the new mania for sea air, and above all for dipping in sea water, had only then recently commenced.

Hitherto, those who could afford it had flocked to the inland Spas, Bath, Cheltenham, Tunbridge Wells and the like, which afforded a gorging and deep-drinking generation opportunities both gregarious and recuperative. The sea was a new idea altogether and, though the doctors took it up, was rather slow in catching on. For one thing, there was no accommodation in such places; even the Kent and Sussex squires, much less their ladies, had never dreamed of rolling themselves in the sea, and as we know, they were not very great in those days even at fresh water in the homely tub.

The wits, Horace Walpole among them, made great fun of the craze and to the humorist it naturally gave immense opportunities. But despite the ridicule of the coffee-houses and drawing-rooms, some great ladies—and gentlemen—took it up, followed as a matter of course by lesser lights who wished to be in the newest mode, backed as we have seen by the doctors. In the vile state of English roads at that time Margate was the most convenient spot for practising the new cure, as it was also the most accessible from the Metropolis by water. So with these advantages, and Mr. Beale's bathing machines, it started on its career as the premier seaside resort, and as the century advanced increased in popularity and accommodation by leaps and bounds, judged by a standard in which only the well-to-do had a hand. The primitive bathing machine seems to have been pretty much like its cumbrous successor, on which certainly no great inventive genius has been expended in the last 170 years. Mr. Beale's patent, however, had the projecting hoods, that some of us can remember as still existing in a modified form, but which seem originally to have been let right down into the water. Immense stress is laid in the quaint advertisements of that time on the privacy of the whole contrivance for the ladies, which was no doubt desirable as nothing is said about bathing-dresses of any kind!

Some of the old eighteenth-century and even later handbooks to Margate are quite delightful reading. The portentous phraseology and unabashed sycophancy of these unconscious humorists is unfortunately tucked away in the shelves of reference libraries or of local antiquaries, and I wish there were space for more liberal quotation from them here. But they give, nevertheless, a good picture of a fashionable bathing-resort in the days when Brighton was a little fishing-hamlet. "Some of our fashionable elegants," writes a correspondent to his friends in London, "have introduced a novel species of amusement, thanks to the most extensive stud of Jerusalem

ponies in Margate." The advertisement over the establishment here alluded to ran thus :

" Cows' milk and asses too I sell,
And keep a stud for hire,
Of donkeys, famed for going well
And mules that never tire.
An angel honoured Balaam's ass
And met him on the way,
But Bennets' troop through Thanet pass
With Angels every day."

Here again is a bathing advertisement transcribed by a modern guide book from an old source: " At Margate in the Isle of Thanet, Kent, is erected by James Mitchener Commodious Machines for bathing in the sea. Where the nobility, gentry and others who are pleased to favour him may depend on all possible care with a proper guide for the Ladies and himself for the gentlemen and their favours thankfully acknowledged by their most obedient and humble servant James Mitchener."

The card upon which this was printed had an illustration on the reverse of an inclosure on the shore, with office, waiting-rooms and the bathing-machines of the period.

But poor Mr. Beale left others to reap the financial profit from his enterprise. Though his machines were exported as far afield as the West Indies, he himself died in poverty and his widow became an inmate of Yokeley's almshouse. We have already seen the visitors of eighteenth century Margate dancing under the greenwood of Daundelion, and how great a vogue the place had may be gathered from numberless sources. Here, for instance, in *The Jerningham Letters* one finds Mrs. Damer, while on a visit to a country house in Thanet, writing, " No one need be alone here for Margate only three miles off is the centre and compendium of gentility and *ton*."

Seventy years after Lewis, residing for the time in Margate, had written his *Isle of Thanet*, about 1790 that is to say, an anonymous author hailing from London published a larger

book on the same subject. What little of this is not transcriptions from tombstones which are exhaustively and perhaps usefully preserved in his work, is stuffed with aphorisms and irrelevant moralizing. Lewis writes straightforward English after the manner of his day, but the other revels in the stilted artificial phraseology of his own later period. He manages to tell us without much circumlocution that there were forty bathing machines in the bay, "protected from the furious blasts of Boreas and the foaming waves of Neptune," that there were between three and four thousand inhabitants, irrespective of visitors ; that the long and once dirty lane of malt houses, herring hangs and fishermen's hovels which comprised the original town, was now High-street, bordered by admirable dwellings adapted for the accommodation of its distinguished guests, and that in other parts of the town were large squares, commodious crescents and handsome streets, well worthy of "the nobility, gentry and citizens who visit the town." The only thing this young man sees to regret is that the fine old parish church of St. John's will not hold the crowds who in the season flock to worship there, a matter he hopes and believes will soon be rectified by "pulling it down (*sic*) and building a larger one."

"Through the indulgence of an all-bounteous Providence," thus he opens his book, "we are safe arrived at Margate, and whether we were conveyed from the Metropolois by the indiscriminating hoy or by the more respectable packet, or whether we travelled post or in carriages of our own, in our excursion [among the tombs] the contemplative mind will meet with an abundance of objects, which will prove a feast to his soul and, while meditating on the perishing memorials of the deceased, will receive many admonitions to prepare himself to pass 'that bourn from whence no traveller returns.' And perhaps the gay and dissipated heart may here incautiously be led to mark its wandering steps, consider the insufficiency of its insatiating pleasures and fix its wavering

thoughts on some substantial good. In short the melancholy soul will find 'The cheering scenes of nature beautified by Art;' the pensive antiquary see 'the moss-grown ruins snatched from Time's destroying hand;' the voluptuary 'Fed with the view of waving fields and bending trees;' and last the serious moralist will say——" We will leave it at the "serious moralist" and only remark that, after all this, the ingenuous author apologizes for his youth! But Kentish genealogists will no doubt overlook the exuberance of his style in the completeness of his tombstone inscriptions.

The great building spurt began in 1769, Sir Henry Hawley, Bart., taking a lead in it: hence Hawley Square, and other like testimonies to his enterprise. The Margate hoy, which was the chief mode of travel from London in the earlier days, was a name of dread to many of those who took passage in it, and anything from ten to forty-eight hours were consumed in the voyage. Sometimes the provisions ran out, and occasionally the ship was wrecked. Charles Lamb, who went to Margate more than once, invokes the Margate hoy in impassioned, though in his case affectionate language: "Can I forget thee, old Margate hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sunburnt captain," which being retrospective, did not, I imagine, adequately express his feelings when aboard of one. I do not know why the fact that Lamb saw the sea for the first time at Margate should be regarded as a noteworthy incident in its history, but some writers seem to think so. A more interesting one, to my mind, is the day when Lord Howard of Effingham brought his victorious ships in there after fighting the Spanish Armada. But the enthusiasm aroused was so great as in itself to prove a cause of mourning, for in the confusion and excitement numbers of the brave seamen whose achievements were being thus celebrated were accidentally pushed into the water and drowned.

As you pass to-day up the narrow, bustling High-street, the nucleus of the original fishing-port of Margate, to the old

parish church, the town opens out into leafy squares and streets of a rather peaceful and occasionally quite old-fashioned type. Substantial Georgian houses, suggestive of the town's eighteenth century growth, front the highway. Brass plates proclaim many of them to be the peaceful centres of legal, professional or county business, or the abodes of those who are concerned with such things and far removed from the madding crowd upon the sea front. At the top of all, and standing in its own spacious and shady precincts, is the ancient Parish Church of St. John, which gave its name, as in the case of Broadstairs and Ramsgate, for some centuries to the village and town which grew up between it and the sea. It is singularly quiet and peaceful and looks backward like the others over the open, though just here rather smirched, country of Thanet. The Margate of the tripper might be miles away. There are of course several new churches, for this one, fairly large as it is, was described as crowded in 1790 ; but then that was a church-going period, however slovenly the ritual and unattractive the ministrations !

Its importance through all the centuries and its unusual number of memorials of Thanet worthies within and without must not blind us to the fact that the exterior of St. John's is rather plain of aspect. A small tower with a shingle spire, at the north-west end of the building, is a subject of dispute as to how much of it, if any, is Norman, and how much, if not all, is modern ! The body of the church, however, is of unusual length, particularly the nave, which consists of seven bays. The piers on the north side are all circular, with Norman capitals, though only two of the arches are in this style, the remainder being pointed, while the piers of the south arcade are mostly octagonal and the arches pointed. A north and south aisle runs the whole length of the building, being almost conterminous with the high chancel, which is short as compared with the nave. The bays on either side connecting the high chancel with its aisles are part Early-

English and part Norman. A chapel stood here prior to 1124 and it is thought that the first enlargements of the chancel and nave took place about 1180, when the north side of the chancel was pierced for the chapel of St. James and the north side of the nave for a north aisle of four bays. The final enlargement to more or less its present state is attributed to 1275, when among other things the south chancel wall was pierced for the chapel of St. Ann. The windows are mostly modernized, though some have the original rectilinear tracery. In the south chapel of the chancel are trefoiled lancets with some good interior shafts and mouldings. The font is octagonal displaying shields of England, France and the Cinque-Ports. The whole exterior of the church is faced with flint, and there is a good peal of eight bells in the tower, on one of which is inscribed—*John de Daundelion with his great dog, Brought over this bell on a Mill-cog.* The interior gives the impression of great length, partly owing to the fact that nave and chancel are of uniform height.

St. John's is singularly rich in ancient brasses and monuments, which more perhaps than in any of the island churches seem to illustrate its long social history. That many of these later ones have the flavour of maritime adventure is all in harmony with the spot. Humbler mariners by the score, recorded or unrecorded, lie thickly planted in the graveyard around, while within the more distinguished admirals and captains of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries still live emblazoned on stone and marble. Among the brasses are several of the fifteenth century—to John Cauleys, 1431, to John Lefowll with part of a female figure, 1475, to John Parker and wife, 1441, to Richard Notfield, as (a skeleton) 1431, and a full length effigy of John Daundelion, 1445. There are later brasses to a Petit (of Daundelion) and wife 1599; two to Norwoods, 1557, and one with a ship in full sail, inscribed to Robert Morris of His Majesty's Navy, who died 1615. At the south-east of the south aisle is an

elaborately carved mural tablet to a Payne of Sholtern and, close by, a Jacobean mural tomb under a gilded canopy with two kneeling figures, Paul Clayton of Nash Court and his wife. In this same south aisle is another Jacobean mural monument, elaborately carved and gilded with angels and other figures and emblazoned arms, to Valentine Petit, 1626. Admiral Sir Thomas Staines of Daundelion is here too, over a marble tablet, showing a dismasted battle ship, carved in relief. A later tablet commemorates an officer who fell leading his men at Toulon, while beneath a flat stone in a cross aisle lies Commander George Coppin of His Majesty's Ship St. George, "who fought bravely against the Dutch in 1661 and again in 1665, when on June 2nd he fell gloriously shot in the belly." Many of the dead from foreign fields lie in the churchyard; from the Armada, from Dutch sea fights, from Walcheren, from Waterloo, to say nothing of the dust of the old Cinque-Port fighters, which here as elsewhere along the coast has long mingled with the mould.

St. John's, like the rest of Thanet, was prominent in the Wat Tyler rising, which was provoked by taxation grievances. It was proposed to seize William de Septuan, sheriff, and burn all his account books. "A cry was raised that no person should do service or custom to the Lordships in Thanet, as aforetime under pain of forfeiting goods and cutting off heads, nor suffer any distress to be taken." At the same time "a cry was raised at St. Laurence that every liege man ought to go to the house of Will Medenham (a collector), demolish it, fling out his books and notes and burn them and if found kill said Medenham." Others had "by commission of John Rakestraw and Watt Tegheler raised a levy of 200 men to do said acts."

Kent was notorious for her protests, and sometimes more than protests, against injustice. Her people were typical Englishmen and kicked out lustily when they thought they were put upon. They had the reputation in London of

grievance-mongers and a good many satires were levelled at them. "She (Kent) is always saucy and sending up petitions." In *Henry the Sixth* Shakespeare makes Lord Say reply to the query, "What say you of Kent?" nothing but this: "'Tis *bona terra mala gens*." When in 1701 the county petitioned Parliament to have greater care for its safety and religion, the House resolved that its action was scandalous, insolent and seditious, and a wag replied in verse:—

"The senate needs none of your Kentish direction,
To prevent foreign insults and home insurrection.
We therefore advise you to lead sober lives,
To look after your orchards and comfort your wives,
To gibbets and gallows your owlers advance,
For that is the sure way to mortify France.
For Monsieur the nation will always be gulling
When you take such care to supply him with woollen.
All smuggling and stealing of customs defeat,
Or else all your loyalty's nought but a cheat."

It must be admitted that some of the Kentish patriotic songs were slightly provocative and one written a year before the above doggerel may have helped to inspire it, to wit—*The Brave Men of Kent*, which became extraordinarily popular, particularly the chorus:—

"Then sing in praise of men of Kent,
So loyal brave and free.
'Mongst Britain's race if one surpass
A man of Kent is he."

These were hardly the sentiments to proclaim in a mixed company! Tradition has it that a native of Kent incautiously delivered the song at a Yorkshire dinner and was promptly thrown out of window.

The most inspiring walk in Thanet is that from Cliftonville, along the edge of the cliffs by Foreness Point, where the coast turns southward to Kingsgate and thence on to the North Foreland lighthouse. Kingsgate Bay is a short dip in the white cliffs, though not complete enough to admit access to the strip of sands beneath, if it were not for the artificial cut



KINGSGATE CASTLE.

or gate over which the inland road from Margate passes. Being some four miles from the last-named place and cut off from its outskirts by a pleasant interval of fields and woods, Kingsgate is a most attractive spot. It is tabulated I believe

as a "residential building district." But so far there are only a few villas scattered about within patches of foliage and it has an air of comparative seclusion. Fancy building is not likely to be very active in the near future and probably Kingsgate will preserve for some time to come its present exclusiveness.

It was originally the creation of Lord Holland, Charles Fox's father, who was Secretary for War and afterwards Paymaster of the Forces, through the Seven Years' War, a lucrative enough position under the ethics of those days. But even then he gave cause for no little scandal and for many lampoons. And when he formed the eccentric notion of building himself a villa on this then bare and wild spot, and retiring to it, the wits and wags had a great deal to say and write about it. The little bay bore its present name even then, having acquired it by the landing, probably under stress of weather, of Charles the Second and his brother James while on their way from London to Dover.

A group of two or three large but unremarkable houses in the dip, fronting the sea stand on the site and contain I believe parts of Lord Holland's original villa. But far and away the leading feature of the place is the great castle on the hill above, overlooking the sea, which grew, under other hands, out of his lordship's spacious stables, themselves I believe created under some such plan, for there was no end to his architectural eccentricities.

" Old and abandoned by each venial friend
Here H——d formed a pious resolution,
To smuggle a few years and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution."

The first half of the third line would seem to be a *double entendre* on the part of the caustic rhymers, as it is needless to say that this sequestered bay was a very paradise of smugglers, and indeed it was said that all Lord Holland's servants were efficient at the trade. We may fairly, however, acquit

a nobleman in declining health, who had made a fortune and now lived on a desolate cliff, of running cargoes of brandy or tea ! His house was said to have been designed from one of Cicero's many villas, that one by the shore of Baie, of which apparently there are some remains. If his desire was like that expressed in one of the letters of the great Roman orator quoting Sophocles :—

“ To hear beneath the roof with tranquil mind
The rain-lashed window beaten by the wind,”

he must have found it amply fulfilled at Kingsgate ! Around it too he erected all kinds of fantastic pseudo-classic appanages, sham ruins and the like, now mostly vanished.

But the castle which under later hands grew out of his stables is really an imposing building with square corner towers, long, embattled curtain walls and massive turreted gateway. It is admirably proportioned and withal looks as habitable as spacious. Standing out on the very verge of the cliff with no foliage about it, in this villa-sprinkled country it presents a most exotic and startling appearance. There is a good deal of reference to Lord Holland's life in his eccentrically situated marine villa in the eighteenth-century letters of people more or less in his set, but the castle which grew up later out of his stables is now the property of Lord Avebury. Since the Holland period it has harboured various illustrious persons and in truth looks well worthy of the best of them. On the opposite side of the little bay is the *Captain Digby Inn*, adorned with battlements, for everything of any age in Kingsgate, except the coastguard station, seems affected by the Holland freakishness. Captain Digby was a sort of boon companion of Lord Holland, a gentleman apparently of birth and wit, but not at this period, at any rate, of fortune. He could moreover hold his own over the port or claret with his lordship, in itself a high accomplishment in that circle. To advance the captain's interests the whimsical peer stuck his head up as a sign on the inn which he, Lord Holland, had

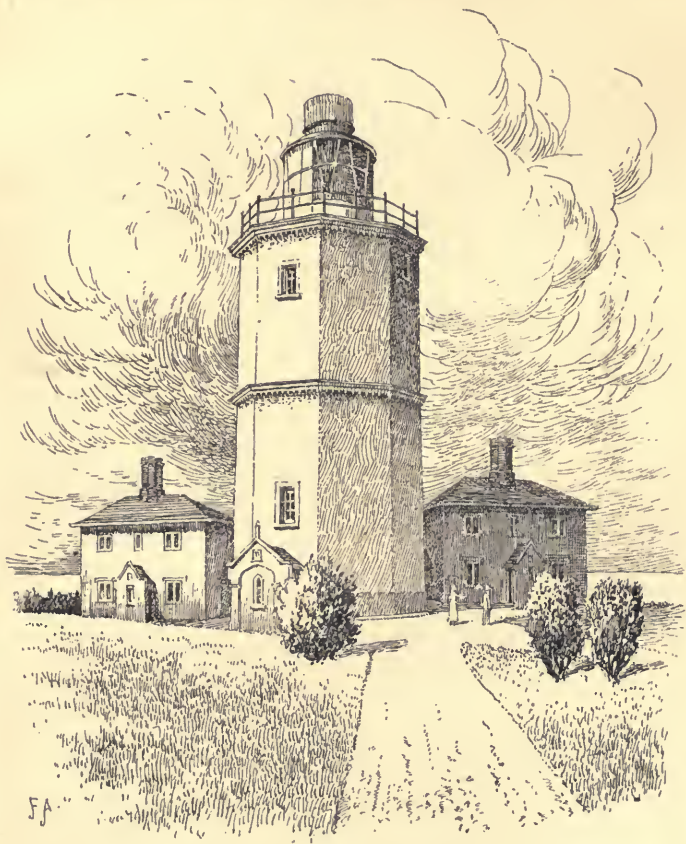
built for the comfort of thirsty wayfarers who should come to gaze upon his architectural achievements, and furthermore left a codicil to his will which ran thus :—

“ To the intent that when I'm dead
The noble captain's name may live,
I have at Kingsgate fixed his head,
The greatest honour I can give.
To my son Charles I do bequeath
(Charged on my tenements in Kent)
Long as the noble Bob shall breathe
Of two pounds ten and annual rent,
On July 3rd to be yearly spent,
To drink Bob's health at the Digby Head,
Witness my hand, I love him dead ! ”

A further bequest provided that “ if any young woman in the parish be lying-in, a bottle of strong malaga and some nutmegs should be sent her and her health drunk in bumpers with three times three.” No doubt the air of the North Foreland pulled all candidates for the benefaction safely through the ordeal ! There is also at Kingsgate a ruinous and strange-looking erection known as Neptune's Tower, and a little further back another built in the eighteenth century by Lord Holland to the memory of Thomas Harley, Lord Mayor of London, though why thus in company with sea-gods and smugglers, rollicking captains and eccentric statesmen, I do not know. There is the tradition too of a great battle fought here between the Danes and Saxons. Two large tumuli were opened in 1743 and again by Lord Holland in 1765, and many skeletons found, well preserved by the chalk, with evidence that they were those of men killed in action.

Half a mile south of Kingsgate, along the cliff, is the North Foreland with its conspicuous light-house. The present building is a lofty octagonal tower, nearly a hundred feet high, surmounted by a powerful light. Like other famous lighthouses, its history goes back through various alterations to the primitive coal beacons of former days. Indeed coal in an iron grating was used here till 1793. A building estate

has now covered the cliff edge with private villas, whose owners regard the situation from their point of view with positive enthusiasm, and they ought to know. But even the



NORTH FORELAND LIGHTHOUSE.

best efforts of the architect in brick and tile are poor compensations for wiping out the natural features and the serenity of this historic headland. Indeed these summer residences of Londoners now follow one another with little interval

along the cliff edge all the way down to Broadstairs, a short two miles from the North Foreland.

Broadstairs is the only one of the four chief watering-places of Thanet that has any claim to "prettiness." The little semi-circular bay with its steep cliffs dipping their feet in its bright yellow sands, must assuredly be conceded a certain charm and cosiness. It is the paradise of infants—Cockney infants to be sure for the most part in the August holidays—though others besides infants then patronise it, but at other seasons it is held in high esteem by British matrons of more exalted circles. Schoolmasters too seem to be well aware of its reputation, and several preparatory schools of note help to suggest that flavour of "exclusiveness" to the name of Broadstairs, to which those bound up with the prosperity of a watering-place love to lay claim. I don't know about this in the holiday season!—it depends no doubt on how you interpret the term. But Broadstairs, from passing glimpses of it, at that crowded period, seems to me pretty much as the rest, though on a smaller scale, while at other seasons you may have any place in Thanet almost to yourself as regards visitors.

I must admit, however, that the whole front and bay of Broadstairs does not seem to have appreciably altered since I was myself conveyed thither across England at a period so long ago as almost to give such recollection an antiquarian value! For all the vast extensions, including homes, orphanages, hospitals, etc., since erected have run more or less inland and left the front in its original condition. But this does not really matter here, though I ought perhaps to note that an electric tram service runs constantly between Ramsgate and Margate, taking Broadstairs en route, but cutting across the back-lying country, so as to exclude the select of Kingsgate and the North Foreland district from immediate contact with the common herd.

As at most of these Thanet places, you have to turn inland

to find the origin of Broadstairs in its parish church. St. Peter's-in-Thamet is about a mile and a half from the sea, and



BROADSTAIRS HARBOUR.

in ancient times its parishioners, amphibious folk, naturally straggled down to the bay through a cut in the chalk which still exists, building houses along the trail and thence carrying

on their business of fishing, trade, and smuggling. Not long ago St. Peter's with its small village stood alone among its groves in the country, but the suburbs of Broadstairs have now stretched out to it their long tentacles. When Broadstairs first arose, as a humble rival of its two big neighbours, St. Peter's was for some time a rival resort of its visitors, who were provided with attractions such as Daundelion had furnished for the select of Margate. An old almshouse and a few bowery residences much mellowed by time recall its past amid the clangour of the trams which now pass by the end of its village street, for in the eighteenth century it appears to have been the haunt of "several genteel families."

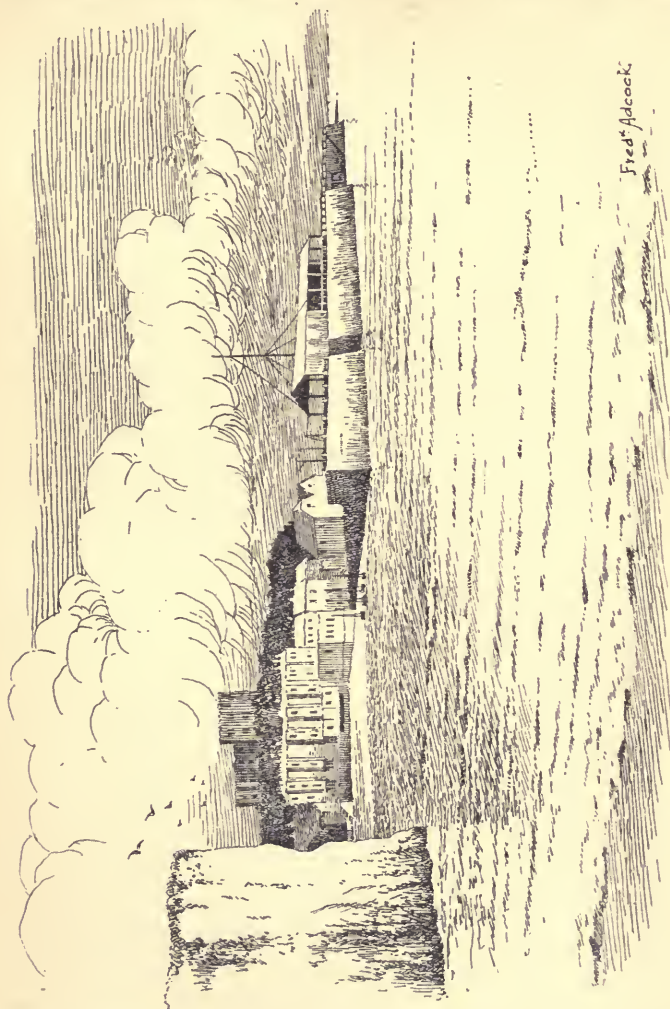
But the fine old church of St. Peter's-in-Thanel is of course the chief attraction of the spot. Like its sisters, the old parochial churches of Margate and Ramsgate, St. Peter's preserves in its situation and ample precincts much of its rural seclusion. It was originally built by St. Augustine's monks as a chapel or Minster. The body of the church is long and low like that of Margate, with a fifteenth-century west tower of rather disproportionate height. There is the usual nave, chancel and side aisles and in this case an embattled south porch. The present church is thought to have been enlarged from a smaller building towards the close of the twelfth century, as the piers of the south arcade in the middle aisle of the nave are apparently portions of a pierced wall. All the other piers of the nave are circular with square abacus capitals and bases, two upon the north side being ornamented with heads. The south aisle is only continued a short distance along the chancel but the north aisle is conterminous with it, and opens into the Lady chapel with three plain Early-English arches on square piers. The single bay opening into the curtailed south chancel is thought to be the base of an Early-English tower. At the foot of the pedestals of the piers of the nave will be noticed a plain device known, I believe, as the "spur" ornamentation from its shape, that of a spur

without the rowels, but only remarkable for its rarity. The sealed wooden roof of the chancel is formed into panel compartments by ribs carrying carved bosses, beneath which is a foliated cornice. The windows are mainly fifteenth-century replacements. Like its sisters the church is mainly of flint and the roof tiled, while most of the windows have new tracery and mullions dating from a restoration some forty odd years ago. The building was badly shaken and cracked by an earthquake in 1580.

In family memorials St. Peter's is fairly rich. In the north aisle are two marble-topped altar tombs, one to a Hugget, heir of the ancient family of Paulyns of Stone. This last, standing in woods near the North Foreland, was in later days the country residence of Archbishop Tait, and is now a famous preparatory school. The other monument is to a Dekewar, "one of the chief pilot families of England." There are several mural tablets to eighteenth-century Dekewars, as well as to Huggets, one of whom "commanded large ships in many voyages to New England," in spite of which, however, he managed to spend the evening of his life in this parish "with the character of an honest man"! There is also a low altar tomb of much older date, 1636, to Manasses Norwood of Dane Court, a Kentish family of note in their day. Among several brasses is an interesting one recalling a most deserving though plebeian family, as it commemorates Richard Culmer, carpenter, who died in 1485.

For to the Culmers Broadstairs may almost be said to owe its existence; since four hundred years ago means of access to the shore, by the cutting through the chalk cliff, was achieved at the cost of this public-spirited family, who owned the land and made the road down to the sea, while another of them, in the next century, built a wooden pier. At that time there were only 186 people in "Bradstow," though this may possibly mean adult males only. The Culmers were not content with merely cutting roads and building piers for

the benefit of their neighbours, but they fortified the former



BROADSTAIRS.

with arched portal and portcullis and strong gates to keep off alien raiders. The stone arch was repaired in 1795 and is

still familiar on the shore to every Broadstairs visitor, bearing the inscription "Built by George Culmer, about 1540." Milton Place, which this robust burgess family built for themselves two hundred years later, is still standing. It does not appear that they set up a coat-of-arms, the usual custom of their kind in that day, or claimed the designation of *generosi*.

Before leaving the monuments, mention should be made of a mural tablet in gilded marble to a Mrs. Elizabeth Lovejoy, widow of a Head-master of Kings' School, Canterbury, who dying in 1694, augmented the living by £40 per annum, a handsome sum in those days, and apparently did some restoration work in the church. I only refer to it because the conditions of this business-like lady were so rigorous. For under the trust the vicar was obliged "without accepting any dispensation" to be "constantly resident at the vicarage, to officiate regularly, to celebrate the communion monthly and to examine the schoolchildren constantly." But here is a stipulation which, though less exacting, does seem a novelty. "For ever yearly on the anniversary of Mrs. Lovejoy's interment, or the first Sunday after, to inform the congregation of the contents of her will, and recommend the duties of charity to the rich, of gratitude and honesty and contentedness to the poor."

I do not know if the last clause is still literally observed! It would take a bold cleric nowadays to recommend gratitude and contentedness to the poor! St. Peter's is in these days among the most important and efficiently administered incumbencies of the county, But judging by some extracts from parish records, this benevolent old lady's strict conditions as to residence and conduct were not uncalled for, since earlier in her century there are bitter complaints that the parson of St. Peter's let his vicarage and was often non-resident, that the church needed repairs and sometimes there was not even a surplice, and further that the parson when present "goes

not comely nor decent nor even to be known for a parson by his apparel. He was moreover "a peace-breaker and hath struck his parishioners and feeds his cattle in the churchyard." In the Napoleon wars the tower of St. Peter's was used as a signal station, a lieutenant and three men being always stationed there, "greatly," says a contemporary writer, "to the amusement of the inhabitants." Their descendants in 1915-18 who were dodging bombs on and off for three years most assuredly saw nothing to laugh at in their military protectors who lit up the whole firmament of heaven for nights innumerable.

There was a chapel in Broadstairs in pre-Reformation times overlooking the sea, dedicated to "Our Lady of Bradstow," as may be remembered in connection with the pious restorer of Reculver Church, and part of it is still to be seen in Albion-street. It was treated with great reverence by the fishermen of old, even to the lowering their topsails when passing it. But before leaving church matters we must not overlook the famous Kentish giant, Richard Joy, since he too lies buried at St. Peter's. His occupation was that of sailor and smuggler, the terms in those days on this coast being practically synonymous. Being arrested on one occasion for smuggling and put on board a man-of-war after the good old fashion, he demanded a double allowance of grog. The captain said he should have it if he did two men's work, whereupon he picked up the ship's forecastle gun and carried it aft, and it took six men to replace it. He could lift a ton weight and became so celebrated for his Herculean feats that he was presented to King William the Fourth, that most genial, affable and sailor-loving of monarchs, if he was not much else.

Broadstairs, or rather St. Peter's Parish, of which it was a hamlet, became affiliated with the Cinque-Port Federation in the Middle Ages as a non-corporate limb of Dover, and like the rest received a Deputy from there till quite recently. In 1565 it had ninety-eight houses, eight boats and other vessels

of from two to twelve tons, and forty men employed in them. In after times it followed the usual occupation of fishing, smuggling, catering for fleets in the Downs and even sharing with Ramsgate in the Iceland cod-fishery and the Baltic trade. Culmer's pier was destroyed in 1667 and another built by national subscription. This was washed away a century later and the present one erected. By the end of the eighteenth century Broadstairs had already become a modest little bathing resort. The village, says a writer of that time, promised to become a considerable and thriving place. "It contains a number of good houses and there is a circulating library opened in a most delightful situation on the edge of the cliff. Here, also, is a good hotel, besides several other houses of entertainment." Through the nineteenth century it grew steadily, though always at a modest rate of progress in the wake of its more exuberant neighbours on either side. But then, as I have already stated, it always preserved a more retiring character and a serener atmosphere in keeping with its picturesque little bay.

Whales seem to have had a peculiar fancy for precipitating their huge carcasses on to this coast. The first one recorded selected Broadstairs in 1574, and "terrified the inhabitants." It took the entire population all its time to cut it up and get rid of its decomposing flesh which poisoned the whole atmosphere. In latter days Birchington suffered from a similar visitation, and the weather being warm the inhabitants were sorely put to it in their efforts to abate the nuisance. Other places on the coast were similarly afflicted from time to time by these monstrous and unwelcome visitors. Steam navigation on these now busy seas may peradventure have scared off the whale, or if he did come ashore he would doubtless be more readily handled and, for aught I know, would more than pay expenses. In 1762 two more whales came ashore at Broadstairs, one at Brighton, two on the Essex coast, one higher up the Thames, one on the French shore and six on

the coast of Holland, a whole tribe of them, in short, cast up by the same storm.

But the *genius loci* of modern Broadstairs is of course



DICKENS' HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS.

Charles Dickens. The aged fishermen on the pier, who can remember him, or say they can, are much to the fore. "Know'd him? Why, in course I know'd him!" was the

prompt reply of a veteran, with his voluminous trousers braced up to his armpits, and his hands up to the elbows in apparently bottomless pockets, whom I accosted quite fortuitously on one occasion. "Why, my father used to take 'im out in his boat reg'lar, and him lyin' in the bottom all the time a studyin' of 'is book."

The late 'thirties and most of the 'forties roughly mark the period of Dickens' frequent association with Broadstairs. He seems to have stayed at one time or another in half the houses on the front, according to local tradition. But two of them are directly associated with him. One an old-fashioned, that is to say, late Georgian-looking lodging house, about the middle of the main front, which bears a tablet recording its well-deserved honour. The other is *Bleak House*, so called, a now enlarged and turreted villa, standing pleasantly within a garden on the southern point of the Bay, lifted well above the sea. We all know that the Bleak House of the novel was in Hertfordshire. Nor did Dickens even write any part of that work here. But it is quite as interesting to know that he wrote much of *David Copperfield* and other books in the original of the present commodious mansion. Moreover, the original has been preserved by the photographer and shows an astonishingly bare and plain edifice of four storeys, two blank walls and one room thick, suggesting the beginning of a terrace which was never continued. However, it looks solid and comfortable and retired, even then within its own garden.

"This is a little fishing place," wrote Dickens in 1843 (doubtless from the other house or the *Albion Hotel*, another haunt of his); "intensely quiet, built on a cliff whereon, in the centre of a tiny semi-circular bay our house stands, the sea rolling and dashing under the windows. Seven miles out are the Goodwin Sands, where floating lights perpetually wink after dark, as if they were carrying on intrigues with the servants. Under the cliff are rare good sands, where all

the children assemble every morning and throw up impossible fortifications, which the sea throws down again at high water.



BLEAK HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS.

Old gentlemen and ancient ladies flirt after their manner in two reading-rooms and on scattered seats in the open air.

In a bay window sits, from nine o'clock until one, a gentleman with rather long hair and no neckcloth, who smiles and grins as if he thought he were very funny indeed. His name is Boz ! ”

Again in 1837 : “ I have walked upon the sands at low water from this place to Ramsgate. I have seen gentlemen and ladies walking upon the earth in slippers of buff and pickling themselves in the sea in complete suits of the same. I have seen short gentlemen looking at nothing through powerful telescopes for hours, and when at last they saw a cloud of smoke, fancying they saw a steamer behind it and going home comfortable and happy.”

There is very little business doing now in Broadstairs harbour, only vessels of very light draft frequent it, though yachts and pleasure boats are, of course, much in evidence. But sea business does not really matter to a place so strong in tourist and residential interests. The sea angler, to be sure, may be descried among the visitors to Broadstairs. He is more profitable perhaps to the boatmen than their own enterprises often prove. But the sea-angling at Broadstairs is not so good as that at Ramsgate, to say nothing of Deal, which is the favourite haunt of the amateur.

It does not do, however, to tell that to a Broadstairs boatman, as I incidentally discovered in making an incautious remark to that effect to an old-timer as capaciously trousered and as highly braced up as the Dickens gentleman above alluded to. “ Deal ! ” he almost shouted, “ Deal ! Deal’s bolstered up ; it’s just bolstered, and that’s all there is about it ; it’s a noax. Why,” continued he, “ a gen’leman come ’ere last September, a traveller I thinks he was, and was standin’ just where you be now, and he comes up and says, ‘ Look ’ere,’ says ’ee, ‘ do you think you could take me where I could catch some fish ? I’ve bin for a week at Deal,’ says ’ee, ‘ and a-fishin’ every day, and ain’t catched no more than four fish all the time.’ ‘ Well, guv’nor,’ says I—for it

were a nasty, misty mornin'—' I don't care over much about settin' out in this 'ere weather.' ' Oh,' says 'e, ' that amounts to nothin', you just go and git a couple of mackintoshes and a boat and fishin' lines and take me out.' Well, sir, I took 'im out no further than that there boat yonder, and mind me, sir, we warn't gone no more than a hour and a 'alf, and we brought back two and twenty fine codlin'. And the traveller, when he gits ashore, says to me, says 'ee: ' D—n Deal!' says 'ee. ' Next 'oliday as I gits, it's 'ere I'll come.' ' Guv'nor,' says I, ' you're right. Deal's bolstered. Deal's a noax.' And I says so to you, sir, Deal's a noax." And having spat vigorously to further emphasize his opinion of Deal, which, not being a sea-fisherman I didn't feel qualified to dispute, we parted.

It would be a real omission, though we have foresworn in these pages over-much allusion to the present-day aspect of these holiday haunts, not to pay a tribute to the really alluring flower gardens that Broadstairs has provided between the front terraces and the promenade along the cliff edge. And as this perhaps suggests the guide book, a gem from an old Georgian work of this kind may be worth inserting. " The pretty pavilion on the right is the main residence of Sir W—— B——, baronet and alderman of London, whose attachment to his friends is only surpassed by his liberality. Sir W—— possesses a beautiful sailing yacht for the accommodation of his particulars. His table is always surrounded with good humour and *loaded* with plenty and every comfort that may please the palate and exhilarate the soul." I think, by the way, that this panegyric is lavished on a Ramsgate magnate, though that matters nothing. We have endless studies of Georgian Bath, in fact and fiction; the subject is almost classical. The humours and amenities of the Georgian sea-side, though on a somewhat lower social pitch, is an unexplored mine. It surely must contain much treasure.

The shade of the smuggler is always with us throughout

the whole of this Cinque-Port country, east or west, and more insistently than in any other part of England, for reasons



YORK GATE, BROADSTAIRS.

too obvious, I should hope, to need elaboration. Most of us who live in it have heard plenty of smuggling tales, though not very fierce ones, perhaps, at first hand, time has flown

too fast, but as handed down by fathers and grandfathers, a good deal of bloodcurdling incident. Broadstairs held its own with its neighbours, though for that matter the Isle of Thanet formed in this exhilarating pursuit one great Brotherhood; squire, parson, merchant, tradesman, sailor and agricultural labourer were all in it. The remains of their secret store holes are still treasured in the memory of veterans. A century hence, no doubt, the bomb shelters dug by the inhabitants in the Great War will add sensibly to their number unless the traditions of the greater event will obliterate those of the lesser, which is possible. There is quite a considerable literature, however, dealing with smuggling. Several writers have put together and published all the smuggling stories they can collect, with a good deal of inevitable repetition. But only one, I think, has gone to the fountain-head and treated the subject from the authority of the mass of details lying in various official quarters all over England.

Mr. Chatterton has burrowed industriously among the minutes of the Board of Customs and of the Ports, the reported trials of smugglers, the correspondence of the collectors of custom, and all kinds of authentic sources which tell no lies but set forth the grim and naked facts of the long, disastrous and sanguinary story. The scraps of this that now survive orally along the coast or in fragments of print, are generally regarded as picturesque or humorous bits of social colouring. Some people seem to think it was a sort of intermittent but exciting pastime by which a bibulous generation living near the sea got a portion of its table liquor free of duty, or a lady here and there with dreadful joy secured a silk dress or a box of gloves. As a matter of fact, smuggling on a big scale went on for centuries. It was an extremely profitable trade. Hundreds of families rose by it from obscurity into prominence; many of position and wealth to-day owe their origin to smuggling or to financing smuggling,

of which all memory has been lost. It is often said, and not perhaps with much hyperbole, that half the commodious and substantial houses along the coast strip of Kent and Sussex, in town or country, were built by money made in "free trade." The proletariat in the main took the primary risks and worked at it for stated wages, higher of course than those offered for legitimate work. Sailors, mechanics and agricultural labourers were all deep in it and earned thrice as much in a night as they could make by their ordinary day's work.

The whole country-side were in sympathy with this age-long cheating of the National Revenue. It was regarded as quite venial and became a sort of hereditary accomplishment. Those who thought otherwise were terrorized and mostly kept their sentiments to themselves. Juries dared not convict, even had they often wished to. Labour at times became so disorganized, that self-interest alone stung the governing classes into action, which was generally futile and short-lived. The old traditions of the Cinque-Ports had bred a love of adventure, with more than a touch of lawlessness attached to it, and their unrivalled position for free trade with France and Flanders marching with their temperament, to say nothing of their comparative accessibility to the capitol, gave Kent and Sussex pre-eminence in smuggling and an easy lead in smuggling lore. Even the nature of the coast helped to this end. The chalk cliffs with their readily-made hiding-holes and little secluded bays, and yet more the great flat be-dyked marshes of Romney, Pevensey and the Stour, so easy of escape to the local expert, so difficult of pursuit to the always under-manned Revenue forces, much less to the horse-soldier, so often pressed into the Revenue service.

Smuggling as a regular business began as early as the fourteenth century, but for the next three hundred years wool was the main object of enterprise; for, save during brief interludes, it carried a high export duty. English wool was

always in great demand, while the natural aim of English Governments was to keep enough of it in the country and at a reasonable figure for the English clothiers. Sometimes export was altogether forbidden. The high prices on the Continent offered a continual temptation to the "owlers," as the wool smugglers were termed. Romney Marsh in Kent was a very hotbed of owling for generations, while Middleburg in Holland was in those days the chief receiving centre. It will be readily understood how valuable were the Flemish and Huguenot weavers, who, driven by thousands from their own countries, came over to spin English wool upon English soil. In the Stuart period "owling" was rampant. Efforts to stop it were fruitless, but as these, up till now, were only represented by a land police, the failure is not surprising. In Charles the Second's reign, however, the Customs instituted a sea-force, hiring vessels to cruise along the coast. During that of William the Third, half a dozen ships were commissioned to watch between the North Foreland and the Isle of Wight. Farmers within ten miles of the coast had to report their respective weights of wool within three days of shearing and notify the place of deposit.

About this time the smuggling of taxed imports had begun of spirits, tea, silks and the like. With the eighteenth century and the Marlborough wars these assumed the chief place in the smuggling interest and remained so, owling, for trade reasons, becoming of less importance. There were only fifty "Riding officers" on the whole south-east coast; a number hopelessly at a disadvantage, when opposed to nearly a whole population interested in defeating their endeavours by stealth or force. Indeed the Government, almost to the very end of smuggling, were extraordinarily parsimonious and short-sighted and never seemed to adjust their efforts with any proportion to the enormous sums lost to the Revenue by such negligence. The eighteenth century was essentially the dramatic era of smuggling. Demands for luxuries were

greater, navigation vastly improved, and whole fleets were built on both sides of the Channel of fast ships for carrying contraband. Hitherto the lugger had been the smuggler's favourite rig ; now sloops and schooners, as they manœuvred better and required fewer hands, came into more general use. The Customs found it difficult to build ships that could outsail them.

The Royal Navy were expected to help the Revenue ships, but like the soldiers on land, they were not always very keen on the work. Scores of small boats, too, which could beach themselves, assisted in the contraband trade, meeting French or Dutch vessels in mid-Channel, taking off their cargoes and running in with them under cover of night. There was no end to their devices. Ships were built with faked bottoms and other ingenious fittings that sometimes defied the investigation of experts who knew them to be under their noses. Merchants and traders on shore, otherwise engaged in ordinary business, found much of the capital for these adventurers and went shares in them. Great distilleries were built in France and Holland solely in the interests of the contraband trade with England. The ankers of gin and brandy and bags of tea were landed and carried inland by gangs of one or two hundred mounted and armed men with led horses. Many of them were agricultural labourers who received from 7s. 6d. to 15s. a night. Such strong bands practically defied attack, and when encounters did take place they were always accompanied by more or less bloodshed. Sometimes many lives were lost. When common smugglers were arrested they were promptly put on a man-of-war, though if unsuitable for this they were transported. It was a periodical excitement for the villagers of Kent and Sussex to peep through the blinds of a dark night at these long trains of armed horsemen with kegs swinging at their saddles as they went clattering up the street.

East Indiamen arriving in the Downs were unabashed

ill-doers at the business, delivering their illicit superfluities, particularly tea, to the boats from Deal and Ramsgate who thoroughly understood every trick of the trade. It became necessary at last for Revenue cruisers to accompany them up the Channel. Now a hundred smugglers are reported by the Revenue Officer at Sandwich as having ridden through the town for the Isle of Thanet ; now a gang of two hundred are reported from Broadstairs ; a little later a hundred and fifty free traders run a cargo on shore at Reculver and after losing a little of it to the Revenue men eventually recover it from them by force ; ten days later a big cargo is landed at Kingsgate. Some of the Kent smugglers used to get themselves made burgesses of Ostend, for the more ready conduct of their nefarious trade ! The London coaches were sometimes stopped and the passengers searched by Revenue Officers to their great disgust. In the Napoleon wars smuggling reached its zenith ; Army, Navy, Marines and Militia being regularly empowered to co-operate with the Revenue men. And then, as ever, the coast from the North Foreland to Rye was far the most active. Ryers may be interested to know that their town was regarded as at least *Primus inter pares* among the delinquents. The Government seems at last to have despaired of arresting the evil. Huskisson, when Secretary of the Treasury, writes : " Smuggling is carried on so generally and by such large gangs in Kent and Sussex, there can exist no hope of checking it but the constant and most active vigilance of strong military patrols with reinforcements ready to come to their assistance. Deal goes to such daring lengths that patrols should be established within the town and for two or three miles east and west of same."

In 1805 two Revenue cutters ran up against a big lugger, which at once beached itself on Dungeness. It was night time and the crew, after making signals, jumped out and escaped. A thousand casks of spirit and a hundred bags of tea were found on board. In less than an hour, however,

a huge crowd of horse and foot returned with firearms and bludgeons and a fight ensued. The Revenue men had to retire, but only to collect the Lancashire Regiment quartered in the neighbourhood. There was then another fight in which the smugglers were worsted ; some were killed, but none captured alive. A reward of two hundred pounds was offered for information, but none dare give it. Nine years later, the leaders, natives of Lydd, were discovered and arrested, but in spite of ample evidence all were acquitted !

Smugglers, whether convicted or impressed on suspicion for the Navy, generally deserted, unless their ships were on remote foreign stations, and naval captains grew shy of receiving them. Men, too, who had retired from the trade with a competence and started as farmers or the like, often returned to an occupation that seems to have had a boundless fascination for the natives of the Kent and Sussex littoral. French and Dutch coasters grew as cunning as the English in concealing cargoes. Tobacco used to be twisted in rope shape and then a hawser bound over it. Tobacco ropes were sold openly in the Flushing market. Lines were sometimes concealed in boat bottoms to which anchors were attached under the stern. The *Isis* of Rye, a smack of 26 tons, was found to have concealments on either side of the keel. Two others from the same place had concealments far too intricate for description here. One of them, the *Venus*, of 80 tons, had made three voyages in one year, carrying in each voyage 800 casks of spirits, and this, too, as late as 1821 ! Folkestone ships had hollow masts and bowsprits into which tin tubes filled with contraband were inserted.

This high water mark of ingenuity was not reached till after Waterloo, when the forces employed by the Admiralty, who had now taken over the whole business, were getting too strong for pitched battles, and concealment became the chief resource of the smuggler. Sinking goods was constantly necessary, and for their recovery, when the coast was clear, a bag of

shingle was attached to the kegs as a sinker, while a bladder, surmounted by a feather floating above, kept them about a foot under water and at the same time marked their situation.

In 1822 the whole force for the prevention of coast smuggling was transferred from the Admiralty back to the Customs Board. The coast blockade of Kent and Sussex had answered so well it remained unaltered, and still supported by cruisers at sea and the Riding guard on shore. Ten years later everything was merged in the coastguard system which we all know, and some of us remember, to have been mainly associated with smuggling. Violence by smugglers went out of fashion, and ingenious concealment, as already noted, and sunken goods became their sole resource. Steam in due course proved an effective enemy to the contraband trade, and the English and foreign smuggling syndicates finally went out of business.

In 1856 the coastguard force was transferred back to the Admiralty. But by this time smuggling had become, and henceforward became still more, a tame and insignificant feature of life on sea and shore—scarcely to be felt by a Revenue that in the past centuries had been continuously robbed of colossal sums. Many old Cinque-Port fishermen will still wink their eye when smuggling memories are invoked and darkly hint that it is not so much a thing of the past as people suppose! They have got a reputation to keep up and the instinct is in their blood. Probably an occasional bottle of brandy or a few pounds of tobacco for their own use is all that lurks behind these dark insinuations, mere harmless incidental trifles to the wild work their ancestors engaged in for so many centuries. Their old daring is now mainly displayed in a cause as noble as the other was detrimental from every point of view. For nowhere have more heroic deeds been performed by life-boat crews than those of such Cinque-Port towns as the sea has not deserted and is now not likely to desert.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH

Richborough and Sandwich

AS we pass out of Thanet by the Sandwich road across the Stour marshes, by which, it will be remembered, we first entered the island, the great Roman ruins of Rich-



RICHBOROUGH CASTLE.

borough, briefly noticed at the time, stand conspicuous on the green hill that once formed a sea-washed promontory of the mainland. There is the old port of Richborough, the Rutupiae of the Romans, created in the second century. Here is the new Richborough of the twentieth, of which quite enough has been already said. Each, with an interval of nearly two thousand years, has played its part in the nation's history ; the one for long ages, the other but for a few brief years—years, however, pregnant with the fate of ages ! Midway in time, this same broad estuary of Kentish streams, as the great harbour of Sandwich, played a part longer even than the Roman Rutupiae, and in its way more important perhaps than either the ancient or the modern Richborough, since ships of war mustered there as constantly as those of commerce.

But Rutupiae was in its day the most commercially important of all British ports. Its war significance was secondary. Mediaeval Sandwich was only among the most notable in commerce, while at times it was the premier naval rendezvous of the nation's fleets as the largest of the Cinque-Port harbours. Modern Richborough has its own peculiar record which needs no further emphasizing, and on this account we must overlook its sprawling, overwhelming presence, which has sadly disfigured the ancient peace, that here of old brooded over the memories of Roman, Saxon and mediaeval England. Surely there is no such spot in all Britain as this, where you may stand on the meadow where both St. Augustine and the first Saxons landed, while in the foreground, lying almost side by side, are three places of such national and such diverse import !

Access to Roman Richborough is most readily gained from Sandwich by a lane branching off from the Canterbury road across what was once the south inlet of the harbour which takes you there in about a mile and a half. Here, on a level plateau, forming the point of what was once a promontory dividing the main channel of the Wensum from the above

mentioned South Bay, stands what is left of Rutupiae. And in truth that is a good deal ! For nowhere in Britain is there so great a memorial of the Roman occupation, standing, naked and aloof, bare to the winds and sky, unobscured by contact with modern cities, untouched by later human hands, as this. Picture to yourself a level parallelogram of six acres, dipping its one open side down a steep, woody bank, washed in Roman times by the sea and now hugged by the embanked and sluggish Stour on its way to Sandwich ; the other three sides, each about two hundred yards in length, enclosed by grey stone walls from twenty to thirty feet in height and some ten feet thick.

There are broken or lower interludes here and there in the walls to be sure, but so slight as hardly to affect the general impression of this compact and mighty survival of imperial Rome and of an epoch the more mysterious and fascinating for its high civilization, of which as regards Britain so little record has been left to us. Of pre-historic monuments, Stonehenge, for instance, the greatest of all, impressive as they are, one does not and cannot expect much in the way of revelation, and by comparison with those later ones of Rome there is in truth not much to be revealed by varying types of barbarism. The same may be said of the earlier Saxons, of whom we know so much more. Indeed, we could well spare some of this for a few more glimpses into that strange but elaborate civilization which for nearly four centuries imprinted itself upon so much of England, only to be clean wiped out and followed by a barbarism, for a time, greater in some respects than even that which preceded it.

It is deplorable that a people of the highest accomplishments in every human art and endeavour should have held and occupied this country for centuries, and left us no written memory of their doings but what we may gather from fortuitous inscriptions and votive altars or memorial tablets, from tantalizing scraps in recorded history, from coins, brief

allusions in poets and prose-writers, an army list and some road itineraries ! Very little more indeed survives but a few massive and shattered fragments of fortresses, of elegant villas, or buried and still unexcavated cities, which only serve to aggravate further the oblivion which has so, paradoxically one would think, fallen over the whole. The life of the barbarian and the semi-barbarian justly excites our curiosity and well rewards its activities, but after all it has such obvious limitations. But the life of the Roman in Britain and the Roman-Britain is altogether another story. If we had it, what a chapter it would be !

Nowhere, I think, does the mystery of Roman-Britain take hold of one more forcefully than on this quiet green hill-top, encompassed upon three sides by these gigantic walls. The Roman wall of Hadrian from the Tyne to the Solway, though shorn of two-thirds of its height, is impressive enough, but in a rather different way, striding as it does over the hills and dales of a still in part savage-looking country. Its excavated stations, like those again of Wroxeter and Silchester, have yet another sort of appeal, if I may venture to say so. So too have those fragments of buildings absorbed into modern cities where the chisel and the cutting of the Roman mason, the designs of the Roman architect have their special interest.

But here there is little of that ; little but the great gaunt walls themselves ! The standard guide book of these regions almost apologizes for Richborough ! " It does not appeal to the imagination and presents no particularly striking feature from the Sandwich road, and lacks the magnetism of literary association which lures thousands to Kenilworth and Tintagel." Why not Windsor Castle or Holyrood or any other mediaeval building ? Good Heavens ! Fancy acclaiming this great mysterious mass of Roman masonry that hits you in the eye miles away as wanting in striking features or lacking in appeal to the imagination because no one has made it the scene of a poem or a novel ! No ; these stark walls unfortu-

nately tell no tales to speak of, nor does one ask for fiction concerning a period of which those likely to write it know nothing at all, and those few who know what little is to be extracted from its scanty and scattered memorials find, no doubt, the romance of history itself more than sufficient.

One thing is quite certain, and the visitor here may make just so much of it as his imagination and temperament will allow him ; namely, that for most of the Roman occupation, i.e., from about A.D. 43 to A.D. 420, Rutupiae was a principal channel through which Roman civilization poured into Britain. In short, this corner of our country was conquered and pacified so early that Rutupiae became almost from the first a purely commercial though well-defended port. The absence of those martial tablets and altars, so numerous in the Roman excavations of northern and western Britain, prove conclusively, even if other proof were wanting, that peace, security and comparative civilization distinguished Cantium (Kent) through most of the Roman period. Gaul was Roman ; Roman fleets held the Channel and lay here constantly in Sandwich Bay. It was not till late in the epoch that the Teutonic hordes began those attacks which called for serious defence and produced that naval police which in Kent and East Anglia operated under the historic official known as " Count of the Saxon shore," a sort of predecessor of the Lord Warden of later days. Nearly all the fighting and the trouble which continued more or less throughout the Roman period was far removed from Rutupiae. As the Latin poet Lucan, who lived in the first century of the Conquest, wrote in allusion to Kent—

" So Northern Britons never hear the roar
Of seas that break on the Rutupian shore."

So in reverse, the men of Kent under the peaceful and enlightening influence of Roman rule felt almost nothing of the turmoil which periodically threatened that rule in northern and western Britain till its end was drawing near. They must have heard no little about it, however, for goods and stores

and probably arms of all kinds were landed at Rutupiae, and in a less degree at Lymne, whose overturned walls still look down from their steep hillside upon Romney Marsh, and thence forwarded along the famous Watling Street through Canterbury to London and the north.

Before Roman Rutupiae was built, there seems to have been a British port of some sort here, which even then was a chief outlet of commerce with the Continent, and indeed Cæsar hints at this in his *Commentaries*. Many Latin writers allude to Rutupiae. The poet Ausonius, in an elegy to two uncles, refers to one of them as having died there leaving no heir to the fortune he had amassed in trade. Another is dedicated to a connection by marriage, Flavius Sanctus, who as a soldier governed the district through a long peaceful period, dying in Rutupiae or Portus Rutupis at the age of eighty. We have no space here for the numerous allusions of contemporary Latin authors. Accustomed to the tideless and less boisterous seas of the Mediterranean or to the flat wastes of Flanders, some of them seem to have been mightily impressed by the fierce storms of the North Sea breaking on the Kentish cliffs.

Conspicuous as a busy port though this was, it was not in all probability a large city like Londinium, or even as Canterbury, which was the political capital—if the term be permissible—of Cantium. But if Rutupiae for most of the Roman period was chiefly a town of merchants, shipowners, artisans, sailors, and the constant harbourer of officials and generals going and returning from inland service, it was compelled in the later and weaker years of Imperial rule to accept a garrison. For it seems to have been the headquarters in these precarious times of the famous Second Legion; that redoubtable corps which, since the first Claudian conquest under Vespasian, had served continually in Britain. Though its headquarters were at Caerleon, its badge, a Capricorn, like the boar of the Twentieth, is familiar enough, not only there but along the trail of the great north wall throughout

its Cumbrian and Northumbrian wastes. Probably it ended its foreign service before the final recall, at Richborough and Reculver. How long the former maintained its position after the Jutish and Saxon conquest of Kent, or what precise use the barbarians made of it, is quite uncertain. That they occupied it in some fashion, however, is certain from remains found there, and moreover, while it guarded the southern opening of the Wensum channel, as Reculver or Regulbium guarded the northern mouth into the Thames, such precautions would seem imperative. One account has it that Ethelbert received Augustine under its walls after his landing on Thanet. A stone mask which in Leland's time survived on the north wall of Richborough was known as "Queen Bertha." Later on in the Saxon period the tide gradually receded from the walls of Rutupiae and the port was abandoned for that of Stonar, which in turn and for the same reason gave way to Sandwich.

The walls of Richborough are formed partly of squared and partly of unhewn stone, with bands of red tiles set edgewise in double rows at intervals. The north wall facing Thanet is the most perfect, having no breaks in it and being nearly thirty feet high and some 200 yards long. In the centre of it are the remains of a postern gate and at either end those of square towers. The south wall is rather shorter and lower and has one break near the east end which is thought to indicate the site of a gate. The west wall is more broken and contains the chief gateway, traces of which still survive, for it was here that the main highway of Watling Street left the town. The fact that the whole enclosed area is now smooth turf instead of plough land, and that the walls have been freed from all the growth and rubbish which choked them up till quite recent times, greatly enhances their imposing and suggestive character. An old lady, who has performed the service for the forty years it has been thus cared for, and her daughter keep watch over the "castle" and receive the trifling fee demanded for

entrance. I do not know whether it is greatly visited, being some distance from any of the main tracks followed by the motor char-à-bancs. But as a spectacular reminder of the Roman epoch in Britain it has no equal in the country. More often than not, the discreet visitor will, I feel sure, have it all to himself, and in order properly to absorb the full measure of its tremendous significance, this will be just as it should be.

Though the vast grim walls are all that meet the eye in a general survey, there will be seen towards the eastern end, which needed no wall being defended by a sharp dip to the water, is a rectangular platform of masonry some fifty yards by thirty-five yards in area and five feet thick. Laid upon this is a concrete structure in the form of a cross, eighty-seven feet long and seven feet wide, with arms of rather shorter dimensions. The whole of the platform rests on a solid mass of masonry, flint and mortar, descending thirty feet into the ground. No satisfactory explanation has ever been found for this strange and massive piece of work. Antiquaries in recent times have driven a subterranean passage large enough to traverse, and accessible to visitors, round all four sides of it in the hope of discovering its purport, for it is difficult to imagine that such a mass of masonry was needed to support a mere superficial structure, such as a "Pharos" which has been suggested. It seemed certain to the many experienced excavators who have worked here that chambers must exist somewhere within it. But after a great deal of sinking and tunnelling through the adamantine masonry by various enthusiasts, the quest had to be abandoned and the work still remains a mystery, over which the visitor, having threaded the long, four-sided subterranean passages, may exercise his imagination or his ingenuity to any extent he pleases, as the field is quite clear.

Dr. Boys, the erudite historian of Sandwich, early in the last century and a little later his son-in-law, Mr. Rolfe, a distinguished antiquary of the same town, and indeed others, ex-

pended much labour upon Richborough. Mr. Roach Smith, in this particular line more distinguished than either, published an interesting work on it, including notes on the two sister fortresses of Regulbium (Reculver) and Portus Lemanis (Lymne), seventy years ago, and in his old age forty years later renewed excavations here, only to be interrupted by his death. He as well as other good authorities are inclined to the opinion that the inside structure was intended for the storage of water or possibly of treasure awaiting shipment. In 1900 further investigations were made, and just outside the masonry were found architectural fragments of white marble, moulded shells for columns and pilasters and slabs for pavements and facings. In one place a piece of marble pavement was found *in situ* suggesting, in the words of a recent brochure on Richborough, the existence of "a delicately-constructed verandah, its roof supported on the outer side by an open colonnade." Of the buildings which once no doubt filled the six acres within the walls and many acres without them, no trace remains save such as may be seen in dry seasons, distinctly marking on the turf the lines of the vanished streets in several of these buried cities. On the other hand, the existence of an amphitheatre, a quarter of a mile south-west of the walls, has been traced superficially and by the more direct evidence of the spade conclusively proved.

It was not likely that Leland's eagle eye would miss Richborough, and he has a good deal to say about it, in his terse, quaint, phonetic English. "The scite of the town or castel ys wonderful fair upon an hille. The walles, the which remayn they yet be in compase almost as much as the Tower of London. They have been very hye, thykke, strong and wel embateled. The nater of them is flynt, mervelus and long brykes, both whyte and red after the Britons fashion." But in Leland's day, i.e. four centuries ago, there was a chapel inside. "Withyn the castel is a lytle paroch church of St. Augustine and an heremitage. I had antiquities of the here-

mite the which is an industrious man. Not far from the heremitage is a cave where men have sowl and dug for treasure. I saw it by candel withyn and ther were conys. It was so straite that I had no mind to crepe far yn. . . . Corn groweth on the hille yn marvelous plenty ; and yn going to plough there, hath owte of mynde bene fownd, and now is, mo antiquities of Romyne money, than yn any place els of England."

Since Leland's day great stores of Roman and of later Saxon treasure have been recovered from Richborough. That portion of the ground examined by Mr. Roach Smith and his friends was found "charged with the débris of rooms which were obviously devoted to the quietude and comfort of private life, tiles, hypocausts, and wall paintings." The fullest private collection of Richborough treasures was that of Mr. Rolfe, the Sandwich antiquary before mentioned, but unfortunately for the neighbourhood which in those days could offer it no suitable hospitality, it was acquired for the Liverpool Museum. A further abundance, however, of Richborough relics lie scattered about in public or private collections. Pottery, glass, jewellery, arms, ornaments, statuettes, tools, wall paintings, everything in short concerned with Roman-British and the later Saxon life, has been garnered here, testifying to the importance of this old "capital key of Britain." Coins, one need hardly say, have been unearthed through all the recent centuries. For there were of course no banks in Roman times and every individual had, as it were, to sit upon his own cash and conceal it as best he could in times of trouble—to say nothing of the burial deposits which have responded so richly to the excavation of ancient cemeteries. The coins found at Richborough cover the whole period of the Roman occupation, but show a great increase during the third century.

The number of Saxon coins, too, is presumptive evidence that the Saxons more or less occupied the old Roman buildings

and no doubt used the port till the recession of the sea from its wharves. For it must be remembered that the Roman Legions which occupied Britain were largely recruited from Germanic tribes, and that the Saxon invaders were nothing like such strangers to Britain as most history books are apt to imply. And again, there seems little doubt that the pagan and barbarous invaders came to adopt more of the civilized habits of the Romanized Briton and probably uprooted him less from the cities at any rate, though he may have remained a vassal on the soil even in southern and eastern England, than elementary history allows its enforced readers to suppose. The youthful mind is impressed for life with the notion that the Britons whom the Romans and Saxons successively conquered were a homogeneous race under the common and fallacious designation of "Celt," instead of being over, perhaps, nearly half of England mere Teutonic forerunners of the Teutonic kinsmen who conquered them, differentiated from them only by some centuries of insular life, and still more by those spent subsequently under Roman rule. But before leaving Richborough and its excavated treasure, one must by no means forget the great store of oyster shells that here and at all other places of ancient settlement upon the coast have come to light. The oyster for which this mouth of the Thames is still famous, was doubtless far more abundant in the days of the Roman occupation. It was exported in great quantities and was a prominent item in the menu of the Roman feast, surpassing any other known to the Romans in quality. Scraps from Latin authors testify to the high regard in which it was held, and how this or that notable epicure could distinguish in a moment, from all others, the oyster that came from "the Rutupian shore."

Whatever use the Saxons made of Rutupiæ, one of which was to change its name to Richborough, they do not seem to have occupied it very long before the recession of the sea drove them to form a new port at Stonar. This was a mile

or so lower down the bay, and half that distance from the site on which Sandwich soon afterwards arose, first to rival and then to displace the midway port. There is nothing associated with its far-away history to mark its site ; though a group of fine old trees at the southern approach to the new Richborough perform this service for all purposes of passing identification. Stonar, then, as it will be seen, is older than Sandwich. For a time, it was the chief port of London, as Rutupiæ had been and Sandwich was yet to become. For a long time, however, in the Saxon period, they were rivals. Some half mile of water then rolled between them. Sandwich was on the mainland, while Stonar being on an island, or virtually such, gave it a distinct advantage in the competition.

Moreover, the two ports had been respectively granted to the rival monasteries of Christchurch and St. Augustine's, Sandwich to the former and Stonar to the latter, which further embittered the many occasions for friction that arose between them. Each of them felt the full force of the frequent Danish raids, both those of the ninth century when London and Canterbury were sacked, and the later ones which immediately preceded the seizure of the throne by the Danish king Cnut or Canute. But Stonar, important no doubt as it was, is too shadowy a subject to call for more notice here. Mr. Jacobs, the honorary custodian of the Sandwich records and the *Vates sacer* of Historical Sandwich, has published a short brochure on the subject, accessible to all who may feel further curiosity in the matter. At any rate by the twelfth century Stonar had become a very humble member of the Cinque-Port Federation and a hundred years later was an insignificant hamlet. But Sandwich by the eleventh century had risen to importance and prosperity. A contemporary document alludes to it as the most famous port in England. In 1009 its harbour sheltered the largest fleet under Ethelred that had ever been collected in British waters. Cnut made amends for the havoc he had wrought

on Sandwich, and further, which may not have been so acceptable to the citizens, he solemnly placed his crown upon the



FISHER STREET, SANDWICH.

High Altar at Canterbury and bestowed all the profits of the port, its customs and ferry on the Christchurch monks.

These rights were confirmed by Edward the Confessor and held good till the Dissolution. The monks actually held under the crown the various port dues, taxes and customs being divided between the king and the abbey, in proportions which we need not stop here to elaborate, but it seems that the monks received their tribute mainly in herrings.

All through this monarch's reign Sandwich held the lead of all the ports and became the Headquarters from which Edward formed his Federation of the Cinque-Ports. It was here, too, that he collected the large fleets for his defence of the kingdom against the invasion of Magnus, King of Norway. Once again before the Norman Conquest Sandwich was raided, and for the last time, by Danish pirates, but the damage then done was made good to it by the Crown. So much for Saxon Sandwich. For the moment it will be enough that while maintaining a fluctuating precedence among the ports, Sandwich, at the great muster for the siege of Calais by Edward the Third in 1347, actually headed the list of contributors in men and ships, just exceeding that of Winchelsea. There will be more to say of mediaeval and post-mediaeval Sandwich later on, but before doing so it will be well, I think, to take at least a preliminary glance at the town itself.

As survivals of ancient times, suggestive of their ancient fame, Rye and Sandwich stand out unrivalled among the ports. They have neither sunk into insignificant, land-bound villages like Winchelsea, nor lost themselves in the welter of big modern towns like Dover and—in more mitigated form—like Hastings, the original premier port. As such and from this point of view they may be held as rivals for the regard of the discerning stranger. But there is no need to discuss here that side of the question. Rye has achieved of late the greater fame, for reasons fairly obvious to those familiar with both places; but as a matter of fact each has something that the other lacks, and we will not stop to weigh

this in the balance, as I have dealt at length with Rye in my former volume, and it does not concern us here.

Sandwich lies upon the flat. Unlike most towns its name, "the wick or town upon the sand," is too obviously derived



FISHER'S GATE, SANDWICH.

to entertain the most contentious etymologist. It also lies within its ancient bounds, having strayed at scarcely any point beyond its original ramparts, which, still plain for all to see, circumvent it. It has not as yet any meanly-built suburbs

or tentacles, disfiguring its outskirts. Rye can stand a certain amount of this as it rises proudly on its high rock, compact and in a measure disdainfully independent of such sordid accessories on the plain below as the modern has inflicted, or may yet inflict upon it.

But Sandwich could not bear too much of this. At present it is almost unsmirched and so far unique among these towns. Green meadows still spread and lush orchards still wave up to the very lines where its defenders stood of old to beat back, should fate permit of it, the attacking Dane or Frenchman. A few sumptuous residences to be sure, standing in leafy grounds, have been built of late without the walls on the seaward side, but they scarcely at all disturb the ancient peace of the atmosphere. That new Richborough has not so disturbed it would be saying too much. Still its temporary outskirts are a good half-mile away, and whatever its future may be, if it has any, the worst from this point of view is over, and its business centre is thrice that distance off and may be abnormally active without seriously contaminating Sandwich. The population of the town is about 3,000. The Stour washes its walls and a few boats of light draft have hitherto been accustomed to find their way up the muddy but now much transformed river. It is also a market town and, as all the world knows, a golfing centre, its two deservedly famous courses trailing over and around the sand-dunes which border the sea two miles away. But apart from a hotel or two and some private residences outside the walls and more numerous buildings on the distant shore, I don't think Sandwich town does a great deal of entertaining, other than day-visitors, who come to wander vaguely about its quaint tortuous streets for an hour or two and generally to lose their way several times in the process.

For I do not know any little town whose streets meander so inconsequently, or whose geography is so baffling. Till you have developed some further acquaintance with it, you

are almost certain, while endeavouring to reach a particular point within the town, to find yourself brought up short on the ramparts, in the open country, or by the river, or quite possibly at the very spot from whence you started! This does not greatly matter, since the town is as small as its thoroughfares are, to the stranger at least, disconcerting. Each of them seems to pursue its own independent and winding way, following no doubt the trail to which local exigencies or surface obstacles compelled the feet of its burghers hundreds of years ago. If they strike other streets, equally absent-minded, at any angle it seems to be rather by accident than design. All this, however, adds no little to that air of picturesque antiquity which Sandwich maintains from one end to the other. For nearly all the houses in all the streets are old. Early Georgian, to be sure, is the prevailing type, as for many and obvious reasons must be the case in all our oldest towns, though who shall say how many ancient structures lurk behind a Georgian front! But among these mellow brick fronts there are still to be seen unaltered great numbers of half-timbered Tudor and Jacobean buildings, many of them with projecting upper storeys.

There is only one main gateway standing, and that is where the town is entered by a bridge across the river carrying the road from Thanet. This is known as the Barbican and provides the most fitting entrance to the town for a visitor who proposes to soak himself for a while in its ancient spirit. It is not, however, mediaeval but Tudor, the original gates having all, unhappily, vanished. This one originated in the scare of invasion with which Henry the Eighth was seized, reasonably or unreasonably, and that resulted in the building of so many well-known coast fortresses, such as Walmer, Deal and Camber. But one mediaeval gate, though of secondary importance, does in fact remain to Sandwich. It opens out of the old wall on to the little used wharves, which here line the river and is known as Fisher's Gate, its two-storied gatehouse over the pointed

arch being lighted by thirteenth-century, double-light lancet windows. This other Barbican gate, however, timber-capped and with two timber-capped drum towers, opens into the High Street, which, characteristically edging away from the busier part of the town, leads nowhere particular and does apparently no business of its own worth mentioning. It mainly consists of quiet and rather humble old dwellings with the exception of a fine old panelled Tudor house faced in Georgian style and with flint which serves unofficially as the Rectory to St. Clements. Some of the Sandwich streets run extraordinarily brief careers. Chain Street, for instance, in which High Street casually terminates, is just twenty-two yards, long—hence its name. I do not propose a house-to-house visitation in Sandwich, for nothing is more tedious in narrative. It is the business, too, of the local guide-book, armed with which the intelligent visitor will no doubt make his peregrination, and this is not a guide-book.

Nearly the whole town is tile-roofed and, as at Rye, there are to be had from many points whole vistas of such roofs, mellow in tint and quaintly curved and sagged by time, with chimney stacks to match in date and wholly sympathetic in pose. A few old houses, for their size and importance, stand out above the rest, such, for instance, as that one, now known as Manwood Court, at the north edge of the town which shows up well, being isolated in its own grounds. As a matter of fact it is the old Grammar School, founded by a Sandwich celebrity, Sir Roger Manwood, in conjunction with other members of his family and the Corporation. The son of a Sandwich draper he rose to be chief Baron in the time of Elizabeth, who visited the town in state in 1573. This old school, now a private dwelling, is a beautiful three-storied Tudor building. The windows of the two lower storeys are modernized. Otherwise with its long row of front gables and clustered chimneys, this grand old house is a striking example of its period. The other building upon which Sandwich sets

especial store is not far away and bears the rather unilluminating title of the "Old House." This, too, is a private dwelling and stands within a walled garden, opening with a Tudor doorway into the street. It is a large, double-gabled, brick



OLD HOUSE, STRAND STREET, SANDWICH.

and half-timbered structure with portions said to go back to the thirteenth century. But part of its present credit rests on its being by repute the lodging of the Great Eliza when she paid her state visit to the town.

For this same Royal visit was a serious business, not a rather casual call, such as she made on Rye and Winchelsea, which last decadent village she had the effrontery or perhaps the mordant humour to tell its people reminded her of London ! But Sandwich was then a more important place than either of these others. Though its great naval days, through the gradual silting up of its harbour, were over, Flemings were already settling there in great numbers, and besides their weaving operations were running another definite business, that of market-gardening—hitherto unknown in England—on the rich, alluvial flats that had been formed by the age-long wash of Kentish rivers. As fresh fish was regularly sent from Rye and Hastings by pack-horses to London, it is not surprising that these enterprising Walloons, with water carriage all the way, sought and found at the same source a ready market for their fruit and vegetables.

Elaborate preparations were made weeks ahead for this Royal visit. Strand Street, the longest and most consistent in the town, running parallel to the river and lined on one side by houses with their back premises upon the water, was the Queen's chief line of route. The well-preserved Sandwich records tell us all about it. How the citizens hoped that they could thereby impress upon the Sovereign the sad condition of their harbour and secure her interest in its improvement ; how they purchased and presented to her a gold cup worth £100 ; how the timbered houses which then lined most streets were to be repainted black and white, highways to be paved, filth removed and roving pigs to be suppressed. We have particulars too of the decorations and the dresses, which were provided at the public cost, for many scores of those most worthy to show them off, while a hint was given that better beer than usual should be brewed. But poor Sandwich got nothing out of all this expenditure, save the brief illumination of the Queen's masterful countenance and a few gems of speech including what was generally known as " her favourite

oaths," while her Majesty acquired a valuable gold cup besides a silver one, to add to her hoard.

Whether or no this was the actual "House of Mr. Manwood" that she lodged in, she at any rate, so says the account, lay where her father Henry the Eighth had done on two occasions while visiting the town on his way, no doubt, to or from France, or when inspecting his new castles. There seems to have been a house, formerly known as "The King's Lodging," nearer the Grammar School, which last was one of the ostensible objects of the Queen's visit and whither she went in procession. It seems more likely that it was here both she and her father stayed. People are apt to be sceptical and make merry over the beds in which Elizabeth slept and the rooms in which she feasted. This is uncalled for, as she loved paying visits and being fêted, and expected to be well done. She was inquisitive too about her subjects' private affairs. It was, moreover, economical—to her if not to her hosts—and she collected a good many presents during her social rounds, while she gave very few. She was a great Queen, however, despite her parsimony and a few other failings.

The nomenclature of the streets and quarters in Sandwich is all that it should be. There is Bowling Street, Knightrider Street, Harnet Street, and Delf Street, the last-named from a stream which six centuries ago some Dutch engineers brought into the town from distant springs as a water supply and which served that purpose till almost the other day. Then there is Loop Street, King Street, Fisher Street, Moat Sole, The Butts, The Beagrams and other such suggestive designations.

Short bits of the old wall survive inconspicuously here and there, but all along the west side of the town the old ramparts have been fashioned into a delightful promenade, such as may be found in so many old continental cities. Here you may make the circuit of nearly half the town and, raised well above it, enjoy many charming inward glimpses of old-fashioned gardens and orchards, breaking with their verdant patches

of lawn, leaf and blossom, the irregular lines of red gabled roof. The rampart slopes are neatly turfed and in some sections gay with shrubs and flower beds, in others shaded by avenues of trees. A narrow waterway now fills what was once the ditch or moat beneath them, and beyond all is orchard or open meadow. Altogether Sandwich maintains its ancient character with cleanliness, good taste and self-respect, and apparently without any conscious effort. It is all or almost all good to look upon. There are many houses whose years would seem almost too great to be borne, but there are no depressing slums, such as often detract from the old-time flavour and otherwise quaint antiquity of the ancient portions of Hastings, Folkestone or Deal. Of frequent occurrence too are early Georgian door-caps, Flemish gables and queer little windows which seem as if they had escaped the notice of later builders and restorers. Let us hope the local authorities will be wise in their generation and treat this historic little town with tender hand. There is only one Sandwich in England, for Rye, its complement in many respects and in its way also unique, is, as I have shown, cast on different lines. There is nothing else in the south of England in the least like these two little towns, while those of the north and west, or rather of the Welsh Marches, which in Ludlow, Tewkesbury and Bridgenorth possesses the best of them, are of an entirely different type and altogether outside comparison.

Sandwich is fortunate in having found an able and devoted historian over a century ago in Dr. William Boys, member of an ancient Sandwich family, who left behind him a full and exhaustive work on the town and district, published in 1792. It forms quite a bulky volume, and is a collection of papers and details, a work of reference, not a narrative. Certainly it is not a bed book! Some of the Boys' MSS. are preserved among the archives in the Guildhall, and incidentally are written in the most elaborate and perfect hand of its kind that I have ever seen. Sandwich, unlike Rye, whose leading

citizens, with rare exceptions, remained burgesses pure and simple, had always a group of outstanding families that were more than this, and may be said to have been at once country squires and burghers, springing from one to the other and again intermarrying in most intricate fashion. Manwood, who gave the land for the beautiful old Grammar School and, as we have seen, became Lord Chief Baron, was a local draper's son. The Mayor, who collected the money for building the school, was also a tradesman, one Matthew Mennes, and his family too became one of note, his grandson, Sir John Mennes, being controller of the Navy in the time of Pepys, who rated him, however, pretty low ; " a harmless, honest gentleman unfit for business," while a second official opinion held that the King would be well quit of his dis-service at £100,000 : a rather staggering imputation at the Jacobean rate of money ! Pepys himself was elected M.P. for Sandwich, though he sat for Harwich, which had also elected him, but his clerk, Burchett, secretary to the Admiralty, was both a Sandwich man and member for the town. Many Sandwich worthies of later date, as well as some interesting and older contemporary paintings of events associated with the town, hang in the Guildhall.

This last stands in most felicitous detachment in the spacious market-place. Externally it has been very much restored but in keeping, so far as possible, with its surroundings. Its half-timbered upper storey with gabled tiled roof rests on a lower storey of stone, while all the windows are of Tudor design. Within it is mainly sixteenth century and rich in old oak, both in the Council or Court-room with its quaint jury-box and the various justice rooms. As in the other ports there are the maces and also the brazen horn with which all their civic ceremonies opened in former days and still occasionally blown, though I believe with some difficulty, by the less leather-lunged modern at those functions designed to remind the present generation of the ancient dignity of a

Cinque-Port town. There is also a long black fourteenth-century wand for driving hogs out of the town. Hung upon the walls of the Court room are about a dozen large painted panels that are of particular interest for what they depict, and the date at which they were painted, namely the late seventeenth century.

They were discovered some sixty years ago behind the plaster of a house in Harnet Street, and, after passing through the hands of two or three well-known people, who treated them respectfully, were presented to the town. Among them are almost life-size portraits of Charles the Second, and his Queen, Catherine of Braganza; of James the Second when Duke of York, who as an active Head of the Navy and Warden of the Cinque-Ports was naturally in close touch with this Kent littoral; and of one Combe, then Mayor of Sandwich. Still more to the point are large representations of the battle with the Dutch at Solebay, when Montague, first Earl of Sandwich, second in command of the British fleet, went down with his ship. His body was washed up some days afterwards and recognized by a white signet, a white sapphire, and a blue sapphire ring. Four other panels show a Royal procession in which Queen Catherine enters the town in state and receives an address from its representatives. The procession is passing through one of the four vanished gates, probably that known as the Canterbury Gate. Gentlemen and others are depicted riding under it in brave array to meet the Queen. Infantry are presenting arms and guns are being fired. In one of the pictures are two carriages with six cream-coloured horses, while the town walls are lined with troops. In another, the Queen's coach is drawn by six bay horses, with the Mayor, and six mace-bearers and Jurats, presenting the address, while children are scrambling for coins. A third panel shows the coaches of the Queen's attendants with more Jurats marching by them, while on a fourth is that of Charles the Second. The inter-

est of these pictures lies mainly of course in the attitudes of the various groups of people and their costume. Charles the Second gave Sandwich the last Charter, a portentous document which, when transcribed into print, fills thirty pages of *Boys' History*.

I do not know of any relation of this entry of Charles and Catherine like that which in the Sandwich record describes the festive exertions which greeted Elizabeth. But then she stayed from Monday till Thursday, a period long enough to flatter a country town into paroxysms of exuberance. For Sandwich had then long ceased to be of national importance. On this great occasion, however, three hundred persons paraded, apparelled in white doublets with black and white ribbon in the sleeves, black gascon hose, and white garters; every one of them having a murreyon, a calaver or demi-musket. Every one of them too fired off his fearsome weapon while her Majesty was still at the gate. And while she stood and received the Mayor's mace, "the great ordnance was fired to the number of a hundred and twenty pieces and in such good order that the Queen and noblemen thereof gave great commendation and sayd that Sandwich should have the honour as for the order thereof as well as for their small shott," and I daresay the Sandwich men understood this rather cryptic utterance, for I am not sure that I do. Then as the Queen approached the town by the Sandown gate, she beheld a gilt lion and a dragon set up on two posts and her arms hung above them. All the town was gravelled and strewn with rushes, herbs, flags and such-like; every house having a number of green boughs standing against the doors and walls, while diverse cords made of vine branches hung across the streets further decorated with garlands of fine flowers.

"And so she rode forth, till she came over against Mr. Cripps' houses, where stood a fine house newly built and vaulted, whereon her arms were set and hanged with tapestry."

Here stood Mr. Michael Spycer, minister of St. Clement's, a Master of Arts and the town orator, apparelled in a black gown and hood both lined with taffety, presented to him by the town. Around him were grouped the other clergy and the Master of the Grammar School, of which then recent foundation Sandwich was vastly proud. And the reverend orator up and spake his no doubt scholarly harangue to the Queen, though it has unfortunately been lost to us. At any rate she liked it as much as the volleys of artillery and praised it in precisely the same terms. Then the orator presented her with what she no doubt liked better still, and that was the £100 gold cup before mentioned, and after that with a Greek Testament which she had to make feint of finding equally acceptable.

Next day Sandwich treated the Queen to a sham fight. They had erected a fort across the water at Stonar. Against this "the capitaines led over their men to assault the said fort during which time certen wallounds (Walloons) that could well swym had prepared two boats and in the end of eche bote a bord, upon which borde stode a man and so met together with a staffe and a shield of woodd, and one of them did overthrow another at which the Queen had good'sport." Then the captains attacked with guns and assault. The next day the jurats' wives and sisters cooked a feast for the Queen in the school-house at which "she was very merrye." Better still, however, the Headmaster presented her with a silver cup a cubit in height, which caused her to break into Latin as appropriate to the classic shades (the school garden) in which she found herself. She liked the cooking of the jurats' ladies so much that she had the dishes which she could not compass at one sitting removed to her lodging to be sampled at leisure. When she left on Thursday a hundred or more children "English and Dutch" were arranged upon a scaffold all spinning of fine bag yarn, a tableau illustrating a leading industry of the town which was duly approved. All the guns,

big and little, and all the musketeers were there to give her a send-off at the Canterbury Gate. But it unfortunately rained and damped their powder, so that they could not make anything like the uproar they had raised on the other days, for which it is possible the Queen and her ladies may have been not altogether unthankful. The underlying motive, however, for all this loyal fervour did not become apparent till the last moment, when as she was leaving the citizens beseeched Her Majesty to do something for their rapidly decaying harbour. This was a supplication in writing which the Queen took away with her and promised to read. Cold comfort upon the whole for the Sandwich citizens, and in truth it proved a complete frost. However, Sandwich turned out creditably, horse and foot, at the Spanish Armada fifteen years afterwards and even equipped from its shrunken haven one or two ships to scout along the coast.

There are some interesting portraits too of immediate local interest in the other rooms of the Guild Hall; one of Dr. William Boys, the historian, having naturally the chief place. Indeed, he was a good deal more than that, and for his day was quite an advanced scientist. More fortunate than that notable Rye worthy, Samuel Jeakes (*tertius*), who invented a flying machine that would not fly, Dr. Boys contrived the first balloon to cross the Channel. Then there is his son-in-law, Dr. Rolfe, an antiquary of more than local fame, and, as we have seen, responsible for a good deal of the Roman excavation work at Richborough. He will be held in less regard, however, though he probably had little option in the matter, for diverting his collection of local treasures from his native county to Liverpool. Another portrait, that of a lady, Dr. Boys' daughter, who eventually married Dr. Rolfe, would hardly hold the attention of the stranger for any particular physical attraction or as a work of art. But she interested me greatly, having been shown an autograph letter of hers among the town records by Mr. Jacobs. This

was in answer to a proposal of marriage, apparently before Dr. Rolfe came on the scene, and it shows her to have been a young woman of shrewdness and character and moreover is typical of the epistolary style of the time (1775), even as taught to young ladies in boarding schools. It is addressed to a Mr. Whitwick, and as a crushing snub is not bad. "Could Elizabeth Boys," it runs, "flatter herself that she possessed one half the qualifications which Mr. Whitwick so obligingly ascribes to her she would esteem herself the happiest of mortals. But a consciousness of her own imperfections convinces her that the praises he so lavishly bestows on her, far from being the real sentiments of his heart, she attributes entirely to Mr. Whitwick's excessive politeness which is so conspicuous on every occasion." In Charles Reade's once famous book *The Cloister and the Hearth*, Dr. Boys, as locally remembered, is supposed to be the original of "Dr. Rolfe" sitting down to dinner attended by forty servants, for the novelist was frequently at Ramsgate.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH

Sandwich

SANDWICH was one of the earliest towns to be granted a Mayor and full complement of twelve Jurats, for it was not till 1188 that London acquired this privilege, its



S.A.

CHURCH STREET, SANDWICH.

chief seaport following suit early in the next century. The monks of Christchurch, Canterbury, seem to have had from earliest times their own bailiff to collect their dues, but in the fourteenth century the monks disappear altogether from the secular life of Sandwich, being compensated elsewhere by the Crown. The records are full of disputes between the clerical and civic authorities, often concerning the most paltry sums claimed from ships making use of this or that bit of shore front. Moreover the quarrels between the two great Canterbury monasteries which had unfortunately been set up by the Crown as rival overlords on opposite sides of the harbour, at Stonar and Sandwich respectively, provided an unfailing source of excitement, while the citizens of both places, though not without their own disputes, united in harrying the clerics, occasionally even to burning their barns and hustling their flocks and herds out of the ecclesiastical pastures. Many an offender too escaped justice by skipping from Sandwich to Stonar, or the reverse, and had the further satisfaction of raising a very pretty row over the custody of his unworthy body. Even then, however, Sandwich, like Rye and Winchelsea, and unlike Romney and Hythe, which remained for centuries in the grip of Canterbury, was very much of an independent community. The monks to be sure got their strict dues, in herrings mostly, and the King got his ever fluctuating and seldom onerous tribute, but the warships furnished by Sandwich in return for its valuable privileges were the Crown's chief concern with it.

At the Norman Conquest Sandwich is credited by its Domesday statistics with 383 burgesses. It was not only the second town in Kent, but was almost certainly exceeded in population by only half a dozen other English towns, namely London, Winchester, York, Lincoln, Norwich and Thetford. Its splendid harbour had been popular with the Danes as affording special facilities for looting Canterbury. Cnut in 1014 deposited here his grizzly company of English

hostages deprived of their hands, ears and noses. To Edward the Confessor and his naval activities from Sandwich, both against the Danes and Earl Godwin, I have already alluded. Through the next two centuries, so far as we know, Sandwich flourished exceedingly. Thomas à Becket after his flight from Northampton embarked here for Gravelines in a small fishing-boat, having lain hid at Eastry near by, which we shall make acquaintance with in due course. He returned in December 1170 by the same route and was received by the Sandwich people with loud acclamations. Richard the First, after his long incarceration by the Austrian Duke Leopold, first set foot again on English soil at Sandwich and yet more, walked the whole way to Canterbury to return thanks at the tomb of St. Thomas for his deliverance. This swashbuckling absentee and fanatical pagan-fighter must have made a closer acquaintance with his native soil in a literal sense during that twelve mile tramp than in all the other nine years of his reign put together !

In 1216 Sandwich, like the rest of the Ports, patriotically refused to join the majority of the English baronage in supporting the impudent attempt of Louis of France to snatch the throne of England from the miserable John. Bad though the latter was and sorry the plight to which he and his predecessor, the crusading Richard, had reduced the kingdom, the Cinque-Ports at least would have no French King. Supported by a large fleet under Eustace the monk, Louis had captured Hastings and Rye and sat down at Stonar, from which vantage point he attacked and burnt Sandwich. The Cinque-Ports and their now reduced fleet were under the command of that great and able captain and patriot, Hubert de Burgh, who, as a last resort, had thrown himself into Dover. How Lewis was forced to raise the siege and Eustace's fleet dispersed ; how the latter returned the following year with a larger fleet, was attacked and beaten by the Cinque-Port ships off Dover, by skilful seamanship,

so thoroughly that only fifteen out of a hundred vessels escaped capture or destruction, only concerns Sandwich for the share its seamen took in the victory.

In spite of French raids and burnings, Sandwich continued to flourish under Edward the First, who, as we have seen, more than confirmed these towns in their ancient privileges. Inspired, no doubt, by this mark of Royal favour, the sailors of Sandwich, together with their neighbours, "ravaged the coasts of France, defeated and destroyed the French fleet and slew so many of its mariners that France was for long afterwards well nigh destitute of seamen and shipping." Twenty Spanish ships too were brought into Sandwich in 1293, laden with wine. Upon the whole there seem to have been merry times in Sandwich in the great Edward's reign. Some of their fighting ships bore strange names. When the Ports were assisting Edward in his Scottish campaigns we find a barque named *The Holy Ghost*, with a crew of thirty-three men sailing for Ireland to procure provisions, and another well-known warship known as *The Trinity*. Sandwich, moreover, claimed to be the first English port in which ships were actually built. Both its ships and sailors continued to be busy enough through the wars of Edward the Third. Among other exploits they helped to convey the King's great army which embarked at Sandwich for France in 1342, but for want of storage space were compelled to leave behind the powerful war engines which had been brought from the Tower of London where they appear to have been stored.

Three years later the King, with Philippa his Queen, was at Sandwich and having there handed over the Great Seal of England to be conveyed back to London by his Chancellor, sailed in *The Swallow* with a large fleet for Sluys, with a view to installing the Black Prince as Earl of Flanders. His intention, however, was frustrated though without bloodshed. But Calais, as we know, was taken and it was to Sandwich, after a stormy passage, that the victor and

his Queen returned. It was from here too that Edward set forth for that immortal sea-fight with the Spaniards off Winchelsea so vividly described by Froissart, where the King and his nobles fought hand to hand with the enemy, sinking and capturing many of their ships under the eyes of a crowd of spectators collected on the heights of Fairlight, Pett, and Winchelsea. The King, however, did not return to Sandwich on that great occasion till he had celebrated it by a night of feasting and revelry with his captains and the ladies at Udimore, the Queen's temporary quarters near Winchelsea.

It was to Sandwich too that John, King of France, and his son Philip were brought prisoners after the victory of Poitiers, by their captor the Black Prince. In 1365, there was a great inundation of the sea which destroyed what was left of Stonar, and put an end once and for all to the continual pin pricks with which this steadily declining little port had for centuries annoyed its great and successful rival. The Wensum channel too had for long been rapidly shrinking before the reclaiming or "inning" of the marshlands towards Canterbury and before the close of the century vessels altogether ceased to pass through that way to the Thames.

Just before the destruction of Stonar, however, the decadent little port must have been gratified by the sojourn of the King in a tenement there for over a fortnight, where, before sailing for France, he went through the same ceremony of handing over the Great Seal of England as had been observed some years before at Sandwich. The year 1372 saw Edward and the Black Prince again at Sandwich with a force of 3,000 lances and 10,000 archers and a fleet of 400 sail in the harbour to convey them to France for an attempt to save Tours and Poitou. In 1378 the town had a further accession of importance as "The Staple for Wool," the national wool market being removed there from Queenborough; while ten years later there was a Royal order for enclosing and fortifying, or probably re-fortifying it. The precaution seems to have been

timely. For soon afterwards the French, under Charles the Fifth, set out with a great host for the conquest of England.



OLD HOUSE, SANDWICH.

The English archers had by this time inspired such wholesome dread on the Continent that the invaders brought with them for their better protection a wooden wall in

sections, stretching, according to such veracious chroniclers as Lambarde, Hollinshead, and Waller, to the amazing length of 3,000 yards or nearly two miles! It was twenty feet high and at intervals there was a tower ten feet higher than the wall and capable of holding as many men. This really, having regard to the limited facilities of the period, almost suggests comparison with the mechanical achievements of the late war. But it was all to very much less than no purpose, for most of the outfit was captured at sea by the Portsmen. "A part of the materials with machines for throwing stones and guns and powder, together with the artist who made them, were brought into Sandwich and the wall also was brought there and set up to our great safety and the repulse of the Frenchmen." Truly those were great times in Sandwich! Such litter of engines and war material was surely never again seen there till modern Richborough astonished a much quieter little town the other day with engines and litter of another type on an infinitely vaster scale. No wonder that a few years later "the good men of Sandwich" were able to lend Richard the Second a hundred marks. But the great days of Sandwich were drawing towards their close. Henry the Fifth took up his abode there in the House of the White Friars while waiting in 1416 to sail for Calais, but after his death evil times followed.

In 1433 and the following year the burgesses were called upon to advance money to the Crown, but a further call in 1435 was refused while the walls had again to be looked to. In 1456 the French under de Breye landed 4,000 men and after a bloody contest got possession of the town and plundered it. One may close these mediæval records of a port now sorely injured by foreign foes and rapidly losing its harbour, with a reminder that the Earls of March, Salisbury and Warwick landed there with 1,500 men in 1459 on their way to the capture of London.

In 1483 a wrecked Spanish ship lying near the mouth of

the harbour became a serious factor in the long story of its decay. About this time too Archbishop Morton, who as Bishop of Ely had done some successful draining in the fens, experimented with salt pans at Sandwich which together with the sunken ship made matters worse, the shingle drift that was and is for ever sweeping up channel from the west along the coast getting altogether the upper hand. Two Royal Commissions were appointed to grapple with the rapid silting up of the harbour and two new "cuts" to the sea were made, but no permanent good was effected and Sandwich had to accept the inevitable and as a port relapse into insignificance. In the early eighteenth century another commission was appointed to enquire if anything could be done, but the only result was an arrangement which, under the pressure of London merchants and traders, made Ramsgate into an important port and harbour while Sandwich was left protesting and lamenting. The last occasion on which Sandwich played a really distinguished part in naval affairs was when Edward the Fourth, in 1474, embarked there for Calais with one of the finest armies to the number of 30,000 men that had ever followed an English King across the Channel. It does not concern Sandwich that Edward made small use of his host and together with many of his nobles took a bribe from the French King, who was an accomplished diplomat, to convey it home again scatheless.

To turn for a moment to lighter matters, if some of them may thus be called, the town records contain a good deal that is quaint and a good deal that is savage. The everlasting friction between people dwelling at the mouth of a river and those controlling the upper waters is naturally rather prominent. In 1489 it is declared that if the gentry and yeomen of a certain "inned" tract up the Stour don't scour their dykes and attend to their sluices, the whole town will turn out and demolish their embankments. The Sandwich people too were determined to eat their own oysters

before any outsiders were supplied, and gave orders to that effect to the dredgers in their haven. In 1494 the trained bands of Sandwich turned out against Perkin Warbeck and his force, who had landed at Deal, and beat them off, killing many and taking 500 prisoners who were summarily dealt with in London. The methods of punishment too are worthy of note. A woman convicted of misconduct is carried through and round the town by a couple of porters, ending up at the stone cross by the windmill where she is sentenced to banishment. The usual punishment for returning after this sentence was the loss of an ear or a hand, or occasionally to be nailed by the ear to a cartwheel with a fourpenny nail! Three women of apparently light character are appointed keepers of the Hoghouse. One man is nailed to the pillory by the ear "till he lose himself" and then banished for life. This was for speaking disrespectfully of Anne Boleyn, which seems hard measure for the expression of an opinion which most of England shared. Another woman is whipped and banished for seven years for stealing a goose and two ducks. Her confederate gets the same discipline in addition to a seat in the pillory for a day with the goose and ducks about her neck. One unfortunate wight who was heard to denounce the late King Henry the Eighth as a heretic was punished with the pillory and the loss of both his ears. In 1630 a woman was hanged for witchcraft outside the Canterbury gate. Postal facilities and a walking post-man, who had to give bond for £200, were established early in the seventeenth century, and about this time we find the Sandwich luminaries with those of the other Cinque-Ports summoning a Guestling to take council how they could avoid being knighted, or rather how much they would offer to be excused the honour which the Stuart Kings, for the better replenishment of their exchequers, had made both costly and compulsory.

But in the early days of Elizabeth, when Sandwich had shrunk to less than a third of its former population and

importance, the religious persecutions in France and Flanders, as before noted, came to the rescue. That gloomy fanatic Philip of Spain had openly averred that he would sooner reign over a desert waste in the Low Countries than a flourishing country where Protestantism existed, and he meant it; the more so as it will be remembered that he was afraid to visit it himself, and left his half reluctant sister and his almost twin bigot, Alva, to do his dirty work and skim the cream off the country. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes did the same disservice for France, and valuable men and women by the thousand from both countries carried arts and industries into England which she had hitherto entirely lacked. The Cinque-Port towns, from their handy position reaped freely of this human harvest, but Sandwich had advantages over the others, obvious to any one at this day who takes note of the lie of the land, and became a chief point of attraction. Elizabeth was always sagaciously active in the encouragement of foreign artisans, whether German miners in Cumberland, or weavers in Norfolk and Kent. She readily fell in with the desire of these serviceable immigrants to make a definite settlement in Sandwich, among other places, granting them special privileges, an important item of which was liberty to practise their own form of Protestant worship. A relic of this wise toleration still survives in the Huguenot chapel in Canterbury Cathedral, where a French service is still conducted, though as a matter rather of curious ceremonial than from any practical demand.

These people distributed themselves about Kent by no means at haphazard, but with great discrimination and in distinct groups, so that the different industries should not clash. The baize and flannel workers, for instance, settled at Sandwich, whence they could readily ship their goods either into the interior or across the Channel. The silk-workers commenced operations at Canterbury, the thread-workers upon the Medway at Maidstone. I have already

mentioned the market-gardeners, who at Sandwich found a spacious, level and fertile soil at their doors, which under their skilful hands not only supplied the town and themselves with cheap and abundant roots and green stuffs. For they shipped their produce to London by hoys—more particularly the lighter consignment of seeds, which acquired a reputation and a market all over the kingdom. Among the crops thus raised were flax, canary and teasle. So decaying Sandwich by these means got a great lift and almost doubled its population, while the price of land rose rapidly.

Despite all this, the foreigners caused at times no little jealousy among the natives, who had small skill as artisans and probably less industry than the others. Smuggling under various names, "owling" mainly at this time, was becoming a serious business with always a chance opportunity for privateering and semipiracy. One can well understand there can have been no great sympathy between such independent, roving, individualists as the Ports-men and these laborious handicraftsmen and earth tillers of different tongue and strange ritual—or rather the lack of it. Archbishop Laud, who thought a good deal more of ritual than of industries, worried the Huguenots not a little and tried to coerce them to the Anglican creed. But time after all in due course did the work that neither faction nor persecution could accomplish. For by the eighteenth century the Huguenots of Sandwich had become thorough Englishmen, went automatically to church, swore good round English oaths, fished and smuggled with the best of the original stock, and in many, perhaps most, cases, had become so anglicized in name that the foreign origin was and is forgotten. Their handicrafts, too, were being gradually extinguished, as in other southern towns of the kind, and Sandwich sank again into even greater relative insignificance than that from which the French and Flemish immigrants had rescued it. Boys gives about a hundred names common in his day of Dutch or Walloon origin.

The old town was ever mindful of its dignity. We find it on one occasion returning without endorsement the commission of the bailiffs of Yarmouth, till Dover, which had been placed at the head of the Ports, no doubt on the Lord Warden's account, was removed from that place of honour in favour of Sandwich, Dover frankly recognizing the latter's claim to precedence. This trifling but significant incident occurred in 1643, a period pregnant with much more important affairs, for horse and foot had been raised in the town for Parliament and money collected for repairing the fortifications—though the sympathies of the people seem to have been mixed. A man was merely fined for calling the King "a rogue, a rascal, a rebel and no King," which was mild measure compared to the loss of both ears and banishment meted out to an unfortunate wight in the preceding century who had casually uttered the truism that a dead King, Henry the Eighth, had been a heretic. In the same year a woman was hanged as a witch at Sandwich. In 1648 some people were badly taken in by an adventurer claiming to be the Prince of Wales. A Dutch merchant gave him £100 in gold and another exuberant loyalist gave him a fine horse upon which he rode away with the plunder. Cromwell was here in 1651 and soon afterwards the town was officially thanked for its assistance given to Admiral Blake in his victorious fight with the Dutch off the Downs.

The town charters were surrendered at each succeeding reign, only to be confirmed and returned, though Cromwell seems temporarily to have reduced the representation of the Ports from two members apiece to one, an injury soon rectified at the Restoration. At the elections in 1740, over 500 persons seem to have cast their vote, which speaks well for the political freedom retained by the populace, when compared with the small and corrupt body to which the electorate had been reduced in some of the Ports. On May 24, 1756, in the middle of the Cornmarket, at the pump



CORBEL, "KING'S ARMS," SANDWICH.

in the Fishmarket and on Pelican Hill respectively, was declared that war of seven fateful years as it proved against the French King, which was to lift England to the front place among the nations of the world and add Canada and India to the Imperial crown. The occasion was celebrated with civic and military pomp, the latter rendered by those troops of dragoons, maintained on this seaboard for the pursuit, mainly ineffectual, of smugglers. In 1784 occurs the melancholy entry that the Canterbury gate, through which so many kings and queens had passed, was to be demolished and the material sold. The Woodnesborough gate had been removed in like fashion four years previously. Among the many grievous losses which befell Sandwich through the destruction of its harbour was that of pilotage, the Sandwich pilots having been in great demand for the navigation of ships through the narrow passage between the coast and the Goodwin Sands, otherwise the Downs, a privilege which naturally passed to the ports of Deal, Dover and Ramsgate.

The personal disbursements of some of the Mayors of Sandwich testify to the hearty convivialities of the eighteenth century. Captain Harvey, R.N., of a noted local family, was Mayor in 1772 and 1774. Later on he commanded H.M.S. *Brunswick* on the glorious first of June, 1794, and died of wounds there received. So he survived the jovialities of his mayorship to which his accounts bear witness a very long time! His musical outlay seems moderate, only four fiddles and two drums, while women were hired to strew herbs beneath his worshipful feet. He paid for the votes of the Freemen even when at sea, £13 18s. *od.*! He supplied six gross of pipes, which seems lavish. To the Jurats he furnished 220 gallons of beer, five ankers of gin and two of brandy, six gallons of rum, three and a half dozen of port, one dozen of Lisbon and the same of medoc; most of this, however, had probably paid no duty! Then comes a pretty

large bill for the smashing which seems a recognized finale to the official orgies, broken windows, shivered pots, wine glasses and bottles figuring in the account. In another dinner to the Jurats alone they managed to put away two dozen of wine, seven bottles of rum, five of cognac and one of gin, besides a trifle of three gallons of porter. When Captain Harvey retired the same choice spirits drank his health in two dozen of wine, fifteen bottles of spirits and eight gallons of beer.

While on the subject of social life in olden days, the expense book of one James Masters, a young gentleman connected with most of the families in this corner of Kent, was published some fifty years ago by the *Archæologia* and contains many items illustrative of social manners and customs in the seventeenth century, and an example or two may not be amiss here. With Trinity, Cambridge and Lincoln's Inn as a beginning, Mr. Masters starts out to enjoy himself. He roams about for a time on visits to his Kentish friends and relatives, paying his board, curiously enough, even at fairly sumptuous houses, at the rate of a pound a week for himself, horse and servant. He loses 13s. over a dog fight, 10s. at a cock fight, and £3 15s. 0d. at cards. He next takes singing lessons at 25s. a week. All this by the way under the Protectorate! Preparatory to a visit in Berkshire he orders some gorgeous suits of scarlet velvet with gilt or silver buttons, which cost him £20. Again he pays his London tailor £5 9s. 0d. for a laced coat and 32s. for a French hat. He is obviously determined to be in the mode, despite the Puritans, who it must be remembered were strong in Kent. Invited to Audley-End in Suffolk, where one can hardly suppose he paid his board to an Earl, he is probably put to much greater expense, as he orders more clothes and thinks it becoming to travel on wheels when proceeding from Audley-End to Lord Suffolk's at Newmarket. Later on he takes a room in London at the modest price of 4s. a week, which looks as if he had been going a little too strong and contracted

a fit of economy. Sometimes he buys a new horse, and for one bearing the rather inappropriate name of "Weeks" he pays £20.

At the Pelhams' in Sussex, he loses £8 at a sitting at cards, but wins it all back by a bet on a football match, which sounds rather plebeian and modern. But it was obviously not so, as he rides all the way to Barnet to see another football match got up by his late host, Lord Suffolk, where he backed the wrong team and lost £3. For this Sussex visit he prepared himself bravely, with a red cloak of Spanish cloth, a doublet lined with taffety, and adorned with 216 silver buttons and seventy-two yards of ribbon at 6*d.* a yard, with £3 worth of Flemish lace for bands and cuffs, and the same for boot and hose tops, while on the top of all this outlay he loses more money at cards! He bought a spaniel whelp too to make a setter for netting partridges, and being taken with a fancy for archery, by that time but a garden sport, acquires a bow and arrows. Then for a spell to Tunbridge Wells with three more hats, one a French beaver at £3 10*s.* He now took more dancing lessons and bought a dun horse from that no doubt astute Puritan general Fleetwood, who probably stuck him, as £32 seems a very high price at current rates for so unpopular a pattern. His acquisitions, however, were sometimes more practical, as we find him, tired at length no doubt of aimless gallivanting, buying some property in Lincolnshire worth £137 per annum, less 3*s.* in the pound tax.

He now sets to work to repair his house, paying carpenters and masons eighteenpence a day, which seems high for the times. More serious still he begins to collect a library, but complains that the mummers' performances at Christmas in various places cost him many florins. Possibly he was now thinking of settling down for good as he invests in six pairs of lady's white gloves and a pair of lady's green silk stockings and no less than five periwigs for himself. He also sets up a chariot lined with serge turned up with silk facings and the costliest horse yet purchased, at £40, besides, incidentally,

a number of hawks. Enough, however, of this gilded youth whose account book rather shakes our belief in the rigours of Puritan rule. No doubt he inherited in due course his father Sir Edward's Kentish estate and settled down into a steady-going country squire. And if he threw his hat up as high as the rest of them at the Restoration, he does not really seem to have had much to complain of at the hands of Oliver and the Saints.

Turning to fiction for a moment, whether based or not upon fact, a young lady of Sandwich in connection with a "bold seaman of Dover" was the heroine of a ballad famous and popular in the early eighteenth century, and of the type in which the populace of that day revelled. It was entitled *The Beautiful Lady of Kent*, and the heroine was "a squire's daughter near Sandwich." She was wooed stealthily and successfully by "Bold Henry, a seaman of excellent parts," and the two plighted their troth. But as Henry had neither money nor gentility the squire naturally did not like it and forthwith locked his daughter up. At this the chivalrous tar decided to sacrifice his feelings and leave the country rather than be the means of bringing such harsh treatment on his lady-love. So he notified her of his intention in the approved fashion of softer climes than ours by warbling love songs beneath her window at night—after the squire no doubt had been carried to bed by his butler—with the further information that he was going to Spain so that she might have her liberty.

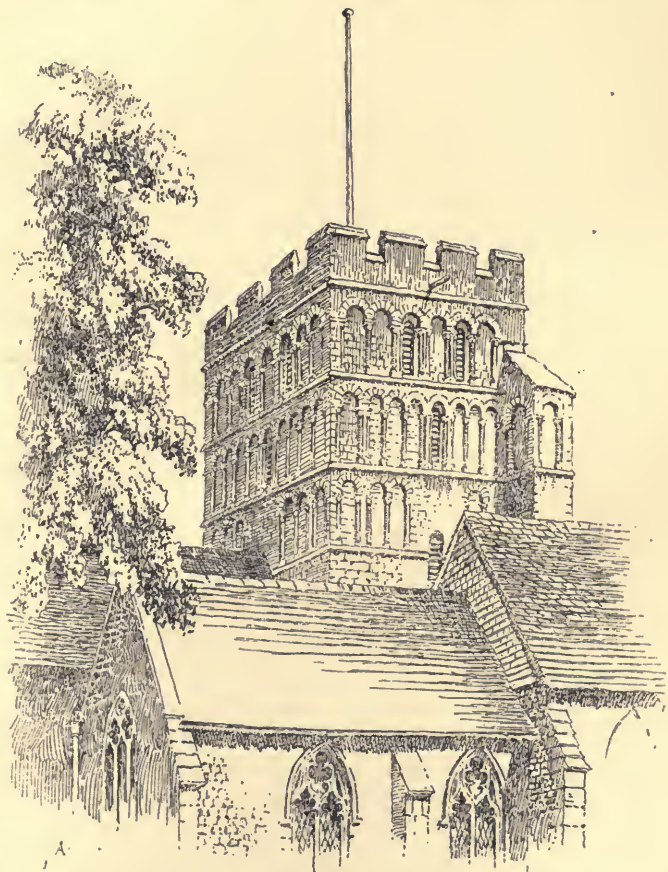
So "Bold Henry, he went to Spain and there with a merchant some time did remain." And in truth to some purpose, for he rose to honour and riches. Very naturally too a Spanish lady "bedecked with rich jewels costly and gay" conquered in the end his for long obdurate and loyal heart. But the Squire's daughter was more faithful, for after weary months or years of waiting, she took ship for Spain in the garb of a common sailor, and there "from city

to city wandered amain," till at last she ran across the pair face to face in Cadiz, a spectacle from which she shrank with tears. However she wouldn't go home but waited till the Spanish lady most opportunely died—when, on making herself known to Bold Henry, she found his heart was still true. Upon this they were married and came home in style. But lying low for the moment, he alone, and in poor sailor's garb as of old, called on the distracted parents with enquiries for his love. Poor and of humble station though he still appeared to be, the Squire and his wife had bitterly repented their really quite natural opposition to so unsuitable a match with the young man and once despised suitor and were now quite prepared to mingle their tears with his. But he soon disclosed to them the true state of affairs and the happy couple, blessed by the now happy parents, celebrated a second wedding in Sandwich with the utmost magnificence. Seven days were spent in feasting all the town, the poor included; liquor was to be had for the asking, while the bells of all the churches pealed unceasingly in honour of Bold Henry and the fair Ruth.

For such ceremonies as this there has always been a wide choice of scene since, unlike any other of the Cinque-Ports, Sandwich has three ancient churches surviving and in full use. The towers of two of them, for the third fell long ago, strike a happy note of distinction in all distant views of the low-lying town. Moreover they are well distributed, one being in its heart and the others at its opposite extremities. Even to-day complaints are heard of the comparatively spasmodic activity of the various chimes in Sandwich. When all its bells rang steadily for a week, as the song relates, in honour of Bold Henry and his bride, under the stimulating influence of their lavish hospitalities, the effect on the sober minority, if there was one, must have been paralyzing.

By far the finest of these churches is that one in the seaward outskirts of the town, St. Clement's. It stands among

spacious and leafy precincts adjoining the ramparts and the open country ; a noble building of commanding stature, and in truth on ground a trifle higher than the town. The



ST. CLEMENT'S, SANDWICH.

oldest portion and most striking feature of St. Clement's is its massive central tower of Caen stone. Of early Norman date, with some signs of Saxon work, it is enriched by an arcade

of three tiers of semi-circular arches traversing all four of its sides. The battlements are modern, but prior to 1670, when it was removed, not left to fall like most of its contemporaries, a tall spire crowned the tower. The church was originally cruciform, but practically the whole of it save the tower was rebuilt partly from the old material together with flint boulders and Pegwell sandstone in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and comprises a nave and chancel each with side aisles. The nave is lofty and consists of an arcade of three bays of pointed and finely moulded arches and is lighted by a perpendicular clerestory, while the beams of its fine oak roof display figures of angels bearing shields at the intersections. The tower is supported by four lofty Norman arches finely moulded upon inset piers with clustered shafts and capitals variously decorated with scrolls, foliage and grotesques. The chancel is divided from its aisles, which are not quite conterminous with it, by two bays of pointed arches, while two rows of old oak stalls still survive, the remnant of a larger number. The octagonal font of date 1402 is interesting. It is said to have been presented by Thomas Ellis, a citizen of Sandwich, son of Sir Thomas Ellis, who had a chantry in the north aisle of the chancel, otherwise St. Margaret's chapel. The sides of the font are decorated with the arms of England and France, of the Cinque-Ports, and the Ellis's, wealthy drapers with whom the noble Septvans did not disdain to intermarry. Upon the north wall of the chancel Dr. Boys, the historian of Sandwich, who died in 1803, is commemorated.

On the floor a large stone is inscribed to the memory of "George Rawe, gent., sometime mayor and customer of Sandwich and marchant adventurer of London, and Sara his wife," who apparently died within a month of each other, in 1583. The further information is imparted by two brasses on the same stone, that the same George Rawe was "a haberdasher of the cittye of London." Bartholomew Combes,

gent., seven times mayor of Sandwich, dying in 1693, also lies beneath a stone near by. But these inscriptions to the memory of men and women who played a leading part on the local stage in days long gone by are not, I fear, so eloquent or suggestive when transferred to the printed page, as when read in the quaint chiselled characters of men who knew them and lived beside them. To me at any rate these always seem to have much more to say than the bare details they announce. Not for a moment that these ancient mourners were always content to present the living and posterity with mere details, as everybody knows. Occasionally, even when the dead left no local friends or relatives behind them, the poetic fervour of the Elizabethan and Jacobean public would seem to be irrepressible. For close by these other tombs is a marble monument displaying a woman kneeling before a prie-dieu of date 1611, who though a stranger and an alien, found a halting rhymester to air his skull in her behalf.

“ Here by this place, appointed so to dye,
A widow, stranger to this place, doth lye,
Frances Rampson by name: she by descent
Noble, as she to vertue nobly bent,”

and so on. It would seem that there was formerly a large number of memorial brasses in the church, most of which have gone the way of their like elsewhere. It was in St. Clement's too that the Flemish population of Sandwich were permitted, on payment of 40s. a year and bearing some share in repair expenses, to hold their own service. Till the reign of Charles the Second, the mayor was always elected in St. Clement's; originally, according to Boys, with a view to inspiring the voters with the awesomeness of the occasion. Subsequently, however, the sanctity of the building seems to have been outraged by the rowdiness of the electors, so by royal command these functions were transferred to the Guildhall.

St. Peter's stands in the very heart of the little town, the pivot as it were of many devious streets. A stranger starting from any point of the ramparts, whatever his primary

intention, would almost certainly find himself sooner or later confronted by the railed-in, leafy churchyard which surrounds this much-shattered edifice. For the high central tower of bricks, made from the mud of the haven, as to its upper part, is but the seventeenth-century successor of one that fell in 1661 and made a sad mess of the church. It was a Sabbath day, says the parish register, and there had been two sermons preached there, but fortunately the crash occurred at a quarter past eleven at night. "Had it fell at the time the people were there, the chiefest of the town and parish had been killed and buried under the rubbish of stones and timber. This was three fathom deep in the middle of the church, the bells underneath it; so no man, woman or child was killed and *very few heard it.*" The italics are mine, merely in the way of comment on the astonishing sleeping powers or imperturbability of the people of Sandwich. No wonder their descendants don't notice a few bells, but such an uproar nowadays in the dead of night would, I venture to think, upset the nerves of the country from Ramsgate to Deal. And here to-day is the vanished aisle, or to be literal the gap it has left, and unlike most such removals telling its own tale to the most careless eye; while the high seventeenth-century tower which replaced the other with its lantern roof, a cupola of bulbous appearance, is a central and leading feature in any distant view of Sandwich.

At the east end of the church, and entered from without, is a crypt with a groined roof springing from a double pillar in the centre; and there is also a good embattled porch on the north side. The interior, though spacious, mutilated as it has been, does not wear an inspiring aspect. It is of necessity lopsided and in truth rather depressing, though the chancel is lighted by a fine east window. Still, the history of Sandwich since Norman times, to which the Caen stone of its older portions bears witness, is written over every bit of it, imparting a certain atmosphere which

is after all a quality that the greatest triumphs of modern architecture cannot create. This perhaps is nearly all that can be said for the interior of St. Peter's. The arches dividing the nave and chancel from their north aisles are pointed resting on octagonal pillars, and the clerestory lights remaining on the north side counterbalance to some extent the sealing up of the opposite windows. There is apparently no Norman work left visible in the building.

Monuments of all periods, as one would expect, are fairly numerous, but not many are of particular interest. In the north aisle there is a recessed twelfth-century altar tomb with recumbent figures of a man and woman, in both cases bereft of their arms. Their heads rest on double pillows and their feet on a lion and a dog respectively. The man has a long beard and flowing locks and is in civic dress; the lady in a tight-fitting dress with flowing skirt, her hair pressed down in ungainly plaits beneath a sort of frame on either side of her face after the hideous fashion of the period. In the same wall are two more recessed but now empty tombs. Another existing monument is the mutilated figure of Sir John Grove, rescued from the remains of the south aisle and further decay by the historian, Dr. Boys. It lies under an ogee-arched trefoil canopy. Sir John appears to have built the doomed south aisle in the mid-fifteenth century, and that alone should be sufficient achievement even if we know no more about him, which seems to be the case. Of old Sandwich worthies, one need hardly say, no end of them lie within and without the church. Sollys, Jekens, Wyborns, Rolfes, Thurburnes, Ferriers, and greater than these, Ellises, and greater again than Ellises, the Mennes, originally Scottish Menzies, whose helm and crest in Boys' day were suspended over a vault which long ago passed out of their occupation. More celebrated in a sense, however, than all, for those he begot rather than for what he himself was, being of but modest station, is Mr. Henry Furnese,

the father of that acquisitive Sir Henry whose shadow confronts one at every turn in South-East Kent. On certain occasions, notably at the time of the plague early in Elizabeth's reign, the worship of the Flemmings was transferred here from St. Clement's. An entry in the new *Black Book* of Sandwich shows that the fall of the tower and steeple in the next century was not unexpected as it is reported to be in a very ruinous condition, and though valuable as a sea-mark, the cost was beyond the means of the parishioners, who had therefore nothing for it but to sit beneath it philosophically, and risk the longish odds of say 30 to 1 that it would not fall during divine service.

The third of the Sandwich churches, St. Mary's, stands towards the north-west corner of the town on Strand Street, which runs along the river and becomes on leaving the town the Ash and Canterbury roads. It is rather cramped up between streets and makes in consequence an indifferent figure. But as two steeples have fallen upon it, the last crushing it almost flat in 1667, there is not very much of the original but the materials, used first in a makeshift and then in a later but unpretentious restoration. It is a good-sized building but has practically no proportions. One finds a venerable but uncouth interior, an abnormally wide nave and north aisle divided off by a poor arcade of wooden arches; an unduly wide and short chancel with two large pointed east windows. At the west end is an insignificant tower. No doubt the parishioners had had enough of towers and steeples when this harmless specimen was erected!

The seventh decade of the seventeenth century must in truth have been a lively one for Sandwich Churchmen. Two churches out of three smashed up in seven years must have given the just evicted Puritans something to say, and the ungodly, just rejoicing in the fresh licence of the Restoration period, something to think about! St. Mary's then looks as if it had been through bad times, and has long severed

all memories of the architectual beauties which a persistent fate destroyed, though the round columns of the first Norman church still remain in the west wall. It is at least quaint and unconventional within and retains withal that air of antiquity incumbent on a church which treasures so many Sandwich memories both in the shadow and the substance. Moreover it stands on the site of a Saxon monastery, founded by Domneva, which was burnt by the Danes and then rebuilt by Queen Emma, Cnut's wife, to be destroyed again by the French in the fourteenth century, and subsequently rebuilt with the high tower and steeple that was twice to prove such a treacherous member. As a mausoleum of old Sandwich families St. Mary's quite holds its own with its two rivals, though but a portion survive in existing tombs and legible inscriptions, of those whose dust the registers announce to be lying there. On the south wall of the chancel, where, as already noted, there are traces of transition Norman, is a handsome seventeenth-century monument to Solomon Hougham, Mayor of Sandwich in 1639, and to his family, one of whom was a merchant of London and High Sheriff of Kent and "dyed a bachlour in 1693."

"Both Indies, both the poles, nay both worlds knew
His traffick justice and his bounty too."

This would be a fairly comprehensive claim for a twentieth-century merchant prince, particularly the third clause as it here reads! But then it was inscribed by a nephew who had just inherited his wealth, a fact laid stress upon in another couplet, which may account for the geographical exuberance of the eulogy. Conspicuous at the west end of the nave is a brick altar-tomb covered by a marble slab of another whilom Sandwich mayor, bearing the suggestive name of Cricket, though his crest is a sole! Long before these days, however, more famous people still were buried here in vaults, such as the Manwoods, Lord Clinton, founder of the Carmelite friars of Sandwich, and Sir Edward Ringeley, knighted for valour

in the French wars, chief of the ordnance in the Scottish campaigns, and subsequently marshal and seneschal of Calais. And last, though not least, Sir William Laverock of Ash and his wife, a Septvan, who according to Boys were the principal repairers or rebuilders of the church after it was burnt by the French in Richard the Second's time. A relic of this fire was exposed when the floor was relaid for the present seating, in the shape of a layer of ashes.

In the chapel of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, just without the town, Sandwich may be said to possess a fourth ancient church. This picturesque group of almshouses lies in quite rural aloofness in the angle formed by the junction of the Deal road and a branch byway. Tradition and something more assigns their foundation to the year 1190, but there is ample evidence that Sir Henry Sandwich endowed a permanent settlement here about fifty years later which then or soon afterwards fell under the administration of the town authorities. Edward the Third granted it the ferry over the river to Stonar, which, till the bridge at the Barbican was built 400 years later, was its chief support. This ferry was enjoyed at one time by John Gibbon, the King's master mason and ancestor of the famous historian. Substantial compensation was granted to St. Bartholomew's which now owns several hundred acres of land in the neighbourhood besides house property. The Hospital, otherwise almshouse, has supported for all time that matters sixteen men and women more or less. The Crown tried to grab it at the Dissolution, but it was proved to be a lay foundation and so escaped the Royal claws. In the next century some land-greedy magnate, by the magnificent offer of twenty-six shillings and eightpence as Crown rent, persuaded James the First to grant him a patent of the Hospital lands. But the Mayor and Corporation of Sandwich were too much for this King and his nobles. They refused to be swindled out of their property, carried their cause to the Courts and won it—after which they were let alone. The chapel,

which stands aloof and was recently restored by Sir Gilbert Scott, is of considerable size and in the Early-English style. Within it is an altar monument on which lies, clad in chain armour, the effigy of the chief founder, Sir Henry Sandwich.

But the contributions of the townsmen to this Foundation have been considerable, prompted, it is said, by gratitude for their deliverance from an attack by Eustace the monk, in which deliverance St. Bartholomew was said to have himself taken a leading hand. For one Stephen Crabbe, who had formerly studied under Eustace himself those black arts which rendered the fighting priest inviolate to human weapons, boarded his ship and slew him, when a violent hurricane arose and blew the French ships all over the sea. During this disturbance a figure clad in red garments appeared in the sky, saying, "I am St. Bartholomew; fear nothing." In perpetuation of their gratitude to the saint and no doubt to Sir Henry Sandwich, the Mayor, Jurats and their friends gave themselves a dinner annually on the former's festal day, though not before they had marched in state to the Hospital, heard service and feasted the male and female pensioners.

It is interesting to find that a few years after the founding of New England two separate ship-loads of emigrants of sixty to seventy souls, all of them natives of the district, sailed thence, and in Sandwich ships. The names and particulars of each family, with their parish and the endorsement of their parson, who no doubt was glad enough to give a send-off to such sectaries, has been preserved. No little interest too was taken by the town in the founding of Virginia, probably through the Sandys family; the Corporation and several private individuals taking shares in the company. Charles I, with his peculiar faculty for stirring up hornets' nests, demanded land soldiers of Sandwich in 1630, which as a Cinque-Port stoutly refused them, as it also did his demands for Ship-money. In the Civil War, however, a troop of horse was raised there for Parliament and sent to the Channel Islands. Samuel

Pepys, while M.P. for Sandwich later on in the century, supported the canopy as an *ex-officio* Cinque-Port baron at the



DUTCH HOUSE, SANDWICH.

coronation of James II. And while on the subject it is worth noting that one of the old Sandwich family of Solly officiated in like manner at the coronation of all the first three Georges !

Sir Roger Manwood, the chief founder of the Grammar School, had in early life assisted to hold the canopy over Anne Boleyn, and, great man as he afterwards became, the rules he laid down for the conduct of the said school must have left uncommon little to the discretion of its Headmaster.

One can fancy the face of a modern pedagogue on being presented at his election with such a schedule! There is nothing much amiss in the clause which provides that the boys shall walk two and two to St. Mary's Church on Sundays, the master in front and the usher at the tail. But this well-meaning founder goes on to lay down in dogmatic fashion the classical books that each form is respectively to read, in what precise fashion the master or the usher is to teach them, even to the particular days in the week on which Sallust, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Cæsar and Livy and Latin versifying are to be studied! Cribbing, though the Founder does not call it by that name, is to be severely punished. "A disputation," otherwise an Examination, is to be held on the Tuesday after Michaelmas, beginning at seven or eight in the morning and ending at nine or ten. To this the clerics of the town and one or two laymen, if any such be qualified, are to be invited and to adjudge the honours.

Three prizes are to be awarded—the first a pen of silver gilt worth 2s. 6d., the same of silver parcell gilt worth 2s. for the second prize, and for the third a pen of plain silver valued 1s. 10d. Then, continues the statute, the whole school is to repair two and two to St. Mary's, the three victors to walk next to the masters with a garland on their respective heads. In church they are to sing a hymn or psalm and a suitable prayer is to be read making mention of the Church, the Realm, the Prince, the town and, last but not least, their Founder. One may well imagine, however, that successive masters, if indeed these meticulous statutes were to be actually observed, were in no danger of forgetting the last named worthy wight. But as he was to be succeeded at death by

the Archbishop (*ex-officio*) it is not probable that this exalted person would greatly concern himself whether Livy or Sallust were read on Tuesday morning, or Virgil on Friday afternoon by the "First Fourme," in Sandwich Grammar School. Headmasters of more distinguished endowed schools than this one, and in quite recent times too, have been known to groan under the uninstructed officiousness of local aldermen and the like. But I do not think that they have ever been asked to accept a cut and dried classical curriculum from the Mayor!

In 1446 a Bohemian noble landed at Sandwich, and though there was nothing noteworthy of itself in such an event there is a good deal in the fact that he wrote down his first impressions of the place and that these are extant. "We beheld," he says, "lofty cliffs full of chalk. These heights from a distance appear to be covered with chalk. Near them is a citadel [Dover Castle] constructed by evil spirits, so strong and well fortified that in no Christian country can its equal be found. Passing by this citadel we approach the town of Sandwich. Here I first beheld fleets of vessels, ships, Galleons and cogs, that is ships driven by the wind alone. The galleons were propelled by oars alone and carried 200 men; the cogs tolerably large. I admired the sailors climbing the masts and foretelling the approach of the wind and what sails to be hoisted and what lowered. One sailor was so agile scarcely any one can be compared with him. There is a custom at Sandwich that men walk about all night blowing trumpets and other musical instruments, calling out and announcing what wind is blowing at that hour. On hearing this if a wind is reported to be blowing convenient for them, they sally forth, board their ships and direct their course towards their own country." So much for the ingenuous impressions of the native of a landlocked kingdom, for only Shakespeare, I believe, has conceded a sea-coast to Bohemia.

Maritac, the French ambassador to Henry the Eighth in 1539, seems to have found an extraordinary ebullition of

warlike and patriotic fervour animating Kent as he travelled through it. "As I passed Dover I saw new ramparts and bulwarks on the rocks that face the sea. In Canterbury and other towns upon the coast I found every English subject in arms. Boys of seventeen or eighteen were called out without exception of place or person. On the road I met a body of men, I was told there were 6,000 of them, going as a garrison to Sandwich." In 1562 de Quadra, the Spanish ambassador, wrote: "The heretics who come here from Flanders are warmly received, upwards of 30,000 are settled in London and Sandwich, at which latter place they have a second church.

Among the Sandwich records in the muniment room of the Guildhall, preserved with admirable care and in charge of that zealous antiquary Alderman Jacobs, are the old Black Book, 1432-1488, and the old White Book, carrying on to 1526, the *Customal* bound in wooden boards and a book of official letters and communications going back into the Middle Ages and by consequence rich in autographs of the mighty dead. Among them is a letter from Sir Henry Furnese, then M.P. for Sandwich, announcing the victories of Marlborough and Eugene, only selected out of a mass for passing notice here because of the writer who was perhaps the greatest example of a social climber, of which the Cinque-Ports from their peculiar opportunities were rather prolific, that Sandwich ever produced. He was the son of an ex-sergeant of dragoons, who kept a shop in the market place, and failed. His son Henry went to London and being apt apparently at seizing every chance offered him, soon prospered. He was the first man to bring to Queen Mary news of the raising of the siege of Limerick, for which he was knighted and then despatched to William the Third in Flanders, who pushed his fortunes. As already related, he became M.P. for his native town. He must at the same time have been a bit of a snob, for Swift speaks of him as changing his name with every additional

plum of fortune and that at his death he would figure on his tombstone "as a descendant of the Sovereign Prince of Italy." However he could afford to laugh at such gibes as his son grew even richer and became M.P. for Kent. What is more, he married his three daughters and co-heiresses to Sir John Bolingbroke, Sir Edward Dering, and the third to Lord Rockingham, at whose death she became the wife of the Lord North of American Revolution celebrity, who at his father's death inherited the Guilford title with the Furnese estate of Waldershare still occupied by that family.

Nor perhaps should I omit to mention before taking a final leave of Sandwich that the notorious Tom Paine resided there for a year or so, about 1759, as a staymaker, and his cottage in New-street is still pointed out. He married Mary Lambert at St. Peter's Church and soon afterwards removed to Margate, where his wife almost immediately died, a misfortune which may conceivably have helped to shape those heterodox views which his ability did so much to propagate on both sides of the Atlantic.

The road from Sandwich to the sea crosses the old moat, which just here does duty as a Bowling Green, at the site of the old Sandown gate, and after a mile or so through enclosed fields, with a sumptuous villa set here and there beside it, breaks out on to the open dunes and the Golf Links of the St. George's Club. The old farmhouse, among its grove of trees which constitutes the present club-house, lies picturesquely to the left, alone breaking the wide expanse of green turf and sandhill which sweeps away eastward to the sea front. Along this, however, where the road from Sandwich debouches on the shore is a whole settlement of private villas on which architects in the palmy pre-war days have obviously expended no little care and ingenuity, and a good deal of taste. This is a great deal more than can be said for the hotel, a rectangular erection of dreary grey masonry soaring heavenward in defiant and unabashed ugliness to an unconscionable height. Upon this

graceful sweep of sandy beach, which in bright summer days trails its golden belt between the blue sea and the verdant hinterland, from the Stour mouth to Deal, this monstrous edifice constitutes a truly hideous blot. Whether from the Ramsgate cliffs on the north, from the Kingsdown heights above Walmer, to the southward, or from miles away on far inland ridges, this unsightly pile dominates the whole shoreline and mars the harmony of a noble prospect to an extent that has only to be seen to be realized. Comfort and convenience could surely have been secured at less outrage to the natural amenities of Sandwich Bay.

It is unnecessary to say very much here about the famous golf links which are indirectly responsible for this æsthetic monstrosity and the neighbouring villas. A second course and club was added to the original St. George's a few years before the war, and its club-house stands aloof upon the sea front, some half-mile northward of the villa settlement. St. George's was the first sand-course of any consequence laid out upon the South Coast, originating like most of its English contemporaries or predecessors in the inspired eye of an expatriated Scot, in this case Dr. Purves. Mr. Horace Hutchinson in his *Reminiscences* describes this gentleman as prowling for months along the South Coast in search of what he ultimately found at Sandwich. Westward Ho! and the much later Yarmouth course were the only full-length sand-courses existing in the South of England when Sandwich was discovered and inaugurated, and I well remember the flutter of interest it occasioned in the then incipient condition of South-country golf. The war at such a vital point of the coast as this naturally dedicated both Sandwich courses to more serious purposes than golf. But no great damage was done and they are both at this time of writing again in full play. The senior course, though the exceptional position it occupied for a time has naturally been modified by the number of good sand-courses since laid out in England and Wales, still stands among the

foremost group in the estimation of critical golfers, a standpoint recognized in the fact that it is one of those selected for the championship meetings.

Though we have not yet reached Deal in this pilgrimage, it will be as well, while on the subject of golf, to state here that the Deal Golf Course, which is also of the first quality and standing, reaches northwards so far as to leave but a trifling interval between its furthest green and the nearest Sandwich tee. It is possible, therefore, and I believe the opportunity is sometimes taken, to play eighteen holes straight away by taking a nine on each course—in slack times, that is to say, when there is not much doing on either. There is no tolerable direct road for wheels of any kind from Sandwich-sur-mer, if I may so style this sea-shore villa settlement, to Deal three miles away. Indeed save for such domestic appanages as the golfer may or may not bring along with him, I should say from what I have seen that this whole six-mile sea front was little frequented for its own sake even in holiday seasons and absolutely deserted at all others. It faces due east and yields nothing to Thanet in those invigorating airs of which that famous island boasts, nor yet, I should imagine, in the ferocity of its spring east winds.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH

The Sandwich Country



Fred* Adcock

BARFRESTON.

THE high road from Sandwich to Canterbury, twelve miles distant, must always make a strong appeal to those whose imagination has been captured by the profound historical significance of this corner of England. And who that has equipped himself to realize all that this gentle though

spacious English landscape means could fail to see in its wide green marshes, its white cliffs, its woods and fields, its ancient villages, manor houses and churches, something infinitely more than their mere physical effect? For this, after all, is but a modest one judged by the high standard of much English scenery. If you are insensible to the glamour of the past and have no capacity for dreaming, these Kentish roads and lanes, well-timbered parks and smooth, low downs, though they can hardly fail to please, will arouse, I can well believe, no particular enthusiasm save such as may be mildly moved to the appreciation of some Tudor farmhouse or Gothic church; for in such details this old corner of England is more than commonly rich.

Here in this hinterland of the low-lying Deal and Sandwich shore front, one finds repeated, but with greater limitations, the chalk undulations of Thanet. Yet there is little or nothing of that stark bleakness which even in the dead season gives the island a sort of grim distinction of its own, to break out in its weeks of fruition into such warm and far-flung radiancy of colouring as is not often lit up by English suns. Here on the chalk of the "mainland" men have huddled closer together. Occasionally one emerges on to some sweep of fenceless fallow, split by a white road, as if to remind us, and in not too gracious or acceptable fashion, that we are on the chalk. For its very limitations in such case shows the chalk formation at its worst, not at its best, as on the wide open plains or downs. But much of this interior country after all is of the snug and domestic order, well-wooded and hedgerow-fenced. It is thick with villages and ancient churches, well sprinkled with orchards and meadows, manor houses and homesteads, if not all of them ancient in structure, all more or less eloquent of an ancient, nay the most ancient civilization in all England. We may fairly, I think, say so much and in such an atmosphere readily overlook the absence of any imposing natural features, such as in some parts of our country more directly stir the

imagination, and in narrative stimulate one's pen to descriptive efforts.

As one leaves Sandwich by the road that once passed under the old Canterbury Gate, it follows for some distance the western bank of the fertile basin of what in Saxon times was a narrow arm of the harbour. In due course a byway, announcing itself as the road across the levels to old Richborough, branches to the right, and the grey ruins of the great Roman port can be seen standing out in fine isolation on their green ridge as do no other Roman remains of consequence, and what is more of like magnitude, even were there any such, in Britain. The country for a time is open, and away to the right and to the left are homesteads that in old days, as manors, have played an intimate but forgotten part in Sandwich and, indeed, in Cinque-Port history. But in a mile or so we are off the flats and entangled in the pleasant, leafy undulating ways that give place in due course to the village of Ash. And this is quite a fair-sized place, a well-known land-mark on the Canterbury road, which last is not one, as I trust the reader will have gathered, to be profitably pursued by the discriminating in a motor char-à-banc, still less perhaps with the deadening impetuosity of a Rolls-Royce, or the discordant whirlwind roar of a motor cycle. There is in truth enough of all this nowadays to disperse the very memories of the shadowy host who for unnumbered centuries have followed this trail, whatever shifting this way or that the actual roadway through the course of ages may have experienced ; from bare-footed foreigners limping to Becket's shrine, to kings, princes, archbishops and notables beyond count. Of all this last group Richard Cœur-de-Lion was possibly the sole member to follow it on foot. Fresh from his long imprisonment on the top of an Eastern campaign, this may perchance have been a real effort to a man who in normal times would of all others, one might assume from his habits of body, have made light of it. Perhaps he did, and one can

almost fancy so arrogant and athletic a monarch, even on his way to a shrine, striding out with a swagger at the head



ASH CHURCH.

of a crowd of admiring and possibly foot-sore courtiers.
Ash Church is lifted high up above the village street ; a

large cruciform building with a central tower surmounted by a leaden spire, which dominates as a land-mark no mean extent of country. It is one of the fifteen churches in Kent dedicated to St. Nicholas, is constructed chiefly of flint with stone dressings and in the Early English style. It covers the site of an earlier Saxon and Norman church and, according to local tradition, of a previous pagan temple and consists of nave and chancel, each with a north aisle and of north and south transepts, while the traces of two arches in the south wall of the nave testify to the former existence of a south aisle, or chapel. The nave arcade displays four early pointed arches with hood mouldings, resting on circular piers with massive bases and octagonal capitals. The tower-space opens out with four lofty pointed arches, with continuous mouldings and circular shafts and, like the tower itself, is of later date. This last rises for two stages above the body of the church, is lit by two-light windows and surmounted by an embattled parapet, reached by a stair-turret at the south-west angle. It dates from the fifteenth century and is of Kentish rag. The chancel, save for one lancet, is lit by late pointed windows, and divided from its north chapel by a solid wall pierced by one plain pointed arch and a door.

Under this arch lies the effigy of a cross-legged knight, showing traces of gilt and colouring, the feet resting on a lion. According to Philpot, this is Sir John Godsall, of Edward the Third's later days, and beneath him lies presumably his wife. Close to the above, recessed in the wall beneath a panelled and crocketed ogee-arched canopy, are the alabaster effigies, in excellent preservation, of a knight and his lady. The man is in plate-armour with his head upon a helmet and his feet upon a lion; the woman in a veil and full skirt surmounted by a mantle. The knight has been identified as John Septvan, *temp.* Henry the Sixth, and the S.S. on the collar shows him to have been a squire of the body. In the same chapel too Christopher Toldervey of Chartham, son of a London merchant,

and his wife have knelt here in alabaster beneath recessed arches since, if my sight served me, the year 1621. Another Jacobean mural monument shows a second kneeling couple



GOODMAN'S SQUARE, ASH.

with their numerous offspring dutifully arranged beneath them, no less than five of whom carry the skulls, emblematical of death in childhood. What name this numerous but short-lived family bore I was unable to decipher.

There are also several brasses surviving. One of them in the north chancel, otherwise the Molland chapel, is to Christopher Septvan of Molland, of date 1602. The coat of this famous family, by the way, was three winnowing fans, or vans, with the significant motto, "*Dissipabo inimicos regis mei ut pateam.*" A large, inscribed mural monument in the south transept caught my attention partly because the first individual named upon it was the daughter of a Northumbrian squire, who lived to the age of ninety-three, dying in 1743, and partly that her husband, one Lowman, was a German, while their son-in-law, also commemorated here, was another, Chas. Ernst Kien, who despite his nationality was Lieut.-Colonel of the Royal Horseguards. More interesting still to me was a third name on the tablet, another son-in-law, George Cousemaker. For the Cousemakers were a Dutch family who came over in the train of William the Third, acquired an estate in Surrey under the Hogsback, and are living on it still, one of the perhaps half-dozen landed families in that semi-suburban county which can boast of even such modest measure of continuity.

Ash covers the site of an important Saxon burial ground from which various museums have been greatly enriched. It is also a distinctly pretty village, many picturesque old houses giving character to its long street. At its western extremity, where it opens wide for the parting of two ways, are several quite ornate old houses and a great profusion of lime and chestnut foliage, the last of which when I last passed by here was one gorgeous blaze of blossom. A windmill too dominates the village, which may surely be accounted a further ornament to its picturesque and peaceful character.

But alas ! as we are traversing, a mile or two further on, the long straight switchback road that heads across a sweep of open chalk country for Wingham, and can mark in the distance the woody hollow in which the townlet lies, a much less alluring object obtrudes itself upon the nearer vision. Now it ill

becomes, perhaps, a resident of this Cinque-Port country, which has always paid more for its coal than any other part of England, to cavil at even a remote chance of some alleviation of the burden. Here, however, is one of a long line of some ten or a dozen mines spread at intervals of some distance across the Kent coal-fields. I am not qualified to make any statement as to their present condition or future possibilities, even if such were not beside the mark in these pages. Local rumour is busy enough with their affairs, but is no doubt mostly unreliable. Interest apparently centres in the quality of the coal rather than in the quantity, of which there is said to be any amount. Only a minority of these pits, I believe, have reached the producing stage, the others having not yet got down deep enough. But I only set down what I have gathered up by the wayside, and no doubt the companies keep their secrets well, if they have any. I am told, and with something the air of a grievance, that little or no local labour is employed even on the surface. All the miners are imported from the Black Country, mostly from Durham and North Lancashire, and no doubt they bring with them all those delightful amenities for which they are distinguished at home. I met a South Walian, however, one day upon the road, whistling "Men of Harlech," which last patriotic display caused me to accost him and so confirm my suspicion of his nationality. They give one almost a shock when encountered in groups, these mannerless rather than unmannerly exotics upon the roads and lanes of rural Kent. One may wonder whether the mere atmosphere of this ancient civilization might in course of time smooth down some few of those fearsome angles that a semi-barbarous social demeanour and habit of life has caused to be cherished among them. When in their hours of copious leisure they fill the village alehouse, that time-honoured place of rustic rendezvous seems altogether at odds with the alien, harsh-throated crew. However, as they are here, and if the Kentish landscape is to be besmirched, let us hope they will

some day provide us on the south-east coast with cheaper coal.

Wingham is celebrated for its engaging aspect, its wealth of ancient houses and its fine church. I do not know whether



HIGH STREET, WINGHAM.

it reckons itself a village or a town. Nor does it matter, but I should say the former for choice. One enters it over a bridge which crosses a purling trout stream of clear chalk water.

This is a tributary of the Little Stour, which river joins its greater namesake in the Monkton marshes. The long, wideish,



WINGHAM.

essentially village street which comprises most of Wingham is tastefully bordered on either hand by trees not large enough as yet, at any rate, to hide many a house, if mostly modest

ones, of quaint, irregular or venerable aspect. The whole place in truth is delightfully informal. It is, moreover, a half-way stage to Canterbury, which means nothing nowadays, but when three miles an hour was the normal speed of wheeled vehicles over the ruts and deep mud, which it assuredly was for centuries, the passing hospitalities of Wingham loomed immense, no doubt, to many a weary traveller ; while in the pilgrim days it must have done a roaring trade. For one can imagine how white these alien pilgrims were bled !

A long thatch-roofed structure near the bridge looks almost old enough to have greeted them. A whole row of ancient houses with an inn, save for being slightly modernized, to match them, and another old building on the same side bulging out under the weight of a huge tiled roof, capped with a coat of thatch, all contribute to Wingham's æsthetic reputation. Several Queen Anne houses on the other side of the way mark the progress of the village from antiquity to respectable old age. A feature too in one's general impression is the view up the leafy street to that fine old coaching inn *The Lion*, which faces down it from its post at the parting of the ways. Taking the right of these, the spacious church stands back within large and leafy precincts, that skirt the road in a happy blend of mellow brick wall and overshadowing trees. And, perhaps, this quarter around the church is after all the chief pride of Wingham.

For across the way, fronting the long, chestnut-shaded churchyard wall for a hundred and fifty yards or so, is quite an array of detached decorative old houses, four or five of them, beginning with *The Lion* inn, and standing apart, each with its own frontage. *The Dog* inn is one of them, an admirable example of sixteenth-century timber work. Another fair-sized house, though apparently in good livable condition, cultivates upon its expansive old tiled roof quite a riotous growth of ferns, flowers and grasses. Whether this is a concession to the picturesque for the benefit of the passing Canter-

bury pilgrim of to-day, at the expense of the roof, or only absent-mindedness, it is none of our business to inquire.



CHURCH ROAD, WINGHAM.

St. Mary's Church, as above mentioned, is externally all that one would expect. It contains a west tower with spire, a

nave with south aisle, a chancel with north and south chapels, and an embattled south porch. Each section of the building, after the prevailing fashion of the country, carries its own tiled roof. Its general features are of the Decorated and Perpendicular period. The interior, however, is slightly disappointing. A modern arcade on wooden pillars divides the nave from the south aisle, which had once a counterpart as shown by bricked-up arches on the exterior of the north wall. All the windows in the body of the church are perpendicular ; so is the tower, its lofty arch showing foliated capitals.

The chancel is much more interesting, being, together with its chapels, of the Decorated period, save for two later windows. The arch is pointed Early English and rests on shafts with moulded capitals. The pointed arches, one upon each side, which open into the chapels are admirable examples of decorated work : that upon the north springing from clustered shafts with moulded capitals. There are several good windows in the chapels, one on the south wall particularly, consisting of five lights beneath a beautifully moulded arch supported by shafts with foliated capitals. The original oak stalls too, seven in number, are still in the chancel. Of monuments, the most conspicuous but the least engaging is a pyramidal structure of marble, which, rising in the centre of the south, or Oxenden chapel, dominates the whole space where the manes of that famous family may be supposed to hover in attitudes one must surely believe of uncompromising disapproval. It is ornamented with cupids or angels and other decorative accessories, while the pyramidal shaft is supported at each corner of its square pier by bullocks' heads, some of which time or maltreatment have de-horned. Probably the latter, since the chapel was used as a school till the church restoration late in the last century, and one may only wonder that so much of this masterpiece has survived ! The last decade of the seventeenth century, which is responsible for it, roughly marked the change of taste which, seriously con-

fronted for the first time since the Reformation with a demand for new churches, met it with that liberal supply of pagan



WINGHAM CHURCH.

temples, which in politer language are termed Queen Anne or Georgian, and sometimes even "classical."

It does not much matter, however, what you call them,

for they have no defenders, except perhaps some irreverent but rather discriminating critics who admire a few of the most ambitious among them from the purely pagan temple point of view, and concede them some measure of dignity. They were roughly copied, classic gable ends and all in the American colonies. And there they, or their still more hideous successors, still stand by the hundred all over the Atlantic states among the woods and fields, though in the cities and towns they have mostly, I think, been swept away. Here, however, we have the Early Georgian Church, to give it a term less contumelious if less flattering, wholly in our towns. I cannot call to mind anywhere in England a single instance of this exalted art, though there may of course be such, in any place not claiming at least to be a town. This is curious, and can hardly be attributed to the more censorious and critical eye of the Georgian country squire and his supporters! The fact is, I take it, that the rapid increase of population with the need for new churches was felt mainly in the towns. For there, no doubt, the dilapidated or inadequate mediæval churches could be more readily wiped out and rebuilt.

And this was the style which the ecclesiastical architects of that period, for some unfathomable reason, regarded as the most uplifting and inspiring for Anglican traditions, and obviously persuaded a more than commonly Philistine public to agree with them. The rural churches, on the other hand, were usually more than equal to the parochial demands of the eighteenth century, modified as this had been by schism and ministerial slackness. In any case if a part of the fabric fell or let in the weather, there was still ample room for the worshippers in the water-tight portions. They did the best they could and we know they were not particular! There could seldom have been money enough to rebuild a country church, even had the initiative existed. If both of these conditions had been present the result would have been undoubtedly a pagan temple without the pagan art. Now

there are, no doubt, eighteenth-century churches in the rural districts, but I have never seen one to my knowledge in any county outside a little town. Architects tell me that their predecessors of that day did not attempt to reproduce the Gothic church because they could not. One can hardly believe in such astounding modesty ; particularly when such delightful country houses bear testimony to their skill and taste. More likely the iron of the Puritan régime mixed with the ecclesiastical indifference of its aftermath had permeated the public taste, and a glorified meeting-house, with such uncanny accessories as the builder fancied, met all the demands of the townsman for devotion, sociability and comfort.

As to the disproportionate size of so many country churches, only the excellent Cobbett, I should imagine, ever went about England fixing its ancient rural population by the accommodation of its churches ! There are districts of course where this means a good deal. But the author of the "*Rural Rides*," who could talk so much sense about things he understood in a charming way and so much nonsense about things of which he knew nothing in a quite childish way, was not satisfied with this. Every spacious church he saw in a thinnish countryside he pictured as the whilom centre of teeming thousands, and fulminated against any other point of view with all his characteristic choler. That the monks of the mediaeval church could raise high altars and stately buildings in waste places merely to the honour and glory of God and incidentally to their own, he could not understand, nor did the much more convincing statistics of mediaeval population, available for any or every manor or parish, concern him in the least. He probably never gave a thought to monkish ethics or manor rolls, but worked himself up, as he rode along, into furious rages over the disappearance of abounding populations that only existed in his own lively and heated imagination.

Cobbett is not altogether beside the mark here, as he took one of his rides along this coast, and, as a tribute, I presume,

to convention, is freely laid under tribute by some writers upon it. But a sea-coast, instinct with martial and naval triumphs and traditions, was a red rag to Cobbett, a mere incentive to a good deal of his nonsense. Watering-places full of people from the "accursed Wen" were hardly more in his line. If memory serves me he was mostly out of his element in this ride, agriculture and the like on which he could discourse so delightfully being rather in the background. At any rate I have not felt moved to introduce his unhistorical comments on the Cinque-Port country here.

And all this has arisen from the contemplation of the Oxenden monument in Wingham Church! For it is a striking instance of the departure from Tudor and Jacobean splendour in commemorating the more important dead, with its effigies, their sumptuous accessories, their gorgeous heraldry and general dignity. It is impossible not to feel that occasionally these worthies are more imposing in death than perchance they were in life. But that is a trifle. We should have nothing but gratitude to the family pride, even if at times a little overdone, that raised these splendid tributes to their dead, so rich in suggestion of their time and age, and, if one may say so, with such a strong personal appeal, as one saunters amid the profound week-day silence of aisle or chapel. As a matter of fact, however, East Kent and indeed this whole Cinque-Port littoral is comparatively poor in this form of memorial. The West Midlands and Welsh Marches were far more addicted to such sumptuous recognition of their mighty dead. The local magnate of the eighteenth century, however, had to do without all this, and was usually relegated in death to the church wall. When deemed worthy of sculpture he is apt to figure in scanty classic vestments rising from his sick couch and being despatched on his heavenward way by an allegorical host of horn-blowing cherubs and angels.

The bust or medallion of the soldier of that period is of course supported by guns and flags, while the sailor surveys

his warship or his squadron, all in marble and sometimes very well carved, which is all as it should be in this part of the country. Before the century has closed, however, we find ourselves among the weeping angels (or relations) on guard over funeral urns, as if cremation was the common practice—all depicted on dismal black-bordered pyramidal slabs, a popular exhibition of grief, which the later Georgians loved, as if death, even at or over the allotted span, were an irredeemable catastrophe! Or consider again the great national effort to commemorate Wolfe in Westminster Abbey, with its cumbersome form, and rather sickly sentiment, to say nothing of the complete historical misrepresentation of a well-known scene. Then turn to that quite inspiring figure of the young hero, sword in air, recently erected on the village green of his Kentish birthplace, Westerham. What a contrast!

Archbishop Peckham, in 1282, founded in Wingham Church a college, consisting of a Provost and six Canons. Their lodgings occupied in great part the site of the present houses across the road, whose picturesque qualities have already claimed our attention, and some fragments of them are said to be still in existence. In the reign of Edward the Third one of these clerics, Robert de Brame, ventured to celebrate the secret marriage of a nun with an enamoured knight, Sir Eustace D'Ambretisecourt. The lady was no less a person than the widow of a Plantagenet, son of the Earl of Kent, and when discovered the affair made a great to-do. The couple were sentenced to severe performances of penance for their whole lives. The Knight maybe had the French wars as a distraction, where he could forget both his griefs and his spiritual obligations. But the lady had no escape. She had to repeat every day the seven penitential psalms, and the fifteen graduals once a week, to dispense with a chemise, and to eat only bread and porridge, and once a year to make pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. However, as she lived for half a century afterwards, we may assume

this severe measure of discipline agreed with her. Many of the mortuary slabs to be seen here on the chancel floor cover the dust of the brethren of this same college, while the stalls they once sat in provide more effective reminders of them.

The geographical limitations of this little book involve a parting here with any traveller pursuing the Canterbury road to its destination. The historic city itself is not within our compass. It would fill a book, and in truth has filled a good many, besides occupying a considerable share of every History of Kent. The great cathedral alone is a world in itself, both historically and architecturally. The 'murder of a'Becket too still grips the popular imagination, and for the average visitor gives a dramatic finish as it were to his protracted round of the interior. For this is a lengthier and more intricate business than is involved by a circuit of any other English cathedral, to say nothing of the fact that for obvious historical reasons it should be spiritually the most eloquent. It is good to find what crowds flock daily through it from all parts of the country, and indeed of the earth, during the summer season.

To the better equipped visitor it is of course an insufferable drawback to any right appreciation of a cathedral, this herding system as here, and indeed elsewhere practised, but we must presume it to be unavoidable. Being shoo'd around like a flock of poultry through a succession of locked enclosures, waved about peremptorily within them by even the most amiable verger, and then treated to a set declamation when you have perhaps the best of guide-books in your pocket, always strikes me as the most grotesque proceeding. There is not a moment for digesting the facts even if the memory can retain them, or still less for that undisturbed recognition of the significance with which they endow the historic spot of ground you may be treading. I speak impersonally, but I am sure that most of us feel a little touch of needless humiliation as we obey the various words of command and meekly listen to the verger's set oration. For myself, I always feel sorry for the

orator himself, which of course I know to be absurd. I have known a good many vergers and have a high respect for their calling. Which sentiment, however, in no way prevents one's sense of the ridiculous from being deeply stirred on an inappropriate occasion by this part of the duties laid upon them by Deans and Chapters.

But all this merely leads up to the fact that when any thus conducted group arrives at the scene of the famous Archbishop's murder, which is vividly described in detail by the guide, there is a marked quickening of interest. The laggards step up to the front, the bored or those peradventure sacrificing themselves on the altar of friendship cock their ears and feel no doubt that they are now getting something for their sixpences. To the rank and file it is no doubt the grand climax of the tour. If the saint no longer fills the inns of Canterbury, he is still a great personality to the modern pilgrim perambulating the cathedral. For those who have travelled the roads to Canterbury trodden by the countless pilgrims landing at Sandwich or Dover, or threaded the disused trail from London made famous by Chaucer, nothing is more significant than the final mark of homage represented by the deep grooves worn in the stone steps up to the shrine by a myriad knees. The recently excavated foundations of the great rival abbey of St. Augustine will attract the antiquary perhaps rather than the general public. Still, no one with any interest in the earlier story of Kentish, or indeed of British Christianity, could fail to be drawn to the site of the mighty Foundation which held its own for centuries with Christchurch, or even to achieving the further pilgrimage to St. Martin's Church, the cradle spot of both.

Turning our faces coastwards again towards the Sandwich and Deal highway, it is a simple matter to return by another road, and for choice, that one which, passing through the hamlet of Staple, will serve for the villages of Woodnesborough and Eastry but a mile apart. Each of them has close associations with the Saxon period ; Woodnesborough, in its obviously

derived name, and in a hump near the church, which though probably Saxon, has the legendary glory of being the grave of



EASTRY.

Vortigern, despite the claims of a wild hollow on the Carnarvon coast. There was also fought here, in A.D. 715, a great battle between Mercia and Wessex. Eastry has a more definite

place in history, besides an extremely fine church. It has also a characteristic old village street, and some attractive old houses scattered about, while the ridge on which it stands is flanked by much fine timber, though in its upper portion the village becomes modern and much less lovely. From its soil have been recovered a great number of relics, both British, Roman and Saxon. There are good grounds too for believing that the earlier Kentish kings had—well! a palace here. One would give much for a glimpse of these glorified wooden homesteads on which posterity has conferred such titular distinction, as with the “Llys” for instance of the old British kings. Even the Elizabethans at times ennobled the extra-sized wigwam of an Indian Werowance with the title of “The King’s Palace,” and on occasions could not refrain from conferring on its surprised and primitive owner some of the ceremony associated with the Lord’s anointed.

They had no use for stone, these earlier Saxons at any rate, and very little for the British-Roman civilization. The palace of Ethelbert, Egbert and Edgar at Eastry, as at Reculver, was probably a palisadoed collection of huts and a big wooden hall with sleeping-bunks for his Majesty in the centre. The site of this one is unknown, but is assumed to have been where Eastry Court now stands. It was here too, according to the chroniclers, that Egbert contrived the murder of his two young relatives, a crime which it will be remembered he sought to expiate by his cession of land in Thanet for founding the monastery of Minster. Their bodies, says Bede, after lying for a time under the King’s Hall, were removed to Romsey.

The large and handsome church of Eastry stands effectively on the fringe of the village. It consists of a fine west tower, a long nave with aisles and a large chancel, and in character is transition Norman and Early English. The west door under the tower is Norman with shafts and cushion capitals. The moulding is curious and technically known, I believe, as “cylinder.” Two small “lean-to” sheds on either side of

the tower rather inadequately represent the chapels, while the tower itself is a blend of Norman and Early English, three lancet windows with graceful arches in the middle storey



CHURCH STREET, EASTRY.

being its most interesting feature. The nave is imposing and consists of five bays of pointed arches, resting, with one exception, on circular piers displaying moulded capitals and bases.

The clerestory is lighted by lancet windows mostly trefoil-headed, while the aisle windows are mainly decorated. The chancel arch is pointed and shows in the spandrel the unusual feature of two quatrefoils, together with two trefoil arches. Over the arch, too, are four rows of discs, bearing the rather faded figure of animals, dragons and the like, the fancy, we may suppose, and I think not erroneously, of some eighteenth-century rector. The chancel is very good and lit by five lancet windows on each side, with an east window of three cusp-headed lancets with shafts.

Above one of the nave arches is a curious circular band, dated 1721, on which is inscribed: "How dreadful is this place. This is none other than the house of God and this is the gate of Heaven." The Georgians had certainly a genius for depressing or at least infelicitous methods of rendering public worship attractive. For even in 1721 the word "dreadful" must have long lost for the rustic ear its comparatively harmless sixteenth-century significance. Indeed the above text seems to have been much fancied for church walls in this diocese. It brought to my memory the adventure of the visiting archdeacon on Romney Marsh, related in my other volume, when, in the then forlorn bird-haunted church at Ivy, that official had scarcely read the same dread words which confronted him on pushing open the door than a dead jackdaw fell on his bare head, as if to justify them!

There are many monuments in Eastry Church to Botelers, from flat stones in the nave, one of which commemorates on a brass, Richard Boteler, 1580, down to a quite recent memorial on the wall. This family have obviously retained the old spelling of their widespread patronymic, and unlike the rest of the tribe from the great house of Ormonde downwards, resisted its modern form of Butler. According to Hasted they purchased their property in this parish in 1634, from the Cumbrian Nevynsons, and ran out in the male line in 1792. The Nevynsons were here for three or four generations, and

one of their name, Thomas, whose portrait with his lady on a brass of 1590 still survives, was obviously very much at home in the county, for he was "Provost Marshal and Scout-master of ye east parts of Kent." At Eastry Court near the church,



HIGH STREET, EASTRY.

partly rebuilt by Isaac Bargrave in 1796, Thomas a'Becket lay in hiding for eight days after his flight from Northampton. There are also monuments in the church to the ubiquitous East Kent families of Paramore and Harvey.

The highway running due south from Woodnesborough through Eastry towards Betteshanger, more or less parallel with the coast, though some four miles distant, lies on the old Roman road from Richborough to Dover. All this is a semi-open chalk country, thickly sprinkled with ancient villages and country seats of ancient fame, though in these last, new buildings and new names, one or the other, are inevitably frequent. Kent was always notorious for the buying and selling of manors. Its illuminating son Lambarde, writing in Elizabeth's time, tells us that in no county were changes of this kind so frequent, or were there so many "*novi homines*." Indeed one hardly needs the authority of the excellent Lambarde for this, though such rare contemporary glimpses of rural society are precious enough. For one has only to cast one's eyes back over the manor records in the old and exhaustive local histories to see how little sentiment for hereditary acres there appears to have been among the Kent squires. There were plenty of old families, and a fair number are still represented in one way or another, though but very few on their ancient acres. It was not only the new men which the great attractions of Kent, together with its propinquity to the capital brought into the county, but the older families themselves seem to have been continually buying and selling and shifting their homes.

Lambarde rates the Kent squirearchy of his day, old and new, as the most enlightened in England. Seated between the capital and the continent with all implied thereby, civilization was and perhaps always had been on a rather higher level than elsewhere. The squire of the lady novelist, who, like several of his neighbours, has lived on his ancestral acres since Domesday and is painfully self-conscious of the fact, would be far to seek in Kent or anywhere else for that matter! But the constant exchanging of Kent property through all the ages forms a quite curious contrast in this particular to, let us say for choice, Shropshire, Worcester and Hereford.

At Betteshanger is a large Park containing a house of Tudor style, though built much later, the property of Lord Northbourne, and thrown open once a week to all and sundry,



BETTESHANGER.

from Deal particularly, which famous place we shall visit in the next chapter. Betteshanger is a case in point of the constantly shifting ownership of Kentish property. After

changing hands several times, it was bought by the Boys family in 1630, and eighty years later annexed by that insatiable land-grabber, whom we have already encountered—Sir Henry Furnese, who apparently built the house and later on sold it to a St. John, who became Lord Bolingbroke. Sir Cloudesley Shovel too had a small estate, West Street, in this parish, which on his death his daughter carried by marriage to the vicar.

In the meantime, to continue a circuit of the neighbouring villages, or the chief of them at any rate, that of Northbourne is close at hand. Indeed, next to Eastry it is historically perhaps the chief among them. Moreover, it is the most conspicuous ; for the tower of the church, springing above a well-wooded hill-top, is a commanding feature from all this wide-open, low-lying coast fringe. Northbourne itself is nothing of a village, but besides its sea-mark of a church it boasts the remains and terraced grounds of a very famous Jacobean country seat, built on a monastic site, and interesting for its associations rather than for such few solid remains of it as survive. For it was granted to a branch of the conspicuous Worcestershire family of Sandys, to whose effigies in the church we shall shortly pay our respects. Curiously enough, with the exception of its little neighbour of East Langdon, Northbourne Church is the only dedication to St. Augustine in all Kent ! Of cruciform design it contains a central tower, transepts, nave and chancel without aisles, and exhibits throughout an interesting blend of Norman and Early English work. The western arch of the tower space is pointed, the three others semi-circular with cylinder mouldings and shafts. Most of the windows in the transepts and chancel are lancets, two of them, one above the other, of different sizes, forming a rather unusual east-end light. The three lancets on either side of the chancel are surmounted by trefoil hoods. A pointed arch in the east wall with foliated capitals probably once formed an opening into some external building. There is a single lancet in the west wall of the nave, two round-headed windows in the north

and one in the south wall, which last has been rebuilt in modern times. A plain Norman door is closed up in the north wall,



AT NORTHBOURNE.

while the utilized south door is of more ornate Norman work, having an arch with chevron mouldings and shafts.

Northbourne is a very ancient foundation and was granted A.D. 618 by King Eadbald of Kent, "who gave this land and all belonging to it to St. Augustine's monastery; its pastures, meadows, marshes, woods and boundaries on the seashore as free and quiet as his father or he had ever possessed it to which are witnesses, Laurence Archbishop of Canterbury, his Queen Emma, his sons Egfrid and Ercumbert, with the bishops Mellitus of London and Justus of Rochester and many Earls and gentlemen who were consenting and subscribing to it." I venture this lengthy transcription, merely as a specimen of the solemnity which surrounded the Royal grants of land at a time when human life was not worth a month's purchase.

But the chief personal association of the church is the resplendent monument in the south transept, bearing the effigies of Sir Edwin Sandys and his lady. Not because as recipients at the hands of James the First, whom Sandys had accompanied from Edinburgh to London, of these Northbourne estates so solemnly and irrevocably conferred upon the church by Eadbald, they invite reflection on the mutability of human things, but because they represent a great and capable family. Sir Edwin erected the monument before his death (1639), which strikes one as a sensible rather than a vain-glorious thing to do, as ensuring something to his taste. For many a departed worthy, if it so be that they are permitted to look upon the work of those who would do them post-mortem honour, must regret that they could not themselves have had something to say to it. Not that the Elizabethans and Jacobeans had much cause of quarrel with their posterity on this account. Sir Edwin, at any rate, looks very splendid here. And so he should, not because he built the now vanished Northbourne Court and laid out the grounds, but because he was rather a great man in his way, though not such a great one as his father, if perhaps more worthy of remembrance. For the Archbishop of York, who begot him

and was the founder of the family, began life as an obscure North Country scholar at Cambridge. Rising there to the highest posts, he preached militant sermons in the University



NORTHBOURNE CHURCH.

Church and made fighting speeches in the Senate House, even to waving a dagger in favour of Lady Jane Grey.

For this he was arrested and imprisoned, but afterwards

released, strange to say, by Queen Mary, to the rage of all the Catholics in England, and he only escaped re-arrest by flying abroad, where he remained till the accession of Elizabeth. On his return he continued to pursue his ultra-Protestant activities, was made Bishop of Worcester, where he played havoc among the ancient monuments and ornaments in the diocese, and was as fierce against Nonconformists and ritual-loving Anglicans as against Roman Catholics. From Worcester he was promoted to London and thence to York, though always quarrelsome and at loggerheads with his Dean and Chapter. It was easy for a bishop in those days to amass a fortune for himself and enrich his relatives, by juggling with the leases of Church lands, and Sandys did all this, besides pulling down Church manor houses and selling the materials and even stripping the lead off Episcopal palaces for the same purpose. The Dean of York actually refused the Archbishop and his innovations entry into the Cathedral, while he of Durham slammed the door in his Grace's face, telling him that he lacked apostolic grace and was a lover of filthy lucre.

But he was a great man all the same, and too much for his enemies, which term seems to have included nearly everybody, till, in despair of upsetting him, some ingenious opponents bribed the landlord of an inn, where the Archbishop was staying, to introduce his wife secretly into his Grace's chamber and then to make entry himself in the character of an injured husband. This made a tremendous uproar and scandal. But the Archbishop was not to be had by any such fool's trick, and the contriver of it found himself in prison for life—at any rate for the Archbishop's life. His sons inherited his energy and ability without his deplorable failings and his firebrand qualities. And here lies one of them who founded a not very long-lived branch of the Sandys in Kent, since the fourth of them brought the name to an end, and that too by the very modern-sounding folly of dragging his gun through a hedge with the wrong end foremost.

Sir Edwin, like several of his family, took a leading interest in the founding of Virginia and was Treasurer of the Company. It was he who was chiefly responsible for the shipment of that



NORTHBOURNE COURT.

cargo of young women to the infant colony who were sold by auction to the planters as wives and paid for in tobacco. If he had his due thousands of living Americans should rise

up and call him blessed, as the original author of their existence. But Englishmen who know nothing of these things will be much more interested in the Knight's son, Edwin, by his last and fourth wife, who, succeeding a childless elder brother, inherited Northbourne. For this poor man fell in the very first cavalry encounter of the Civil War, and the way of it was this. Now his Worcestershire relatives were Royalists, Sandys of Ombersley being in command at Worcester during the unsuccessful attack upon it by Waller in 1643. So it was curious that in the opening of the war the year before, Sandys of Northbourne, who had doubtless caught the Parliamentary spirit of East Kent, should have found himself in command of a force of Roundhead cavalry on the very soil of his forbears.

For Essex was then, at Pershore, threatening Worcester, and Colonel Sandys was sent across the Severn to block the road from Worcester to Shrewsbury against a valuable convoy of plate from the Oxford colleges now waiting at Worcester to get forward to the Royal Mint at Shrewsbury. So Sandys and his horsemen were patrolling the banks of the Teme about Powick Bridge, two miles from Worcester, looking out for the convoy, when alas ! and alack ! he found instead Prince Rupert himself ! I have called the gallant colonel " poor man," for assuredly he deserved commiseration. His troopers at that early day were mere tailors on horseback, Londoners many of them. They could only just sit their horses, much less wield their sabres with effect. Rupert had just arrived at Worcester and had trotted out himself to Powick Bridge with a troop or two of horse, suspecting some movement thither on the part of the enemy.

Before reaching the bridge, but in sight of it, he and his command were resting in a field, his officers sitting around him holding their horses' bridles, while the men, also dismounted, lay a short distance off. Suddenly, to the surprise of the officer group, they beheld the head of a Roundhead column, who had not seen them for some obstructing foliage, crossing

the bridge. Rupert, sending word to his troopers to follow as soon as possible, and without waiting for them, leaped on his horse and accompanied by his brother Maurice, Lords



GREAT MONGEHAM.

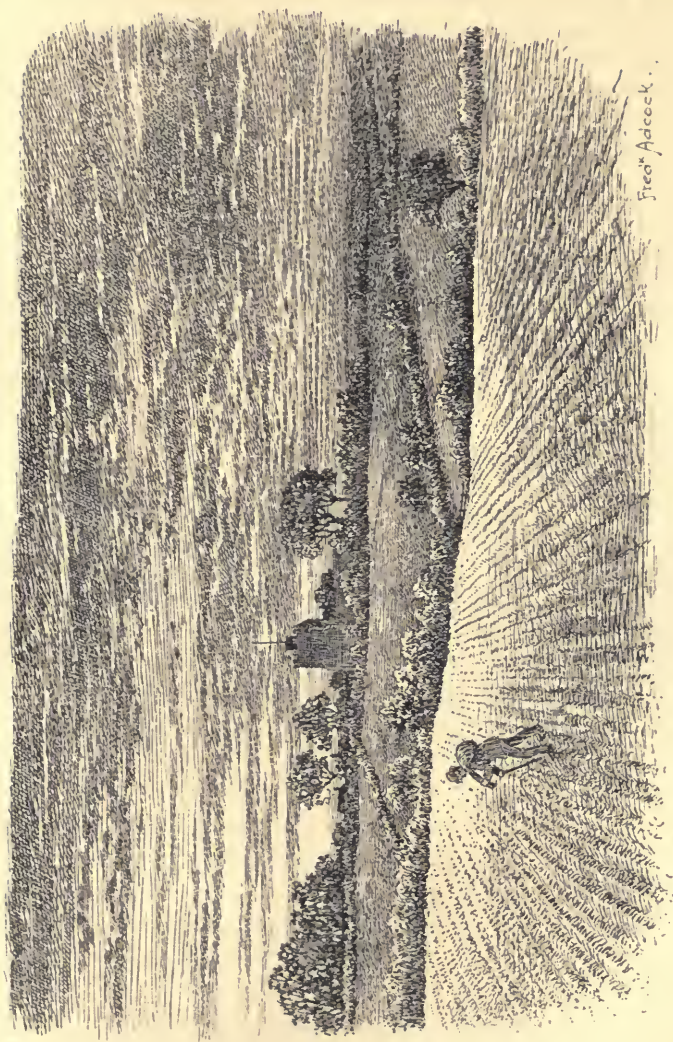
Byron and Digby, and a few other officers, rode straight at the enemy. Staggered by the dash of this handful of expert swordsmen and swept away by the succeeding rush of only

less expert troopers, the untrained Roundhead horse scarcely attempted resistance. Numbers were struck from their horses, among them Colonel Sandys while vainly attempting to rally his men. The bulk of the regiment galloped from the field as fast as their horses' legs could carry them, not drawing rein till they reached the main army ten miles away, where they spread the terror of Rupert's cavalry with such effect that the panic reached London and sensibly checked recruiting. Some of the fugitives were so much impressed, says Clarendon, that they threw up the service on the spot and went home!

Sandys, in the meantime, was carried mortally wounded into Worcester. Here he lay dying when Essex marched in to occupy the city. Tub-thumping and fanaticism now ran riot; the unfortunate Sandys was not even allowed to die in peace. Tortured with his wounds, he was forced to endure the spiritual thunders of two raving divines over his bed, till the breath left his body and gave him peace. So died the third Sandys of Northbourne. I have often in former years stood upon Powick Bridge and tried to picture that dramatic rush of Cavalier leaders on the raw Roundhead squadrons, but I little then expected ever to find myself paying my respects to the memory of the gallant commander of these hapless victims at his own church in far-away Kent.

Just below Northbourne are Great and Little Mongeham. Both are pretty villages, the former having an interesting old church with fine seventeenth century monuments to the Crayfords, who then lorded it in these parts, and whose ancestor had been knighted by Edward the Fourth at the Battle of Northampton. Admiral Narborough, the squire of Little Mongeham early in the next century, lost both his sons in the same disaster that overwhelmed Sir Cloudesley Shovel, whose sons-in-law they appear to have been. So wagged the world in this amphibious portion of it in the days of old.

As you leave the pleasant blend of Georgian farm-house and thatched barn, of tile-roofed cottage and luxuriant orchard,



Fred^r Adcock.

GREAT MONGEHAM.

which is the impression left after many passing glimpses of the two Mongehams, an open chalky country known as Sutton



WALDERSHARE PARK.

Down waves away to those higher ridges which hang over the chalk cliffs and the sea, from Walmer to St. Margaret's and Dover. The unfenced road dives for a space into a dark

beech wood, and within its brief shade crosses both the Roman road and the pilgrim's path to Canterbury, each clearly marked and travelled lanes. A mile or so more of like open country and the large finely timbered Park of Waldershare splits the various roads, though that through the Park, being a right of way, is well worth following. The great red brick Queen Anne mansion lies in a hollow in the centre of the Park. It was built by Sir Henry Furnese, who purchased the property in the late seventeenth century from the Monyns, who appear to have acquired it through marriage from the Mamages, a Norman family dating back as owners to the Conquest, where one of them was standard bearer of the infantry at Hastings. It was recently gutted by fire and rebuilt, but the shell of the house is, I fancy, mainly original.

But the chief interest of the spot, its historical *genius loci*, is the celebrated Lord North. For a Furnese heiress had brought the estate to Lord Rockingham, and on his death without issue had married Lord North's father, Lord Guilford. Hence the fortunate succession of this otherwise unlucky statesman to Waldershare estate and mansion. The great bare-fronted, many-windowed, red brick house, with its characteristic row of dormers, and facing a wide expanse of unalleviated gravel, looks a trifle severe amid the pleasant forest-like glade in which it is set. But with all his poignant anxieties throughout the disastrous American War, the various portraits of Lord North himself suggest anything but severity. For, despite all, he remained, I believe, a most amiable and cheerful person. Of all the faces of eighteenth-century statesmen as preserved for us by the painters, that of Lord North has always seemed to me among the most realistic, for the excellent reason, no doubt, that his face and features were out of the common in the homely rather than distinguished way. There is no forgetting their irregular, fresh-coloured, good-humoured unconventionality.

How much he was here in his father's time, I do not know,

for he did not succeed himself till ten years after his American troubles were over, and till he and the King were enjoying the sorry satisfaction of seeing the French monarchy, which had



THATCHED COTTAGE, BARFRETON.

brought about their defeat in America, go down in blood and chaos. But we may fairly assume that for many a year, either over the claret within these walls, or under the old oaks around them, no subject was more to the front than

the momentous struggle which seemed to the people of that time, above all to a family so deeply concerned in it, as if it involved the very existence of the British Empire. Lord North, or rather Lord Guilford as he afterwards became, was not buried here, but in Oxfordshire, to which the family belonged, the whole university of Oxford turning out to meet the cortège.

But his descendants, at any rate, lie in the little church at the corner of the Park, whose only interesting features are some monuments in the two chapels apparently rebuilt in red brick. In the north one is a huge cornucopia, supported by two life-size figures, to a member of the Furnese family. In the south chapel are early seventeenth-century tablets to the Monyns, the old owners of Waldershare, and a monument to a Montague, son of the Earl of Lindsay, a captain of Horse in Charles the Second's reign. At the other end of the Park an immense brick Belvedere, of the same date as the house, rears its head.

Just beyond the north-western corner of the Park is the little village of Eythorne, with a fairly interesting church, while within easy sight to the northward of it is Tilmanstone. Here another coal mine and rows of miners' cottages mar the open, semi-down-like landscape. A Northern miner, quartered in a red-roofed, white-walled Southern cottage, seems something of an anachronism! One wonders if their interior presents as dirty and comfortless an aspect as those upon his native heath. A cheerful, rosy-faced, upstanding young countryman, a small farmer in Eythorne, gave me one day what was obviously the local point of view of these importations, and may be quoted for what it is worth: "An ignorant, selfish lot, who don't know nothing." He had worked, he said, on the surface for some years with them and often had them under him. His opinion of their industry in the upper air, at any rate, was of the lowest, but local prejudice, I take it, must be allowed for!

Tilmanstone Church is a small building, with nave, chancel

and squat tower, of the Early English period, with a Norman lancet here and there. Within are seventeenth and eighteenth



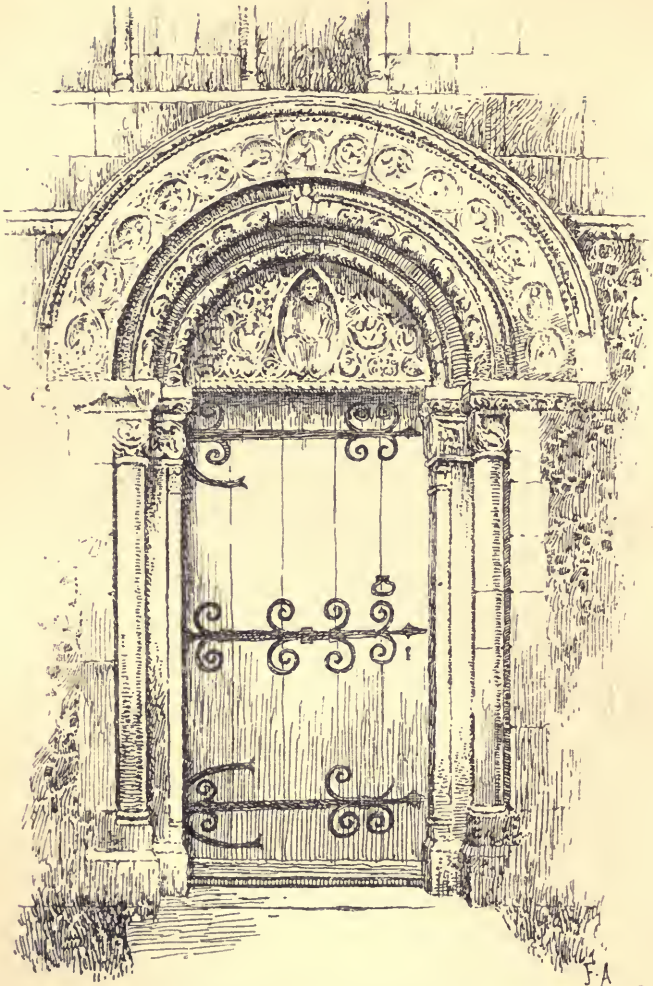
CHANCEL ARCH, BARFRETON.

century tablets to Faggs, Haltons and Rices of Dane Court, in the parish. There are also two Norman doorways on the

south side. In the churchyard is a noble yew tree, while a lych-gate, overhung with foliage, adds attraction to the spot.

A mile or so beyond the village and across a rather bleak bit of country, the leafy hamlet of Barfreston strikes a note of pleasing contrast. It is not for this, however, that hundreds of people find their way here, but for the richly decorated and almost unique little Norman church. Though quite small, consisting only of a nave and chancel, it is so elaborately ornate as to make any intelligible description of it ill-suited to the pages of anything but a technical work. It is built throughout of Caen stone and is little over forty feet long, and sixteen feet wide in the nave, the chancel being narrower. Its date is late eleventh century, and tradition has it that it was erected by a local magnate, perhaps a Hamage, in gratitude for some narrow escape from death, while hunting in the neighbourhood. The doorways both on the north and south side are a mass of elaborate carving, enclosing figures of men and women engaged in various occupations, of grotesques and animals, amid the most beautiful and varied ornamentation. The round-headed chancel arch is all in keeping, with fine chevron work in the mouldings, and springing from shafts, similarly ornamented, and with foliated capitals. On either side too of this arch are smaller ones, now blocked up, of similar design. The walls are decorated with ornate string courses and bands, while in the east end is a wheel window of eight lights. The exterior of the church is in decorative keeping with the interior, and as I have said, does not permit of a reasonably brief description. In the chancel is a mural slab to Thos. Boys of Barfreston, d. 1599.

The only little Norman church in England known to me personally which is comparable to this one is Kilpeck in Herefordshire. By an odd coincidence when casually mentioning the fact to the intelligent old lady in an adjoining cottage, who keeps the ponderous church key, she jumped to it at once, being herself, though quite by accident, familiar with



SOUTH DOOR, BARFRETON.

that other little Norman gem at the further side of England. I am told it is absolutely necessary to keep this church locked

and, in case of promiscuous parties, to accompany them into the building. One fondly imagined that at this time of day chipping and filching and vandalism of this kind was a thing



BARFRETON CHURCH.

of the past, but Barfreton, at any rate, suffered so much at the hands of its visitors, that these unwonted precautions have had to be strictly observed.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH

Deal

FROM the Stour mouth at Pegwell Bay, where the chalk cliffs of Thanet end, to Kingsdown beyond Walmer, where those of Dover begin, is as flat and straight an eight miles of coast as there is in all England. From one end to the other is the same steep shingle beach, and, till obliterated by Deal and Walmer, the same background of sandy dunes merging rearward into dyked fields and pastures. Through these again glide imperceptibly northward to the Stour at Sandwich, though kept in due subjection, various watercourses under the general name of the *Lydden*. Back of this wide, flat strip rise the gentle undulations into whose heart we penetrated in the last chapter. It is along their edge, now in the marsh, now up on the chalk, that the modern high road from Sandwich to Deal found itself compelled to pursue its present circuitous course, that it might serve the purpose, as I am told, of some interested landowner who had acquired a controlling voice in the making of it. This, however, matters nothing to us. For it is a pleasant country road, lifted well up betimes and opening out wide glimpses of land and sea, with receding Sandwich looking its best behind us and Deal looking perhaps its worst ahead of us.

For this back-door entry to Deal, save for a corner by the old parish church, as usual in these Kentish ports a mile from the town, is not inspiring. It is mainly the growth of the last half century, and every one knows what that amounts to in the rear of a watering-place! First there is Upper Deal, though the elevation thus suggested is not very apparent,

and then Middle Deal, a medley of villas, market gardens and railway lines. It is not till he has reached Deal proper and looked up and down the cheery High Street and then stepped off it on to the sea front, where the old and the new



MIDDLE STREET, DEAL.

towns meet, that a stranger, who had formed expectations from hearsay, would in any way realize them. For Deal has a character of its own. In the first place its boatmen, for skill and daring, have a national reputation. To them on

this account belongs the honour of a place in the Lord Mayor's procession. They are the watch-dogs of the Goodwins, and their courageous efforts to lessen the annual toll of lives that in night and tempest go down into those dreaded quicksands have filled chapters of naval story. In the second place, its "old town" for structural quaintness and suggestion of bygone days is inferior only to Rye and Sandwich.

Deal and Walmer have long been as much one place as Hastings and St. Leonards, though in no other way resembling the Sussex town. All that much matters here presses upon or near the sea-front, so that the two towns cover a long stretch of coast for their modest population. To realize this and to acquire a better first impression they should be approached from Sandwich-sur-mer, if the term is permissible, by way of the Deal golf links, and Sandown Castle, of whose scant remains a word later. First comes the northern extension of Deal, private villas lining a high sea wall and promenade. Following this going southward is the old town, its back doors and windows opening right on to the shingle beach, with all the litter of a sea-going people. Then comes New Deal, with its rows of modern buildings, its long pier beloved of anglers and its wide parade. Finally, retired behind a green common fringeing the sea as if fearful of its potential pranks is Walmer, or rather Lower Walmer, for the old village lies further on upon the upland. And beyond all this again, as you pass Walmer Castle and approach the chalk cliffs and village of Kingsdown which terminates everything, is a colony of new private villas on the naked dunes by the sea, which may be select but are uncommonly ugly.

Deal, as already mentioned, gathered its importance from The Downs. For the sake of such as may be hazy as to what that term so famous in naval history precisely signifies, it should be said that the Goodwin Sands here run parallel to the coast, at a distance of from three to five miles, beginning nearly opposite the spring of the cliffs at Kingsdown and

terminating off Ramsgate. They are partially uncovered at low water for a brief space and cricket has been played on them, though one must fancy that the side or a part of it who won the toss would have all the fun! A modern county match played day by day on the Goodwins would last perhaps two years! It is the irresistible suction of these sands which draws down such fated vessels as strike on them that accentuates their terrors.

Dry patches of sand can be seen at low water from Ramsgate or Kingsdown heights, while the commotion raised by wind and waves upon their shallows is readily visible from the beach. Landsmen might imagine that such immemorially familiar shoals, marked nowadays of course by lightships and buoys to say nothing of local geometrical bearings well known to all navigators, would have almost lost their terrors for the modern sailor. But the rage of ocean at times and seasons still defies the science of the sailor and the craft of the shipwright. Woe betide the limping schooner or crippled barque that is caught on the outside edge of the Goodwins in an easterly or south-easterly gale on a black night. So year after year the annual toll is paid, vastly reduced though it has been by the use of steam, while the ancient daring of the life-boat crews of Deal and its neighbours is kept at the high level with which long tradition has associated them.

As an offset, however, to the countless ships and lives that have sunk into the Goodwins, the barrier they present against the open sea provides behind it some seven miles of anchorage, which has been for all recorded time a priceless boon to the sailor and to the nation. One almost shrinks within such space as is at our disposal here from the very subject of The Downs, so much has happened and such pageants have been displayed upon its narrow waters. As the Plantagenets collected their huge fleets of little fighting ships in the harbours of Sandwich or Winchelsea, so, when

England under the Tudors became a naval and ocean-going power, The Downs, being near both the nation's heart and its outposts of defence, became the place of rendezvous for the fleets both of war and commerce. Here they lay, often for weeks together, waiting for a wind, completing their preparations, or taking in stores and provisions. Here too they took on pilots whether going up or down channel. For Deal, succeeding in this privilege its now landlocked neighbour Sandwich, supplied pilots, in addition to almost every material a ship could require.

In the eighteenth century and later, when naval affairs assumed such vast proportions, one likes to fancy the scene which The Downs must have so often presented. Battleships of every class, great merchant ships by the score, sometimes by the hundred, coasting vessels innumerable, schooners, cutters, luggers, mostly smugglers, all setting their sails with the advent of the long-expected breeze. Not an admiral probably in three centuries of navy-lists but has lain in The Downs and gone ashore at Deal.

Till these great days but an insignificant fishing-village, a limb of Sandwich with Cinque-Port privileges and duties, Deal now grew and prospered. By 1699 she had outgrown her mother port in numbers and far, in her own opinion, in consequence, and was chafing bitterly at being governed from Sandwich with all the restrictions and inconveniences thereby involved. To their great joy, however, and to the disgust of Sandwich the Deal men now got their charter, their mayor and their corporation. For even in those early days there were sometimes as many as 300 ships in The Downs, more or less drawing on Deal for all they needed. With all this trafficking, suttling and smuggling Deal seems to have been more prosperous than pious. Its first corporate period would appear to have been given over to prolonged rejoicing in the fact that it had a mayor at all ! The next man, however, Mr. Powell, being of strong Puritan convictions, thought he

had a mission to reform the town, and though not without inward tremors he proceeded to run amok in it. He has left a journal of his endeavours, in which the soul of the Calvinist of that day is curiously laid bare and his methods illustrated.

He first posted up the Queen's Proclamation for the suppression of vice and immorality and gave out that he would strenuously enforce it and punish any officials who failed to support him. But the terror and depression of spirits which fell upon this poor pious Mayor at the prospect of showing the courage of his convictions was so great that some of his friends began to think he had taken leave of his senses. His first campaign was against Sabbath-breaking, and he opened it from the top of the stairs on Sunday morning in his own house, from which pinnacle he harangued his two maids, commanding them to read their books and catechisms and not to venture out except to church, above all not to visit their friends or relations. He was resolved, he told the trembling maidens, on a general reformation of Deal manners, and thought it well to begin at home. Then, having spent some time on his knees and shed copious tears, he set out stick in hand to look after Deal. He found that his orders had been obeyed better than he expected, but many shops and public-houses still defying them had refused to close their doors. Some of them said they did not understand such proceedings and were not going to be stifled behind closed doors for any upstart. The Mayor retorted that he was engaged in the Lord's cause and was resolved to go through with it and reform Deal. All the servants and seamen who crossed his path were charged to abstain from drinking and bad language, for that the rod in his hand would prove a severe scourge to all manner of profanity, vice and immorality. Thus through the streets of Deal the bold Mayor wended his way, nor passed an open door that he did not close by persuasion or threats. "Some," he tells us,

“ thought I was mad, but I told them that it was not the voice of a madman but of the chief magistrate.” Hearing a seaman making use of some of those endearing expressions common to his profession, he took him by the collar and before all in the market place put him in the stocks, telling the crowd that he would serve any among them who gave occasion in like manner.

Soon after this he collared a lady of light character and marched her off to the whipping-post where he gave her twelve lashes, “ parleying with her at every third stroke, and telling her that he would serve all the women of her sort who came to Deal in the same fashion.” Next day twenty-five of these ladies left the town for Canterbury, “ using the most frightful imprecations and swearing they would not return till the pestilent Mayor was dead and d——d.”

Next Sunday on his way to morning service he bagged another blaspheming sailor and clapped him in the stocks and thence pursued his way to church, shouting to all the publicans to close their doors. He found a coach in his path just starting for Canterbury and at once and very literally put a spoke in its wheel. In church he observed the parson had no surplice, so he sent up a sergeant to him demanding the cause of such an omission, “ whereat both clerk and parson laughed.” So after service he gave them both a talking to. But this was nothing to his achievement while the seventy-fifth Psalm was being said. For “ standing up, I spread my hands and pointed round the church to some whose ill lives I knew, as well as their conversation which this psalm particularly hinted at.” On the way home he had more sport with the public-houses, collecting many fines from men within them.

He was not in the least put out, but rather pleased than otherwise when some of his brethren on the bench declared that they were tired of his eccentric activities and would not lend themselves to such extremes. He told them, however,

he wouldn't abandon his efforts, for they were all in the Lord's cause. But as soon as his worship's back was turned all the doors flew open again and the language became once more free and easy. "Nevertheless," says he, "I so continued Sunday after Sunday." He circularized the brewers, the publicans, the bankers, even the schools in which he places "Sunday playing and robbing orchards" in the same category. "All these things made many persons I had a regard for slight me. Some took the liberty to lampoon me in song and verse in no measured terms, while others took to ridicule and banter. While I received letters in verse reflecting on me harshly." But the heart of this unctuous soul at least was stout as he drove the fear of his conception of the Deity into his fellow-townsmen with stocks, lash, fines, jail and banishment and finding therein ample compensation for the dislike of the mob and the ridicule of his compeers. Almost, one might fancy, Deal began to consider its new-found independence dearly bought and cast some backward glances of regret on the easy-going if inconvenient suzerainty of Sandwich. One must do justice, however, to the Calvinistic hero : for near the close of his term of office, in 1703, the most frightful tempest upon record smote the shores of Britain, and in a single night no less than thirteen ships of war were wrecked, four of them on the Goodwins. Two hundred survivors were left upon those treacherous Sands at low tide which might seem to spell security. But it was then, and I believe is even still, despite modern appliances, no safe or easy matter in a gale to get people off them. But Mayor Powell's energetic measures were equal to the occasion, and he closes his stormy reign with some compensating meed of approbation, though, indeed, no one had ever disputed his energy. This was the storm in which the Eddystone Lighthouse was swept away, and damage done in the country generally to the extent of thirteen millions.

Deal (with Walmer) is in my opinion, both at a first glance

and on more intimate acquaintance, the most attractive of all the Kent seaside places, and I fancy this preference is not uncommon. It stands to be sure straight as a ruled line, for its entire length upon its sea front. But then, the steep, rich-coloured gravel beach, everywhere dropping sharply, with scarcely a touch of sand even at low tide, into the clear and deep sea, uncontaminated by mud or slime, is of itself fresh and pleasing. The old town, too, the quarters of the ancient sea-going folk and those concerned with them, thrust out as it is with its boats, nets and marine litter on to the shingle and battered in every gale by the salt spray and scud of the waves, is not merely picturesque from the artist's point of view, but far more than that presents a felicitous and suggestive reminder of all that Deal has been. Not that Deal has by any means broken with its past. Its life-boats and the Goodwin Sands take sufficient care of at least one link with it. The pilots too in their braided coats and white naval caps, constantly going back and forth to ships in their smart little steamer, preserve another. Till lately the Deal boatmen looked on this carriage of pilots as their traditional perquisite. But like other heroes they have their traditional failings, one of which is the common tendency to abuse a monopoly. So the authorities, it would seem, found it cheaper to provide a steamer for the pilots and so left the boatmen with a perennial grievance which they air to visitors in their leisure hours. Many of the nautical writers, however, protested loudly at the time against the action of Trinity House.

Then again Deal has an immeasurable advantage in facing the Downs in that the sea is always alive with a variety of shipping and much of it quite close in-shore. Fifty or a hundred or two hundred years ago in the days of the sailing ships, what an inspiring scene on occasions, what a picturesque one always must this have been! But what shall we say now? A few red-sailed fishing-boats, the white wings of an

occasional barque or schooner break the rather monotonous collection of dingy-coloured machinery which to-day chiefly ploughs the deep. Technically interesting, no doubt, but spectacularly a woeful contrast to the graceful lines and sensitive, responsive sails that some of us even now can remember as the normal occupants of the sea. One feels somehow more in contact with the open sea at Deal than at most other places. It is always at your feet. The long pier too is not quite as other piers. It seems to get further out into the open sea and is but lightly encumbered with the litter of flimsy buildings common to most pier-heads. Sea craft, such at least as they now are, pass and repass from Richborough and elsewhere within a stone's throw of it, and from its extremity the pilots are constantly embarking for the large ships lying in the Downs but a short way out, bound for or hailing from far countries.

But Deal pier is mainly in possession of the sea-angler and those who, in default of the more sensational entertainment provided on most pier heads take a placid interest in his fortunes. For even at a season when little but small whiting, and not many of these, are to be caught, about every twenty of the 350 yards of the pier's length and upon each side of it is stationed some patient soul with rod or hand-line and beside him all the crude accessories of the sea angler. At the end of the pier are lower stages in the framework, near the water line, reached by stairways and frequented, I should say, judging from their more elaborate paraphernalia and a certain proprietary air, by the élite of the craft. One's sporting instincts during a disengaged hour on Deal pier naturally turn to general and friendly enquiries as to the luck of the day from such of this extended company as suggest by their appearance a genial response to such overtures. And this last is important! A trout fisherman with an empty basket is seldom philosopher enough to hail with much enthusiasm the advances of the curious on the river bank, though

enough of a gentleman, let us hope, to receive them politely—even if he does not always admit the worst ! The sea-angler, in off seasons at any rate, has so many near neighbours in like predicament that he is probably less sensitive and in truth does not take things to heart so seriously. However, I gather that many of them, both men and women, for there are always some of the latter, to say nothing of boys and girls, look upon holding a rod on the pier, with the off chance of a bite, as a good method of spending a happy day, and I have no doubt it is.

But one ceases after a time to press enquiries, even on the expert, whose philosophy and sociability has already been tested and merely to pass the time of day, assuming that if anything unusual has happened one will certainly hear of it. But let me hasten at once to repudiate any notion that these frivolous utterances are applicable to Deal pier in the heyday of its fishing-season. From September to Christmas, when the codling and big whiting, besides conger eels and etceteras are in, Deal is above all other resorts, *pace* our Broadstairs friend, the Mecca of the London and South-country sea-angler. The experts of the craft affect it more than any other place upon the South Coast. A sort of anglers' season sets in in October. Hotels and apartments lay themselves out for it. The boatmen, wise themselves, I need hardly add, in all that pertains to sea fish, then enjoy a sort of Indian summer of prosperity. For the pier, though the recipient of many good catches in that season, and heavily frequented, gives of course nothing like the results that are achieved out at sea, 100 lb. of codling being no uncommon day's catch for a single boat.

Deal, in short, is altogether a bright and cheerful place, even though the east wind strikes it with pitiless force. In summer sunshine the air fairly sparkles, and if the wind, however light, is off the sea in seasons elsewhere hot, Deal, is apt to be undeniably chilly ! Between the old town and the new, the chief quarter for visitors and much like such elsewhere, all about

the pier that is to say, is a middle-aged district, merging at either extremity into the old and the new, and by no means ill to look upon ; rows of irregular houses, perhaps a century old more or less, fronting the sea, and connected by short lanes with the High-street behind them. This is the heart of the town as regards the sea-front, and still retains an old-world and pleasant flavour of the Napoleonic and sailing-ship period and all that it meant to Deal. Just north of this, with its back abutting on the shingle, is the *Royal Hotel*, a now modest, though snug, hostelry, where Nelson himself, and in truth every celebrity in naval history of that era, to say nothing of illustrious soldiers and travellers by the score, must at one time or other have dined or slept. For it was the chief and official hotel of the place through all those stirring times.

Close to the pier and virtually on the front is an old ivy-clad mansion, built somewhere about the year 1700. It proclaims itself at a glance as belonging to a different period from its neighbours. When first erected, it stood outside the southern edge of the town. For we know all about it, since for much of her long life it was the abode of a lady celebrated in her day, and even outside Deal not yet forgotten, as her biography, written by a present day woman of letters, was published only recently. Miss Carter, commonly known by a not infrequent courtesy of her period as Mrs. Carter, was the eldest daughter of the highly-respected and second vicar of the town of Deal proper. For the old parish church a mile inland had just been abandoned to its more immediate district and the present building on the High Street, technically known as the Chapel of Ease to St. Leonard's, erected with the aid of a two shilling duty on every ton of coal brought into Deal. One may note in passing that St. Leonard's for a pagan—for a Queen Anne church, of unabashed Queen Anne design is vastly mitigated by its charmingly sylvan and well ordered frontage to the street and its large wild and woody graveyard, stretching far away backward.

Here, beneath the shade of bordering avenues, or amid an Arcadian luxuriance of shrubs and matting grass, sleep by the score the smugglers, mariners, boatmen, captains, commanders and admirals of Deal, with their women folk and children around them. In the far corner under the trees is the tomb of a young naval captain, Edward Parker, a special favourite of Nelson, who himself stood here as chief mourner at the funeral, and as this was in 1801 his presence attracted large crowds, though it was not the only funeral of his comrades killed in action that the great sailor attended here. Parker had been wounded a month previously off Boulogne. Disputes and mishaps extended the building of this masterpiece over many years and our old friend Powell the Puritan mayor seems to have been largely responsible both for initiative which conceived and the energy that completed the building and incidentally for the quarrels which marked its long-laboured upraising. It was finished in 1716 and Mr. Carter, the celebrity's father, took charge as second vicar two years later and remained so for fifty-six years. Though he was a power in Deal for all that time he does not concern us unless worthy of mention as a country parson who could teach his daughter Greek, Latin and Hebrew, Italian, German and Spanish! The young woman learnt French from a Huguenot refugee, but feeling herself in middle life insufficiently equipped with all these tongues added Portuguese and Arabic to her accomplishments, even publishing a dictionary in the last-named language.

But to justify all these preliminaries concerning a lady almost entirely forgotten by the public outside Deal, it must be stated at once that Elizabeth Carter was a *Pas-bleu* of the highest order, an intimate of Mrs. Montague, of bishops and archbishops and of the celebrated Dr. Johnson himself, who said she was the greatest Greek scholar he knew. For while still in her thirties she had published a translation of *Epictetus* which challenged the admiration of scholars throughout

Great Britain and beyond. But though she mixed periodically in the inner literary circles of the Capital, she never deserted Deal, but made her home there for the whole eighty-eight years of her life, a fact which would give an even less distinguished woman a right to high place among its worthies. She was born in 1717 in a house in the old town, her mother dying ten years later, from grief, so her daughter states, at the loss of her fortune in the South-Sea bubble. The Vicar marrying again, Elizabeth hit it off excellently well with a not very interesting or capable stepmother, and despite her own numerous avocations, acted as both mother and teacher of a numerous second family with complete success, till they were all successfully launched in life.

She was in truth, with all her erudition, an extraordinary woman, for she not only published a good deal and wrote admirable letters to the literary celebrities of the day, a few of which are preserved, but had at the same time strong domestic as well as outdoor tastes. She rode or walked across country for miles every morning before breakfast and besides joining in the mild social dissipations of Deal, travelled long distances to dance or dine at the houses of the neighbouring country squires. One is bound to add that a sense of duty and a horror of putting on intellectual airs seem to have been the chief motive for these dissipations. Indeed, she showed, in spite of every temptation to desert it, a life-long loyalty to Deal, though suffering at the same time from life-long headaches which she attributes to the continual and piercing east winds. She rails at these last, though full of enduring affection for the "wild, wide skies and ever-changing seas." Well as Deal society knew her it knew nothing at all of her friends in London, whither she frequently went and in later life with annual regularity.

'It was in 1762, at her stepmother's death, that she took what is now known as the Carter House and brought her aged father there. She nevertheless has some sly hits at Deal

society and Deal ways in her private latters. She "listens with patience to the local gossip, which comprises the whole of Deal conversation." "But, oh dear! oh dear! how can I continue to make talk!" With aching head she visits at one house where "the hostess talked very loud, the lap-dog barked, the child cried, and the maid to stifle the pandemonium blew a horn." The universal prevalence of smuggling distressed her. "Our great people break through all the sacred authority of law and order and lose all sense of what is decent in pursuit of French fal-lals. I hate to see the carriages of people of rank leave Deal loaded with contraband goods, encouraging the unfortunate people to their ruin."

One friend of hers, a squire living on the London road, would open his window when a clattering of horses in the night was heard and a voice would reply: "All right, squire, we'll shut the gates." From which he knew that his stables were emptied as well as his servants' quarters, including that of the domestic who rode in front of the family carriage with a lamp strapped to his waist, and performed when required the same office for the "free traders." The goods were hid in a wood to be removed to a chamber twenty feet underground at leisure. She constantly alludes to the Furneses of Waldershare, who she declares had made their fortune by smuggling. Her outside friends thought that Elizabeth was thrown away in Deal, and her father was anxious to get her a place at Court. But on the whole she liked her quiet life, though the abnormal length of the calls which Deal society insisted on used to make her so restless that she could hardly endure them and "longed to jump out of the window." There were frequent scares of an expected French landing to vary the monotony, Deal having been from the time of Cæsar the spot in all Britain most accessible to such attacks. On one of these occasions there was a great to-do in the Carter household. Polly, one of the maids, rushed to secure her money, while Betty "wrung her hands, lifted up her eyes and roared."

Besides her annual visit to London, Miss Carter used frequently to take a part in Canterbury gaieties. She seems to have made a fair amount of money by her writings, critical and satirical, though probably the thousand pounds she received, together with a European reputation, for her *Epic-tetus* was her biggest haul. The game of push-pin, she writes, had been substituted at the Canterbury assemblies for dancing to the annoyance of all the smart young Kentish squires. Elizabeth herself was much bored with push-pin, and when asked if it was true that her London friends were surprised at Canterbury being given over to it, she replied, "No; but I am informed that it was publickly talked of in the drawing-rooms of Madrid, and that the Queen of Spain thought it very odd." Indeed, her country neighbours seem to have had a wholesome dread of her satirical tongue. But she danced and visited and acted plays among them all the same, though at one time or another on various terms of intimacy or acquaintanceship with all the great men of the day; Pope, Bolingbroke, Hume, Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, Burke, Lyttleton, Pulteney, Johnson, Garrick and many others. She does not appear to have seen much of Royalty, though the Duke of Cumberland and the Princess of Wales once visited her at Deal. The Georges and their offspring would probably have bored her to extinction, nor is it likely that she had the temperament to suffer Royal dullards as gladly as Fanny Burney.

Archbishop Secker, of Canterbury, her official landlord by the way, as indeed he was of most Deal householders, together with Hoathly, Bishop of London, were her very particular friends. Gossip had allotted her as wife to both of them, as it had to many others, among whom were Richardson, the novelist, and Lord Bath. Indeed, Mrs. Carter seems to have been quite a personable woman and refused many good offers from youth onwards. Her father, who had two families to support, had been very anxious to get her married, but when

she achieved financial independence and above all took domestic control of the house and of the education of her brothers and sisters, who all ultimately married, he had much cause to be thankful for her spinsterhood. She chaffed and was chaffed about her single condition all her life and enjoyed keeping the tongues of her friends wagging about this or that celebrity as on the way to breaking down her resolution. Even at eighty she used to say, "You never know what may happen." When Mrs. Thrale married Piozzi and another elderly Bluestocking married a youth, Mrs. Carter was hugely amused. "Marriage," she wrote to Mrs. Montague, "seems to be as general this year as influenza, but as you and I have escaped the one, we shall not be carried off by the other. Good lack-a-day, what a *tapage* such an event would make in the world!" She had quite a reputation for dress in Kent, but always found herself unfashionable in London, "where life without fashion is regarded as mere breathing."

She wrote for *The Rambler*, and I have already alluded to her friendship with Johnson, who paid this tribute to her: "My old friend Mrs. Carter can make a pudding as well as translate *Epictetus* and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." On another occasion, when the Government was being criticized as incapable and it was jestingly proposed that a female administration should be tried, the Doctor observed that in such case Mrs. Carter would undoubtedly be Archbishop and her friend Mrs. Montague First Lord of the Treasury. Of one of her early and local admirers she gives an amusing account. "A tremendous ringing one night at the bell announced a messenger from an impetuous young man whose wig was never straight and who bumped against everything he met. It was a proposal of marriage demanding an immediate answer." Elizabeth thought her refusal would wait till the morning, at any rate, but before the household was up the violent ringing was repeated and the awkward swain got his answer.

This wonderful old lady died at her London quarters in Clarges Street, during one of her periodical visits to the capital, which she never abandoned till her eighty-eighth year. The Carter House, as it is now called, has not been greatly altered, save for the curtailment of its old garden, though it did duty for many recent years as the annex to an hotel. When I last saw it, it was empty and for sale. The lady's father seems to have been a gentleman of determination. For he braved the wrath of his congregation, and that of Mayor Powell must have been terrible, by absolutely refusing to read the Athanasian Creed, so his brother gave him £1,000 to provide a curate to read it for him!

The old town of Deal, apart from the picturesque intimacy of its sea-front quarters with the beach already alluded to, and indeed admired by every one who has ever written about or even seen the place, covers a good deal of ground. The streets are narrow, with still narrower thoroughfares cutting through them to the shore. The houses are mostly late seventeenth or early eighteenth century, and whether individually or in groups are often quaint and picturesque. But old Deal is more shabby and sombre looking than Sandwich. Being a fisherman's town this is inevitable, behind the actual sea-front, but it is neither so sombre nor so shabby as old Hastings or old Folkestone. The Flemish, or to be precise the Spanish, gable is very frequent. A local antiquary told me he had counted over seventy without exhausting the area. Among the mass of comparatively small buildings there are quite a number of good old Georgian houses that no doubt sheltered in their day many a snug burgess of good fortune made by smuggling and provisioning the fleets, the two main industries of bygone Deal. These look shabby and forlorn enough to-day in their narrow quarters and among their meaner contemporaries or seniors confronting or flanking them in the cramped streets. But to such as care for these things, the old town at Deal, through which its life-blood

flowed during the generations which gave it such romance and fame as it enjoys, will well repay a leisurely inspection. I fancy too that its merits will come as a surprise, for I do not think that they have much outside repute. Its intricacies, moreover, are said to have proved uncommonly useful to a population who were among the most desperate smugglers in England.

Deal in the Middle Ages and before then, save as the scene of one supreme though remote event, was of small importance. As a limb of Sandwich, and a minor member of the Cinque-Port Confederacy, her small population, then grouped around the parish church, played their minor part. But it can never be forgotten that it was here on this level strand that Cæsar landed on those tentative invasions of Britain, B.C. 55 and 54, which anticipated the Roman Conquest of the island in the following century. One can only give here the conclusions generally arrived at by a mass of investigation, scientific and historical, with Cæsar's own account as working basis. Now there had been plenty of communication, both commercial and military, between the Britons and the Gauls across the Channel. Indeed, the occasional assistance rendered by the former to the latter against the Romans gave something of a punitive flavour to Cæsar's enterprise. Otherwise, it would seem to have been a blend of curiosity and ulterior motives concerned no doubt with potential conquest. For the island appears to have been virtually a blank to the official Roman mind. So the first of the two invasions was obviously tentative, hardly more indeed than a reconnaissance in force. Moreover Cæsar was not ready till the summer of 55 was nearly over. He had made attempts to get information about the island from Gallic traders, but they proved uncommunicative, as would perhaps be natural. He had also sent forward a ship to reconnoitre, but its captain was inefficient or nervous. So when he left Boulogne (as is supposed) on August 26 (as is calculated) he was pretty much, singular though it seems,

in the position of an explorer confronted by an unknown shore.

But Cæsar had to land a large force with all its accompanying engines and materials of war on this *terra incognita* in the face of a martial people prepared for his coming. Eighty transports accompanied his warships and galleys, but his cavalry, embarking from another port, were hopelessly late and when they did arrive were immediately broken up by a storm. It was about nine in the morning, after a smooth passage, that the Roman fleet found itself off the Dover cliffs. As these afforded no sort of landing-place and furthermore were covered with native warriors who had received ample notice of the invasion, Cæsar now called a council of war, when it was decided to sail northward with the tide, which flowed about three in the afternoon.

So the great fleet, with its transports and galleys, swung along the coast before a fair wind and tide, the Britons, with their chariots, keeping pace with it upon the heights, till at seven miles, according to Cæsar, the cliffs gave way to the low shore he was looking for, namely, that of Walmer and Deal. It was here that the landing was attempted, which after a good deal of brisk fighting succeeded. The shore line at that time, even were it quite the same, could hardly have been banked up as now by shingle, since even the small Roman ships found the water too shallow to allow of their being beached. So the troops had to leap into the water, where the lighter-clad Britons on foot and in chariots met them more than halfway with both courage and fury. The Roman troops for a time were baffled, and came, it seems, within an ace of defeat. But subsequently with the help of archers and war engines, handled on ships brought near to the shore, and all apparently of terror-striking novelty to the Britons, the disciplined soldiers of Rome forced a landing and formed a camp.

We have no space here for any detailed description of the three or four weeks spent on this shore by Cæsar and his

troops. Fortunately there are many and accessible accounts of this brief campaign, so far as conjecture and calculations and topographical knowledge tally with Cæsar's statements. There were brave but futile attacks on the Roman forces, and by the latter, forays for food which entailed further skirmishing. For a severe storm destroyed many of the Roman transports and disabled numbers of other ships. So being thrown partly on the food resources of the country, it was fortunate for the invaders that half the harvest was still uncarried. Beyond these necessary forays, carried out by the Seventh Legion, bad weather curbed any ambition of the Romans for more distant enterprises. The British war chariots, too, in their attack, spread temporary panic among the invaders, who had never faced such things before. And though the islanders made more than one overture for a truce, the Romans on the whole had an anxious month of it. For one thing, they had been compelled to send over the Channel for more ships, and with the equinoctial gales impending were no doubt glad enough to shake the sand of the Deal dunes out of their shoes and recross the sea.

The next year, however, Cæsar returned in great force with more serious purpose. Ship building had gone forward through the winter at Boulogne with such dispatch that 800 vessels spread their wings or flashed their oars before a favouring south-west wind, which bore five legions of infantry and several squadrons of cavalry, in all nearly 20,000 men, towards the English coast. It carried them at first too far eastward, for they were bound for the old landing-place; and Cæsar found himself, after the sun had risen upon his vast flotilla, bearing towards the Thanet cliffs. On learning, however, that the British forces were so intimidated by the magnitude of his fleet, that they were retreating inland, he got his ships back at leisure to the Deal shore and disembarked his forces, this time without interference.

Leaving a strong corps to guard his ships, Cæsar now set

off with the rest of the army to engage the Britons, who he heard were awaiting him in the interior. These were of course the men of Cantium, then regarded as the most civilized of the Britons, and no doubt of comparatively late introduction from the Flemish mainland. They were encountered about twelve miles inland, prepared to defend a ford on a river, which must obviously have been the Stour in the neighbourhood of Canterbury. The Romans forced the ford, but their further advance was promptly checked by news from the ships that another bad storm had worked such damage among them that Cæsar returned at once, had the whole fleet drawn upon shore and surrounded by a rampart. This tedious task, though engaged upon by the whole army, seems to have occupied about a fortnight in completion.

Leaving his ships with a strong guard, Cæsar again pushed rapidly inland, and, to be brief, crossed the Thames above London, beyond which the tribes under Cassivellaunus had gathered to resist him. The latter, being thus hard pressed, the Kentish men, by way of diversion, made an attack on the entrenched ships, which proved, however, unsuccessful. Upon this, both groups of the Britons came to terms, promised their allegiance and an annual tribute in money, and Cæsar, with only this to show for his successes, save for some further knowledge of British topography, re-embarked his army and returned to Gaul and Rome.

But the allegiance amounted to nothing and the money was never paid. Nor were the Roman arms seen again in Britain for nearly a century, when the real conquest began. So these early expeditions of Cæsar's, interesting though they be as stirring incidents in an otherwise blank period of British history, must be accounted as without any result whatever. So far as we know, they promoted neither increase of trade nor greater intercourse with the Roman Empire, and for nearly a hundred years afterwards Britain remained as much cut off from the world as she had been before Cæsar's invasion.

Precisely where Cæsar made his two camps on the flat shore of Deal has of course been for all time an inexhaustible subject for speculation, and will probably continue till the crack of doom to afford a like entertainment. For the whole of this littoral being so much concerned with the long and permanent Roman occupation so abounds in remains of it, that all such traces of the earlier enterprises as may have been left must defy serious identification.

Now at either extremity of Deal stands one of Henry the Eighth's castles, or to be literal his defensive forts. Indeed, to be quite precise, only one of them is still actually in being. For nothing now but the foundations of Sandown Castle remain, while that of Deal, though under the official shadow of Walmer, is occupied by a governor of whose duties, if any, I have no conception. The scant remains of Sandown will be found at the very point of the last sea promenade in North Deal, that villa suburb north of the old town already alluded to. Indeed, as you jump off it and see nothing ahead of you for miles but sand dunes and golf links with the Pegwell and Ramsgate cliffs craning out to sea in the background, you just avoid dropping into a hollow crater of mortared masonry, which is all that the sea thundering on its edge at high tide and the demands of builders, including various Lord Wardens at Walmer Castle, have left of it.

In truth, it never was of much importance. When Perkin Warbeck landed a force somewhere hereabouts, which was slain or captured for a more ignominious death by the Sandwich trainbands, the castle was not in existence. Like its contemporaries, it provided a salary for a captain and wages for a small garrison, till the latter, outliving its utility, succumbed to some fit of national economy. Sandown stuck, however, to its captain (generally a deserving naval officer) till 1853, long after it had become merely a temporarily repaired ruin and *pro tem.* coastguard station. Almost its only claim to interest is as the prison for some years of one

of the regicides, Colonel Hutchinson, and this partly to the fact that his faithful consort, who took quarters near by, has left us a description of her husband's melancholy situation. The Castle was utterly unfit, she tells us, even for a prison or for accommodating "the half-starved, pitiful, vermin-haunted company of foot" sent from Dover as a guard. Hutchinson was a gentleman of family and property, and his wife is indignant, not merely at the squalor of his quarters and the blackmail continually attempted by the Captain or Governor, one Freeman, but by the insults offered both to him and to herself by that worthy and his lieutenant.

He has one companion in his misery; an obscure person, Gregory by name. It is not, however, his social inferiority that the Colonel objects to, but his "carnal mind and want of godliness." The wife and daughter walk wearily back and forth from Deal, then a mile away, twice daily, endeavouring to mitigate the physical and moral sufferings of their hapless lord in his dark and damp abode. With pious industry they gather shells upon the beach, which the imprisoned Colonel diligently sorts, in his attempt to cheat the weary hours. The heartless Captain Freeman, regards his prisoner from the frankly sordid point of view of the common jailer of tradition. His miseries were aggravated so that amelioration in instalments for cash down might be more readily arranged. Hutchinson resenting this base treatment at the hands of a man who had been a colonel in the Dutch wars and captain of the Sandwich trainbands, Freeman asked the Governor of Dover how he could make more money out of his captive. "Put him in the dungeon," said that doughty official; and so we have a pretty picture of two Cinque-Port dignitaries, in the year 1663.

Though Freeman durst not put the Colonel in the dungeon, he so contrived for his greater discomfort that the unfortunate man died at the end of six months. Both the local doctor, "who had been godly when it was fashionable but had since

lapsed in grace," and a "great physician from Canterbury," twice summoned, declared that death was due to hardship and ill-usage. Freeman resented this verdict and wanted to have an inquest held a fortnight after the Colonel's body had been embalmed for removal to his own country! which



DEAL CASTLE.

amused the doctors but did not shake their verdict, though no effect came of it. We gather that Madam Hutchinson, in the course of six months, told this corrupt and shabby captain more home truths than he had probably ever heard in his whole former life!

Deal Castle, which confronts the sea where the new visitors'

quarter begins to merge into Lower Walmer, has been treated in very different fashion. The thick drum towers and walls are all in good condition, though rather disfigured as a picture by the addition of a modern residence, and the deep, wide moat is gay with lawn and flower-bed. Walmer is, of course, one of the chief and ancient headquarters of the marines. Their principal barracks, looking across a noble expanse of tree-bordered greensward, drill parade and cricket ground, towards the sea front, almost makes one long to be a marine. The well-set-up, jaunty and even still smartly clad young men of the famous corps strike a pleasing note of white, buff and blue, with an occasional dash of scarlet among the crowd on every leading thoroughfare, while their celebrated band contributes to the summer and holiday attractions of the Deal sea front.

I daresay Deal is as crowded as its neighbours in August, but in the earlier summer months, when, and if, the east wind has either ceased to blow or lost its nip, it is a most delectable place of its kind. There is a sparkle in sea and sky, and a warm, rich light upon the shingle beach. The chalk headlands of the South Foreland cliff-range, close at hand on the one side, the white walls of Thanet craning out to the North Foreland on the other, make fine play with the shifting clouds and sun gleams. Deal and Walmer, particularly the latter, have for generations been the haunt of retired or half-pay veterans of the Navy. Many famous admirals have spent their months or years here, to say nothing of their anxious wives, when great naval wars were going forward. In those easy days, the naval or military ladies could pick and choose the locality where such trials might seem to them to be least unendurable. They did not have to bundle in anywhere they could, as was so often the case in the late Great War. Readers of Jane Austen may remember how in *Persuasion* that cheery matron, Mrs. Admiral Crofts, who had sailed on five warships with her husband, to her great comfort and enjoyment, selected

Deal on the one occasion when she had to stay behind, miserable as she declares herself to have been even in the daily presence of so much naval activity.

To tabulate all the battles that have been fought with the Dutch and French in or about the Downs and Goodwins, would be pretty nearly as hopeless as to reproduce descriptions of all the wrecks upon the latter which each in their day proved a nine days' wonder, or, still worse, to make a list of all the notable people who have come and gone through Deal and Walmer or made sojourn there. Among these last, however, I admit that the disembarkation here of Anne of Cleves, on her way to meet Henry the Eighth, as the by-proxy-accepted candidate for his fifth wifeship, takes my fancy not a little in the retrospect. If the poor young woman had been capable of seriously feeling Henry's disgusted repudiation of her on sight, and not in fact had a lucky and happy escape, the humour of the whole business would be much discounted by sympathy for the rejected. But as she was merely sent away into luxurious country quarters, to play about with other young women, eat and drink to all the extent her Germanic soul loved, wear handsome clothes and be rid for ever of her Bluebeard husband without paying anything that her half-baked and materialistic nature would consider a price, we feel as free to laugh as much as we like at the whole queer incident.

Southampton, who, it may be remembered, was largely responsible for making the match and described her to Henry as a beauty, together with 400 nobles and gentlemen, had met Anne at Calais. Bad weather detained the party there for three weeks. Lady Southampton and her friends found the lumpish, thick-complexioned, dull-witted German girl almost more than they could bear. They tried, but without success, to teach her cards. All seemed to have felt that some dreadful mistake had been made, cautious as is their language, and looked forward with doubt and dread to the first meeting

with the King. When at length they reached Deal, Anne was taken straight to the castle, then recently built, where she was received by Lord and Lady Suffolk, and a salute of



RUINS OF SANDOWN CASTLE.

guns. Thence she went on by Dover to Canterbury, five bishops coming out to meet her on Barham Downs. What their lordships thought of her history does not say. But then they had not to spend three wet weeks bottled up with

her in cramped quarters, or to try and teach her the difference between a club and a spade!

At Rochester the King met her and we can imagine how the company, particularly Southampton, quaked in their shoes at the dread ordeal. What we are told in the rather guarded language of those present gives a clue at least to the realities of this extraordinary scene. There seems to have been nothing definitely repulsive in Anne. A Deal skipper might even have called her a fine woman! But there must have been something indescribably awkward and underbred in her appearance, indicative perhaps at first sight of that utter lack of mentality, which had made her escort so dread this day. The poor King, who had been led to expect a beauty, was beyond a doubt shocked and staggered. His manful attempts to bear up against the blow and be decently civil, are sympathetically described by various courtiers, though they were by no means successful.

He turned his head away, we are told, more than once, and after a few minutes left the room altogether. His only uttered criticism was an aside: "She is nothing so fair," but his demeanour, we gather, implied tenfold more than that. The political friendship of Germany was vital at the moment, so he could hardly send Southampton and others whose perceptions had been blunted by political expediency, to the block for so hideous a practical joke. Moreover the Germans thought her handsome, as we can well believe. But even for a German alliance he could not stand Anne, and as we know, sent her packing with a dispatch only paralleled by that exercised by the Prince Regent, three centuries later, towards another German princess. Anne of Cleves, however, ingenuous hoyden that she was, didn't seem to mind that in the least, though her relations did, whereas Queen Caroline spent her life in making that of her egregious husband, so far as she could, uncomfortable. Perhaps we may read much of the trouble regarding poor Anne in Lady Browne's brief

criticism, that she had been "grossly brought up."

We have got a long way, however, from Deal, and the old Parish church of St. Leonard's, a mile into the country, is worth a glance. Not precisely as an architectural gem, for the original edifice has been so often and at times so hideously pulled about that a mere trace only of its Norman work survives, and not a very great deal of the succeeding Gothic. There is a brick tower too of James the Second's time, and many yet more modern intrusions. But all the same the interior has a truly Deal and seafaring flavour. For example, there is a curious "pilots' gallery," erected in memory of the Great Storm of 1703, and displaying a picture of a three-masted ship in full sail. There are many memorial tablets to Harveys and other local families, and on the chancel wall a brass tablet, set in Betherstone marble, showing a knight kneeling at a desk, his helmet and gauntlet on the ground, with a scroll above inscribed: "Toujours Prêt." This we read is Thomas the son of John Boys of Fredville; d. 1562, a gentleman at arms at Calles who attended Henry the Eighth at the siege of Bulle, two years Mayor of the town of Calles and afterwards Captain of Deal Castle.

*"Though Thomas Boys, his corps in grave doth lie
Yet Robert Boys faith to him shall never die."*

A filial utterance for which his son, no doubt the raiser of the tablet, was responsible. Here too are commemorated the Coppin family, one of whom was the first Mayor of Deal. One may note too in passing that when Calais was taken in Queen Mary's time, the whole English population of many thousands was expelled in the dead of winter, and great numbers of these refugees settled in the Cinque-Port towns.

Till comparatively recent years the lugger was the characteristic craft of Deal in all its sea-going relations, whether assisting wrecks off the Goodwins, trading with ships lying in the Downs or smuggling. One of these old Deal luggers has happily been set up on the beach at Walmer, and is

rapidly becoming an object of antiquarian interest. The hardy and fearless men who sailed them have constantly



WALMER CASTLE.

in the past been objects of the fiercest invective in prose and verse. Their temptations to exaction were of course infinite, and they had every facility for combining to fleece the sea-

going public. Fielding, when he came home a dying man, cursed them almost with his latest breath, as his ship lay in the Downs. But it was not as mere hucksters and boatmen that the public arraigned them, for it went so far occasionally as to accuse them of holding off from doomed ships till the promise of exorbitant rewards had been exacted. This seems to have been rank libel and always excited prodigious indignation among the articulate class on the coast, who knew them but were not of them.

In 1705 a work called *The Storm*, published in London, defamed the Deal boatmen most scandalously and created commotion enough alone to justify its title. Deal rose en masse in its wrath. To cull a fragment from this libellous tract :

“ These sons of plunder are below my pen
Because they are below the name of men.

My verse should blast that fatal town
And drownèd sailors' widows pull it down.
No footsteps of it should appear
And ships no more cast anchor there.
The barbarous hated name of Deal should die
Or be a term of infamy.”

And a good deal more to this purpose. No wonder Deal was stirred to its uttermost depth! The Mayor and Corporation wrote indignantly to the publisher demanding the name of the author with threats of prosecution, which after some delay transpired to be none other than Defoe, whose lurid imagination in regard to some of his own adventures would of itself go far to acquit the Deal boatmen in the eyes of modern readers. But Defoe's contemporaries made no such allowance, and there was a tremendous uproar. By avoiding Deal and the London haunts of Deal men, Defoe managed to escape with a whole skin till the trouble blew over. Many authors, from Clark Russell to equally well-informed but less effective literary champions, have in later



GATEWAY, WALMER.

days more than made up to the Deal boatmen for the libels cast on them by this distinguished member of their profession.

In the Napoleon wars, Stock Exchange frauds used to be

ingeniously contrived by way of Deal. At one time Buona-parte's death would be announced by a landing party dressed as French officers. At another, French papers prematurely announcing the occupation of Paris by the Allies would be distributed. On one occasion an officer purporting to be an aide-de-camp from the British headquarters arrived on a lugger and pretended to start in a post-chaise for London with false news that reached the City soon enough and caused a wild day on the Stock Exchange. Lord Dundonald, famous in South America but of rather irregular and impracticable repute at home, lived for a time in Deal and was fined £1000 for implication in one of these plots, though he succeeded in clearing himself. The Deal boatmen under the promise of great rewards, which seem to have been honourably paid, put a good many French officers escaped from prison across the Channel, and the smuggling of newspapers, which fetched high prices, was another exciting pastime. Hundreds of wounded too from the field of Waterloo were brought to the large hospital at Walmer, now the Barracks of the Marines.

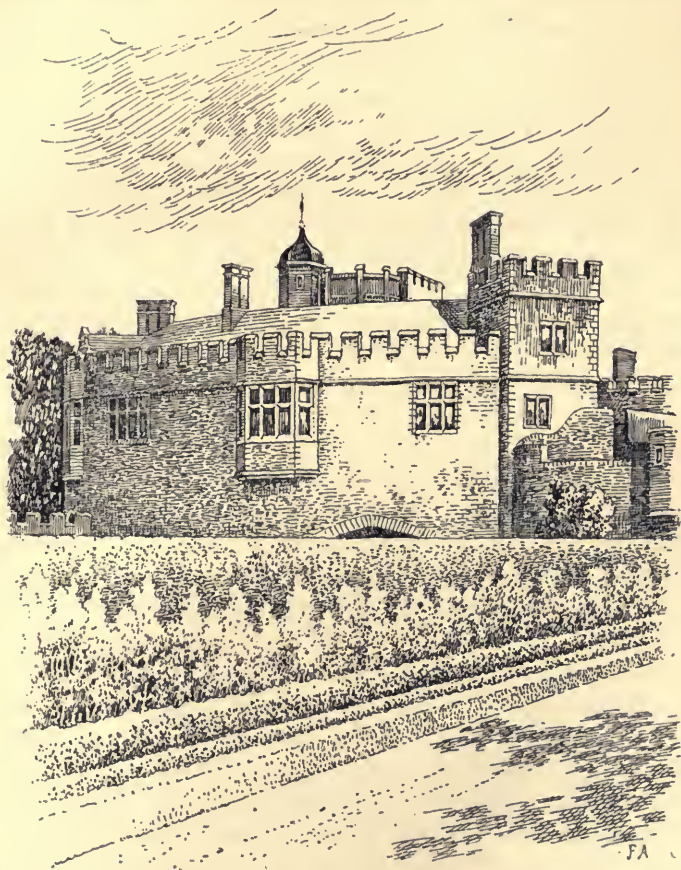
Walmer Castle is far and away the most imposing survival of all Henry the Eighth's fortresses, as for some two centuries it has been, with interludes, the residence of the Lord Wardens of the Cinque-Ports, and maintained by the Crown in a condition suitable to such a purpose. Lord North, William Pitt, Wellington, and Palmerston are among its many famous occupants. It stands some two miles beyond Deal, picturesquely poised above the broad sandy strip that separates the gentle upward slope of the Walmer district from the uncompromising line of the steep shingle beach, to the cliff headland of Kingsdown.

The castle stands aloof, flanked by fair and well-timbered parklands, and fronted by a broad, terraced garden which trends upwards at the back into charming sweeps of woody lawn about which hangs a tale, flavoured with a quite unexpected touch of humour. For it was in William Pitt's long

occupancy as Warden, during the Napoleon wars, and about the year 1803, that his masterful niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, who ended her eccentric career, it may be remembered, as a sort of Turkish Pasha, came to keep house for him at Walmer. Either engrossed in war's alarms, or as a bachelor indifferent to such amenities, the surroundings of the castle struck my lady as altogether inadequate to its dignity. Pitt apparently pooh-pooh'd her ambitious proposals in the way of landscape gardening, and put his foot down on her schemes, or thought he had. For those acquainted with this lady's determination and achievements, will understand that it would have taken a very large-sized boot to have thwarted the one or crushed the other. In this case she said nothing, but merely waited for her uncle's next absence in London. She then, by some mixture of assumed authority and perhaps cajolment of generals, ordered the whole garrison of Deal up to the castle and set them to work with pick and shovel, levelling and planting the charming grounds that so vastly enhance it to-day. When her uncle returned after a comparatively short absence to such a transformation scene, contrived in such autocratic fashion, well! history does not relate his remarks upon it. But it is not likely that Lady Hester would have cared much what anybody, even a Prime Minister, had to say.

Her letters in the Stanhope papers tell us a good deal of what Pitt was doing. How he raised a force of 3,000 men in the Cinque-Ports, serving with them himself and going personally through every exercise under the instruction of a drill-sergeant. In 1804 she writes that they were in daily expectation of a French invasion. They had field days too and reviews by land and sea, forty luggers, each armed with a gun, manœuvring on one occasion. But the associations of Walmer Castle, like those of Deal itself, with great events are far too crowded for any rational reference to them here. Nelson's presence in The Downs for most of October, 1801, calls, however, for brief notice. He was then engaged in his

not very successful naval attacks upon Boulogne. That he was in frequent consultation with Pitt at Walmer Castle, as local prints and traditions sometimes assert, does not seem



WALMER CASTLE.

probable from his letters. He certainly called on "Billy Pitt" to find him in bed and asleep, though he seems to rather grudge the trouble as the said "Billy" "hadn't done

anything for me or my family ! ” He was asked to dine too, and was apparently surprised as Pitt, prior to Lady Hester’s arrival at any rate, “ did not keep house in appearance.” Nelson’s leisure was more congenially employed in writing to Lady Hamilton, which he did almost every day while in The Downs. When on shore he used to dine, we are told, at *The Three Kings* in Deal.

The Duke of Wellington, however, is the real *genius loci* of the Castle, as he lived there pretty constantly during the last twenty years of his life and died there in the little room he chiefly occupied. This has been kept practically as he left it and is the only point of particular interest in the Castle, save for such as must always attach to a house which has been the home of so many men who have made history. The Duke seems to have endeared himself to the local folk by the easy manner in which he went about among them and by many small acts of kindness which are well remembered. There are no end, too, of stories about him. One of them would hardly have recommended him to Lady Hester ; for it tells how a deserving old soldier applied to him for work at a moment that he happened to want a gardener. The Duke offered him the post. “ But I know nothing about gardening, your Grace.” “ More do I,” said the Duke. “ Get to work at once.”

The moat of the castle, as at Deal, is turned into a garden, and some of the drum towers with curtain walls are still here, but a good deal has, of course, been done to transform the building into a residence equal to the demands upon it, though without the partial disfigurement occasioned at Deal. It may be added that the public are admitted upon stated days.

Old or Upper Walmer was a very small place a century ago. It lies on the long slope and on the Dover Road which climbs up it to the broad plateau at the back of the Downs that overhang the cliffs. All of it is more or less verdant and umbrageous, with scattered residences and a few old houses

clustering within easy reach of the venerable and picturesque little church.



THE KEEP, WALMER.

This last is interesting in itself and quite delightful in the charm and seclusion of its surroundings. Set in the top corner of a large sloping graveyard fringed with foliage and close

beside some of the finest old yews I ever saw, this little Norman building served well enough for the three hundred souls which constituted Walmer parish in the eighteenth century. Though for that matter an unsightly addition to the north, alluded to with horror by those who saw it, seems to have been erected to meet growing needs, but has happily, with the advent of a new church, been removed. The tower fell down a long time ago, and now nothing remains but the original little nave and chancel, in good order and repair. There is a fine Norman chancel arch with varied chevron and billet ornamentation, and a Norman south door. The nave is lit by three lancets in the north wall and at the south by a three-light, squareheaded window and one lancet, while the west window is decorated and of two lights. The chancel, more or less Early English, has a lancet on each side and a single one for its east window. On the wall is a large tablet to a L'isle, "scientist, as testified by Cambridge University and his books." Squire of the body to James the First and Charles the First, d. 1637. Also his brother, squire of servers to Elizabeth and James the First and Captain of Walmer Castle. "Descendants of Lord de L'isle and Rougement." Otherwise the walls of the little church are covered with tablets to the memory of admirals, captains and army officers, with their relations. Many slabs and headstones in the well-filled churchyard, obviously covering vaults, commemorate the old burgess families of Deal and Walmer. One upright stone is surmounted by the very cannon-ball which slew the individual who lies beneath it. This is surely unique!

In one of these well-stocked family vaults lies a former merchant of Deal, who in the eighteenth century owned a famous smuggling craft named *The Ghost*, as it was painted white. A family story, told me by his great-granddaughter, relates how the owner, while waiting one moonlight night for a valuable cargo to be beached, was approached by Elizabeth Carter taking one of those nocturnal rambles she much affected.



WALMER OLD CHURCH.

He politely requested her to take her walk in another direction. But the lady, knowing the reason, began to upbraid him for setting, in his position, such a bad example and so forth,

to say nothing of running such terrible risks. He replied that he himself was the best judge of the risks, as no doubt he was, and again requested her, this time with effect, to walk in another direction. To close this chapter with an incident connected with Deal, that only came to light when it was nearly finished through the discovery of an old document by a fisherman among his family papers. This describes the burial in 1757 of a London merchant or tradesman, in accordance with his will, in the Goodwin Sands. The coffin was conducted by the clergy and mourners in boats, and with due ceremony sunk in the sands under the expectation no doubt that the suction would retain it there. A fortnight afterwards, however, it was discovered floating about off the North Foreland by a homeward-bound Dutch fishing-smack and carried to Holland, where it was re-interred in a more retentive grave.

CHAPTER THE NINTH

Deal to Dover

THE coach-road—if such an obsolete and inapplicable term be still permissible—from Deal and Walmer to Dover can by no stretch of fancy be endowed with much



ST. MARGARET'S BAY.

of interest. After the little hamlet of Ringwold with its ancient church, and Oxney with its enveloping woods, breaking the bare, chalk uplands, have been left behind, the remaining five miles are singularly devoid of attraction, till the brink is reached of that fearsome hill which looks down upon Dover. Better by far is it for such as have a reasonable use of their legs to follow the high cliff edge, which offers no impediment from first to last in the whole eight-mile stretch, unless the welcome halfway break of St. Margaret's Bay be accounted one. For such purpose, motor-buses from Deal, which ply frequently to the foot of Kingsdown cliff and hill, are most convenient. Climbing thence on foot, and for choice up the long street of the little village, the wide-open down, with its cliff edge not far distant, is quickly reached and, though the solitude for a time is broken by a colony of summer villas for which an adjacent golf course of the usual down type is no doubt responsible, once beyond these, all is free and open.

The chalk cliffs are here consistently precipitous, and the tides when high break against their base and at the ebb chafe among the litter they have shed in ages past. You can walk, too, as near their edge as you feel inclined, and enjoy a new sensation of looking out over the Channel from an altitude of three hundred feet above it. And if the day be clear, the eye can readily follow the line of white cliffs about Boulogne, till they merge into the lower and more indistinct shores of the Calais littoral, and vanish altogether behind the seas which wash this Flemish corner of France. Here and there, too, beneath us at the foot of the cliffs lie shattered relics of the late war; the tip of a mast above water marking the grave of some torpedoed vessel, the battered hulk of a patrol ship hugging the cliff, or the remains of a German submarine wedged among the rocks. It is grim and inhospitable enough down there, for all the white gleam of the chalk above and the song of larks innumerable on the

quiet flower-scented down. You may fancy, too, if you like, the massed forces of the Kentish Britons, chariots and footmen surging eastward along these smooth, grassy heights, on that fateful summer afternoon, nearly 2,000 years ago, attuning their excited steps to the progress of the strange Roman fleet which covered the sea beneath them.

Another long rise in the cliff path and from its high summit the great rift known as St. Margaret's Bay opens out below, in surprising and delightful fashion. This is by far the most engaging bit of sea-shore interlude in Kent. As Fairlight and its parallel glens present a spectacle, not merely unequalled by anything else upon the Sussex coast, but even savouring of the exotic in its characteristics; so this charming little bay, with its village, half buried in foliage upon the very verge of the yellow sands, or terraced upon the face of the woody steeps above, takes one by surprise in its sharp contrast, its sudden and brief departure from the normal habit of this bare, wind-swept coast of Kent. It is not exotic, to be sure, in the same sense as Fairlight, a great out-thrust, that is to say, of lofty sandstone, wholly at variance in form and drapery with the normal sea-front of South-Eastern Britain. For St. Margaret's is not a break in the chalk, but something almost suggestive of a physical freak, and a very charming one too! There is nothing un-chalk-like, however, in the deep, sheltered bay, with its two high, white headlands, protecting it no little from winds and waves, while incidentally I can well imagine that the place could at times achieve an uncommonly high temperature!

But the precipitous nature of the background of the little bay, nearly 300 feet in height, upon whose face the village, despite its frankly modern construction, has not as yet too aggressively or thickly distributed itself, is not at all Kentish. Still less so is the abounding foliage, which from quite high up the steeps, drops down to the very lap of the tide. As you descend the deep-sunk, twisting, perpendicular lanes,

beneath the over-arching branches of oak or ash, framing within their leafy curves bright glimpses of the blue sea and golden sand, one might fancy oneself at Ventnor or



ST. MARGARET'S BAY.

Bonchurch, rather than within an hour's walk of Deal or Dover. There are here no parades or piers. Some bowery little houses with strips of bright lawn lifted above the sand terminate the descent, while a few others of modest dimensions

distribute themselves unconventionally along the short sea front. A few pleasure boats are hauled up on it, their owners scanning the Channel with that intent and searching gaze which would seem to have become an hereditary habit with those reared on this stimulating coast, even when there is nothing to look at.

Most of the visitors, however, live away up on the heights. The bi-daily pilgrimage up and down these is an effort, no doubt, well worth paying for the privilege of this quiet and snug haven, though it involves in the higher regions the ascent and descent of prodigious flights of steps. For elderly people with weak hearts, St. Margaret's is perhaps as little to be commended as for those who like their whiff of sea air to the accompaniment of bands and Pierrots, or flavoured with the antics of bogus Ethiopians.

The *Granville Hotel* hangs more or less midway on the steep, and with its cheerful rooms and leafy terraced garden suggests again the Isle of Wight undercliff rather than the coast of Kent. Yet the whole of this sea-front of St. Margaret's is modern. Before the war it was threatened with far-reaching extensions, which would have detracted no little from such measure of exclusiveness as I believe it now enjoys, and in view of the present condition of things, will no doubt enjoy for a considerable time to come. St. Margaret's, moreover, has the distinction of being actually the nearest point of English land to the coast of France.

But the old village of St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe lies half a mile inland, grouped around its striking old Norman church and some two miles again from the railway station of Martin's Mill. This noble church is among the best in the district. It stands lifted well up above the little village street, and comprises a west tower, a nave with side aisles, and a chancel. One's first glance at the exterior is arrested by the fine Norman arcading, which runs the whole length of the clear-story of the nave and continues along the north front of the tower.

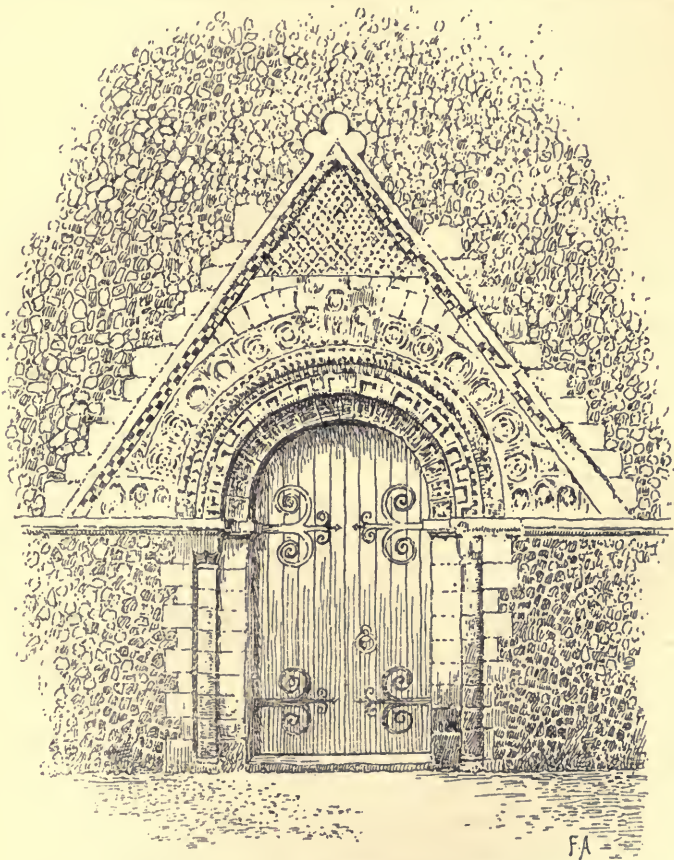
Formerly, till obliterated by some repairing work, it extended round three sides of the tower. Every third arch in the



ST. MARGARET'S-AT-CLIFFE.

clear-story arcade is pierced by a lancet window, while beneath the parapet of the lofty roof and above the arcade

runs a cornice of Norman ornamentation. The west door in the squat and partly modernized embattled tower is in high repute among Ecclesiologists and is a beautiful piece



WEST DOOR, ST. MARGARET'S-AT-CLIFFE.

of Norman work. Its arch displays several courses of mouldings, richly and variously decorated, and is surmounted by a gable pediment, supported by imposts, while the interval is decorated by scroll-work carving. The north doorway

of the nave is also Norman and but little less ornate, its deep mouldings showing the lozenge, crenellated and rope decoration.

The nave interior well upholds the general distinction of the building with its four lofty Norman arches on either side, their mouldings enriched with chevron and crenellated ornament. Two of the columns on either side are circular, the others clustered. The tower arch opening into the nave is pointed but rests on Norman shafts with cushion capitals. The chancel arch is Norman, and springs from shafts with elaborately carved capitals. All the windows, in both chancel and nave, are lancets, mostly plain Norman, three of which in a straight line represent the east window. I am told that the curfew is still rung here through the winter months, an ancient fund existing for the purpose. As all the surrounding country is bleak, open and thinly peopled, the secondary object of this ancient usage, that of a comfort and guide to benighted travellers, must often in former days have met with grateful recognition. Nowadays, its notes are of purely sentimental utterance, as much so as those proclaiming the day of the month, which further duty the St. Margaret's sexton is apparently committed to by the terms of the bequest.

No one, I take it, looking inland from the village to where the distant Deal and Dover road proclaims its trail with all the dust and raucous clamour of modern traffic, would feel tempted by this uninspiring vision of a chalk plateau at its worst, to desert for it the high down and the cliff edge. In such case and a mile or so from St. Margaret's, crowning the highest point above the sea between this and Dover, he will be confronted by the imposing pile of the South Foreland lighthouse; while a couple of hundred yards away and nearer the cliff edge is its long discarded predecessor, now serving, I believe, as a private residence. Henceforward, the ever precipitous cliffs gradually begin their downward trend to Dover, and a short mile walk upon smooth, springy turf brings into view the famous town and its great arti-

ficial harbour lying far beneath, with the superbly placed and most famous castle in all England poised in the forefront of the picture.



WESTCLIFFE CHURCH, ST. MARGARET'S-AT-CLIFFE.

We may omit, I think, the rest of the walk. Buildings of all kinds, mostly concerned with the late war, have crept upward on to this vital spot of high-land, this centre, as it

might almost be termed, of all the nation's observation posts, both in our own day and in those of our fathers. As regards the former, every school-boy knows roughly what Dover has stood for, or at least has heard talk of the Dover Patrol, though we may venture to doubt if many in those parts of the country far removed from it realize all that it has meant. As to its great and hardly less significant past, it might well seem at the first glance, and even on nearer acquaintance, to be well-nigh obliterated in the modern, rather smoky, deep-sunk town and immense modern harbour works which shut it out almost completely from the open sea. Whether regarded from the heights above, or at close quarters, after descending the long and fearsome hill which even the coach road is compelled to face, into the town itself, it is difficult to carry one's fancy back to the little pilgrim-haunted Cinque-Port that stood here at the mouth of the small river, Dour, five hundred years ago.

To be frank, apart from its aloofly situated and matchless castle, that has neither slumbered nor slept but always slowly grown with war's alarms through the centuries, modern Dover is little calculated to stir the memories which belong to it. It is, in truth, a sombre-looking, bustling, rather noisy place, with little to please the eye or move the historic sense, while on a warm day, its atmosphere is undeniably stuffy. There is no old quarter to suggest at a glance its definite link with the past, as at Hastings, Deal and even Folkestone. It announces itself through local publications to be a seaside resort ! But one can hardly imagine many visitors coming here nowadays for such a purpose, unless, perchance, their interests were deeply engaged with the intricate machinery that now ploughs the deep. For the great harbour, whose piers and breakwaters which now almost from point to point of the bay shut out the sea, is always full of every variety of such craft. But, having myself next to no understanding of these matters, I confess

to having generally been almost as much relieved to get out of Dover at the end of a long day, as most of us are to get off the Calais boat at its Admiralty Pier. This may sound heretical, and is of course merely an outside point of view. Yet, I have some reason to believe it is one which would meet with a good deal of support.

Before the harbour extensions thus blocked the sea almost completely out, people used really to come here for bathing and the like, and numbers affected it as a residence. But I do not fancy very many people, who are not concerned with the life of the place either ashore or afloat, now set up their household gods in Dover, nor may we suppose, despite the local hand-books, that such a busy town cares very much whether they do or not, or whether summer visitors much patronize its rather curtailed sea-front. The rich store of history that lies buried under modern Dover is in truth so voluminous as to raise doubts of how to deal with it at all in such brief synopsis as is only possible here: doubts, that is to say, of the reader's forbearance, when there is so little left save the castle to illuminate the tale, and the transformation has been so complete.

But Dover, though not originally the senior port, an honour which belonged to Hastings, soon became *de facto* the leader and the strongest of the Cinque-Ports; and above all the official head-quarters, as the residence of that officer who, as Captain of the Castle, later on developed into the Lord Warden. Indeed, it gathered its importance chiefly from the great castle, lifted into a first-class fortress by William the Conqueror, and also from its being the nearest port to France, and hence more and more as time went on the most utilized for passenger traffic; so much so indeed, that edicts were occasionally issued that no foreigner should land in England at any other point.

The first outstanding incident in Dover that we hear much of occurred in Edward the Confessor's time, when

Eustace of Boulogne, on returning from a visit to that King, tried to plant his numerous followers at free quarters and indiscriminately upon the townsmen. This was a baronial



DOVER CASTLE.

right of general acceptance on the continent ; but Englishmen, even then, would put up with so such licence, and one of them refusing to harbour a Norman of this company and

being attacked and wounded by his would-be guest, promptly killed him. Eustace and his friends then sought out and slew the gallant burgess. After this taste of civic blood, they proceeded to run amok, and killed twenty-eight more Doverites. But the latter had no mind for such treatment and went for the Normans whole-heartedly, slew about twenty, wounded great numbers, and finally drove them out of the town. Eustace escaped by the skin of his teeth, and burning with indignation hurried back to the Norman-loving king with a one-sided report of the fracas. Edward then ordered Earl Godwin to take punitive measures against the men of Dover. Godwin, however, not being a Francophile, took their part on hearing their version of the story. But Count Eustace, it seems, had not even yet had enough of Dover, for four years later he visited it again and tried to repeat his old game, this time killing seven citizens who refused quarters to his men. Another large-sized brawl occurred. Once more Eustace was ejected, and repeated his former visit of complaint to the King, who with seeming ingenuousness again ordered Godwin to execute vengeance on the town. But it was Eustace, not Dover, whom Godwin was yearning to chastise, and his answer was to march a force against the King and demand the pestilent count's person.

It is stated in Domesday that Dover, on condition of furnishing twenty ships to the King for fifteen days, was free of all such liberties, as may be generally described as those Cinque-Port privileges, with which the reader, I trust, is by this time acquainted. As Alfred was the first Saxon King to possess a fleet, it is quite possible that this system of maintaining it may have dated from his time. At any rate, when William came, he put it on an organized footing. But the shingle beach at Dover, with the little river Dour, i.e. Dwfre (water), breaking through it, was undoubtedly a port of sorts in Roman times, coming midway as it did between Richborough and Lymne. For that a fortress of

some kind then existed on the castle hill is sufficiently proclaimed by the existing Pharos and other surviving fragments of Roman masonry, of which a word later. Traces of Roman occupation, too, are, or have been, thick in and about Dover itself, while the Roman road to Canterbury bears witness to its status as a port.

Through Saxon times, some sort of a castle undoubtedly kept watch and ward over this nearest point of accessible land to France, and even then Dover seems to have had official recognition as the chief passenger port and even some monopoly of pilotage. Throughout the Norman period and the Middle Ages, the little town, under its impregnable castle's protecting towers, enjoyed comparative immunity from foreign raids. Hitherto, the national foe had been the Danes. Whatever Englishmen had learnt of coast defence or sea-fighting, and whatever privileges had been earned by these Kent and Sussex ports, had been on Danish account. One attack only was made by the Danes after the Conquest, which the ships of Dover and her neighbours repulsed so decisively in 1069 as to earn the goodwill and the favours of the Conqueror.

Henceforth, the Scandinavian Rovers gave up England as a bad job, and re-crossed the North Sea never to return. As mentioned earlier in these pages, the channel now became for a century and a half an Anglo-Norman lake—the long calm before the still longer storm of raid and battle which followed the Anglo-French cleavage, and all therein implied. Of Dover town, from a civic aspect, there is not a great deal that calls with any urgency for notice here, for the simple reason that its existence was in the main that of the other Cinque-Ports. Its corporate limbs were Folkestone and Faversham, its incorporated satellites St. John's (Margate), Birchington, St. Peter's (Broadstairs), Kingsdown and Ringwold. The great Priory of St. Martin's, founded in the eighth century, was the spiritual and in a measure no doubt

the material prop of ancient Dover. It was badly damaged by William the Conqueror's soldiers, who made such ill use of the peaceful capitulation of the town that William recognized the injustice, and not only compensated the citizens, but rebuilt and re-endowed the priory. But in course of time its canons fell into such disreputable habits that it was handed over to the Archbishop, who sacked the lot and started it afresh with new blood of a less heady temperature—a stern measure which preserved the monastery intact till the Dissolution. Only the large Refectory Gate-house and Guest-house remain and, by good fortune, in the present safe keeping and daily use of Dover College, which covers the monastic site. There is also the old graveyard, used till comparatively recent times and containing a gravestone inscribed, "*Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies,*" a characteristic message left to posterity by the pleasure-loving eighteenth-century poet, who died at Boulogne. His famous contemporary, Samuel Foote, whose life and eccentricities from childhood onwards included so much more than that of most distinguished actors and playwrights, actually died in Dover, but was moved on for burial to Westminster Abbey. The magnificent Priory Church of St. Martin's was demolished for house-building operations in 1845.

But the pilgrims were naturally the great domestic problem—at once the burden and the profit of mediaeval Dover—above all during those interludes when it was the only licensed port for Channel passenger traffic. Till the capture of Calais by Edward the Third, Boulogne and still more Whitsand, of whose precise situation I confess ignorance, was the over-channel complement of Dover. In addition to the ordinary traffic, thousands of these pilgrims, bound to or from Canterbury, swarmed upon the streets and shore-front. The town was then no larger than Sandwich or Winchelsea, if so large. Moreover, it had a terrible set-back in 1295, almost the only time the French handled it in deadly and destructive fashion.

Edward the First was at the moment up in Scotland with the Cinque-Ports fleet and the French, having landed



DOVER CASTLE FROM CONNAUGHT PARK.

15,000 men, played utter havoc with the place. Eventually a sufficient force of English gathered to drive them out,

killing, according to the chronicler's lavish estimate, 5,000 : "Every moder's son, ther escaped none." But this sanguinary retribution did not help Dover, which took a century or more to recover from the blow. This catastrophe, however, gave occasion for raising walls, round the town a precaution hitherto neglected. There is nothing now left of these defences, and the last of its many gates was pulled down at the close of the eighteenth century.

But the pilgrims, with a further and chronic influx of disbanded seamen, had become a problem long before the first Edward's time. For that stout patriot Hubert de Burgh, while Constable of the castle in John's reign, founded the *Maison Dieu* as a refuge and shelter for both classes. It was richly endowed, and as recently restored still stands in Biggin Street. After the Dissolution, it was used as a brew-house and subsequently as a marine store. It is now quite a noble hall, enriched by a number of fine stained glass windows, representing notable incidents in Dover history. Among them is the landing of the Emperor Sigismund in 1416, who came over with the intention of forming an alliance with Henry the Fifth. But the English Barons, having suspicions that he might possibly mean something more, waded into the sea with drawn swords and challenged him to declare his peaceful intent before allowing him to land, a truly dramatic and spirited performance ! Another window shows with great gorgeousness of colouring and detail the embarkation of Henry the Eighth for the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and on a third is portrayed the landing of Charles the Second at Dover on his restoration.

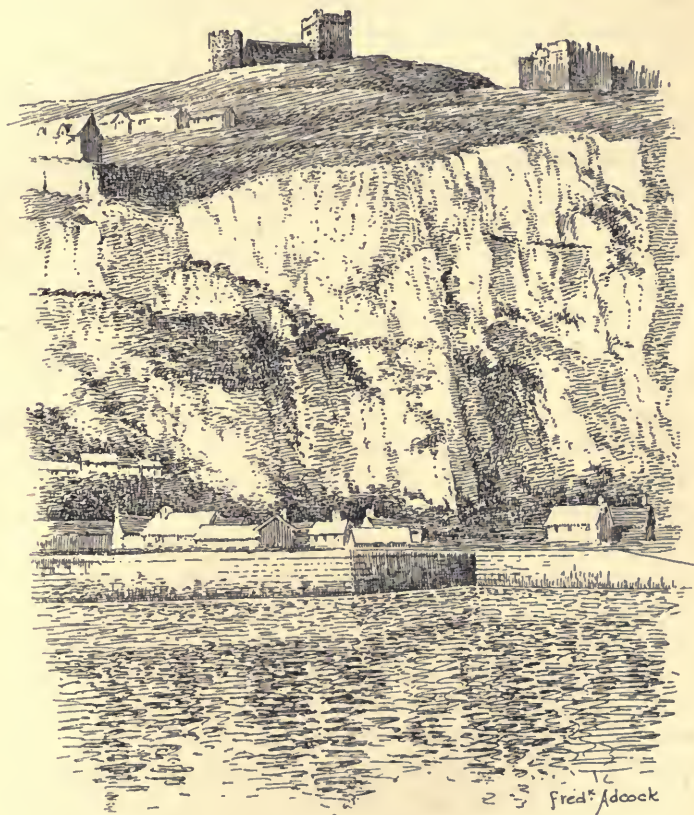
Congested, as is the whole record of Dover, with such functions, this return of the recalled Stuart seems to me, with all its high potentialities and their utter wreck, perhaps the most memorable. For both Charles, the hope of the nation, and the Dynasty, and James, who was destined to outrage the one and shatter the other, were on board the

fleet that sailed into Dover on that fresh May morning. Pepys, in his official capacity as one of the commissioners to Charles, went to Holland in the *Naseby*, the flagship of his naval chief, Sir Edward Montagu. He had the still greater good fortune to return upon the same vessel with Charles himself, and gives a vivid description of the preparations at Schevelling and departure for Dover of the great and noble company now gathered about the King. The ill-omened name of "*Naseby*," together with the Republican-sounding names of the rest of the ships, had been altered on the eve of sailing by Charles and his brother to others more appropriate to their change of ownership. Pepys tells us how, while sailing before a fresh wind, Charles, with a foretaste of that pedestrian activity which so wearied his courtiers in the London Parks, walked the deck all the afternoon: "Here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been), very active and stirring." And all the time he told stories of his shifts and adventures after his escape from Worcester.

By morning, they were close to land. The King, who had left the Queen in Holland, took breakfast on board before disembarking, experimenting by preference, Pepys tells us, on the common sea-fare of peas, pork and salt beef. He was received on shore by General Monk, "with all imaginable love and respect, and an infinite crowd of people, and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens and noblemen of all sorts." The Mayor was of course to the fore, and presented him with a richly wrought Bible, which Charles had the nerve to declare was the thing he loved best in all the world. A canopy had been erected, beneath which the King "talked for a while to the notables and then set off for Canterbury amid a general shouting and joy that is unimaginable."

But enough of Dover send-offs and receptions. They would fill a book with glowing detail, and nobody, I take it, wants an index of notable channel passengers from the dawn of

English history, which anything less would amount to. Moreover, the continental traffic at this point of Kent has not only never declined but had almost a monopoly of the business, for obvious reasons, from these early days to the



DOVER CLIFFS.

present ones of far mightier proportions. No one, indeed, could fail of response to the overwhelming significance of Dover both now and ever, or could look upon the tall white cliffs that guard it without a deep sense of all they stand

for, both in fact and sentiment. Whether as the very outpost and portal of the kingdom in war and peace, as the first vision of England, imprinted on the mind of a myriad aliens since Cæsar's time, or the first and last glimpse of their native land to departing and returning millions, the appeal of these Kent cliffs is immeasurably deep. In truth Dover has an immemorial place of its own in the nation's fancy, upon which the late war may be said to have set its sign and seal. Poets in abundance from Elizabethans to Victorians have hailed these strange white cliffs that stand for England as does the very Lion upon her standard. Indeed, far more so, for "Albion" was a name, at least in Europe, centuries before any national banner waved upon her shores. They require no Wordsworth to interpret them, movingly as he records his own emotions.

To most of the world, it should be remembered, these white cliffs are quite uncanny in appearance. Only South-country Englishmen and a few Yorkshiremen, with a sprinkling of folk in north-east France, regard them as at all in the normal order of things. To everybody else at first sight they present an amazing spectacle. For there is nowhere else, I think, outside the regions above named, any chalk at all, certainly no chalk cliffs; nor does any other coast formation bear the faintest resemblance to its dazzling and, in a hot sun, blinding whiteness. Even if familiarized from infancy with the chalk cliffs of England, an absence from all sight of them of two or three decades gives one some notion how strange and more than strange they must appear to many who know half the earth. Yet to the average Londoner they are the commonplaces of the sea-shore! On the whole, I do not think it is the pageants of the mighty who have landed or taken ship at Dover that set one thinking beneath Dover cliffs. They seem but mere glittering incidents in the crowded stream of common life that has flowed through here for centuries. To most of these gorgeous wights, kings,

queens and princes, war-lords and sea-lords, in whose receptions the Dover chronicles so delight, these white cliffs were more or less familiar. They had small significance for most of these people. Probably, like Charles the Second, full of his cross-country flights and hair-breadth escapes, they rarely looked at them twice. But of that age-long procession of royal maidens—French, Italian, German, Spanish, Dutch, who came over to the strange and rather awesome prospect of sharing the throne of this unknown and rather formidable island, not many, I warrant, ever forgot the first sight of these weird white steeps ; and then, too, those Italian priests, who for centuries were such constant passengers ; to few of our visitors can this first approach to England have brought more strange sensations.

But to return to the *Maison Dieu*, or rather to the pilgrims for whose comfort it was created—the ships which conveyed them seem to have belonged to various strong companies, who formed a sort of ring, which fixed the fares of the ordinary pilgrims and prevented the competition of small shipowners, and furthermore herded the passengers together on shore, till enough had accumulated to make up a ship-load ; a proceeding which often provoked rioting between them and the townsmen. The richer minority, however, could generally hire private boats on liberal terms. There was, in short, a fine confusion of nationalities dumped continuously into Dover and in a less degree into Sandwich, Rye and Winchelsea. English pilgrims bound for Compostella in Spain, or other foreign shrines, were not permitted to take more than a certain amount of money across Channel, and were moreover sworn not to divulge “ the secrets of the kingdom.” All alike were gloriously fleeced by the Portsmen in the matter of supplies, and one Kentish seaport, at any rate, has shown in the late war that it can vie with any of the ancients at this sort of game. These companies at one time waxed so rich that the town laid a tax on them for its own greater comfort.

The only ancient church not wholly modernized in Dover town is St. Mary's, and a good deal of this was rebuilt about 1843. The original building was pre-Conquest, and its massive west tower still shows a good deal of decorative Norman work. Elsewhere this is confined to the interior, where most of the nave arcade displays semi-circular arches on round columns. The older work in the chancel is Early English. The aisles are of unequal width, and as there are no clerestory lights, the larger building, though dignified, is distinctly gloomy. As the parish church of a place with such memories and traditions as Dover and so full as it is of mural reminders of those who have helped to make them and serve their country at the same time, one may forget the unbeautiful innovations of recent centuries while wandering barely conscious of them amid the gloom of its long aisles, and trying maybe, though with small success, to read the names of its heroes inscribed upon the walls. Among these last are tablets to those two famous aliens, Foote and Churchill, whose fortuitous concern with Dover has already been referred to.

Now that spacious, many-acred domain, sprawling over the top of the high down and known as Dover Castle, is really an intimidating subject to the literary rambler, who must, if he can help it, be neither guide-booky, frivolous nor a bore. It is indeed almost as fearsome a subject from this point of view as Canterbury Cathedral might prove under like conditions. Its history is, of course, practically that of Dover, over which it has kept faithful guard and with such splendid poise for centuries. And this combined history has filled whole volumes that only a select few and chiefly such as are connected with the town and district, I fear, ever open. So I will endeavour to give a rough idea of its structure and a brief sketch of the more salient points in its crowded past.

The castle bounds extend over thirty-five acres, and include an inner and outer ward, both of them walled and

the latter protected by a dry moat of great width and depth. A bridge over this and a gateway in the projecting Constable's Tower admits one within the massive Norman walls strengthened by buttresses and towers which rise high above the deep fosse. All these were raised after the Conquest, when William bestowed the castle, such as the Saxons had made it, on his half-brother Odo of Bayeux. When Odo was disgraced for a rapacity which provoked a quite troublesome insurrection, his place was taken by a relative, John Fiennes, who became not only Constable of the castle, but first Warden of the Cinque-Ports. The honour was made hereditary, several of this family succeeding to it, till on the severance of French and English interests with the resultant international wars, made the place too important for such regard of a family privilege. Its maintenance was from the first provided for by granting manors in Kent to a large body of Knights, which manors carried the obligation of residence by rotation, and responsibility for its defence. The average number on duty as "castle-guard," supported, of course, by their retainers, seems to have been about ten.

Most of the castle walls and towers are thought to have been built, or at least begun, by Fiennes. Save for repairs and probably some additions, they are all Early Norman. There is no call to take note here of the interior alterations and buildings incumbent on a castle that has been a fortress facing the continent through all the ages; nor yet to deal, even were it possible, with the successive redoubts with which the skill of engineers has been periodically exercised in keeping pace with the advance of artillery throughout the last two centuries. It is enough that the whole hill is honeycombed with them. Nor again would it be particularly illuminating to take an armchair tour of the walls with their many towers and tabulate their respective names and dates.

The highest and nearly central point of this great military enclosure is the noble Norman keep, raised by Henry the

Second. One of the finest specimens of its kind in England, this imposing pile is quadrilateral in form, with square corner



CONSTABLE'S TOWER, DOVER.

towers over ninety feet high and walls twenty-four feet thick. It is built of Kentish rag with ashlar work of Caen stone for the doors and window dressings, and the summit is some

470 feet above the sea. A broad stone stairway leads up to the state-rooms, some of which are of noble proportions. They contain a collection of arms and the like, out of touch with the mediaeval atmosphere and of rather meagre and limited interest compared with the building which houses them.

Some little distance beyond the keep, on about the same level, stand the most ancient by far of all the castle buildings, namely, the Roman Pharos and the church of St. Mary-in-the-Castle, so strangely linked on to it. The former, which served as a beacon light, is unique in England as a Roman survival, and it is worth noting that the foundations to a companion Pharos on the west cliff have been discovered. This hoary tower, some forty feet high and sexagonal in form, has not defied the ages without some patching in days that we count remote, the thirteenth century, as is supposed; since the arms of Grey of Codnore, Constable in 1259, are said to be legible on a stone. Indeed, the upper battlemented part was superimposed on the Roman work, whether then or later is uncertain. Whether or no it still served as a light-house, it certainly did duty as a bell-tower, for two bells were hung in it in 1345, a number which had increased to five by the eighteenth century, when they were removed. Experts attribute the Pharos to the time of Aulus.

The little church of St. Mary's, some ninety feet long, is thought to occupy the site of a Roman basilica and to have been converted into a Christian church in the fourth century. Some good authorities are convinced that it was originally built as a defensive fortress by Claudius Cæsar. The claim is made, and probably with justice, that it is the oldest building in England, of any that have been used more or less consistently from first to last for Divine worship. At any rate, it was one of the first religious establishments founded after Ethelbert's conversion—and is to-day used as a garrison church. Incidentally, its story discloses the fact that there must have been a Saxon garrison up here in 725.

For Archbishop Wurthred, objecting to the continual neighbourhood of the military, moved the brethren down into the town, re-establishing them in the more splendid foundation of St. Martin's-le-Grand, already spoken of. The objection was natural, even into the Middle Ages, for soldiers in garrison generally treated monks with scant respect. Salisbury Cathedral, which once stood on the hill-top of old Sarum, was moved for the same reason in the thirteenth century, and rebuilt on its present site in the town below.

In the case of St. Mary's, a fair consensus of opinion ascribes the foundations of tower and nave, the greater part of the walls, the east and west arches of the tower, the opening in the west wall of the tower and lower opening in the west wall of the nave to the Roman period. The windows are Saxon, but the rest of the work was added in later centuries, while the whole was restored sixty years ago by Sir Gilbert Scott, as it had fallen into a ruinous condition. The rude character of the building, which is cruciform, without aisles and with a central tower, has been carefully preserved in the restoration, but the modern roof and plain compact aspect of the building might disappoint the casual observer, approaching it for the first time under the influence of its Roman origin and Saxon associations. But the Roman tiles intermixed within the rough stone work and the significant appearance of the little round-headed windows, set rather high, would soon remove any such passing impression, while its attachment to the hoary-looking Roman Pharos gives it a claim to originality, obvious to the most careless eye. The building has served from time to time all sorts of utilitarian purposes, and at intervals has not been sufficiently weather-proof even for these. But its mishaps have now been this long time at an end, and unless our national civilization succumbs to some barbarous proletarian pressure, will, let us hope, survive, not merely as a garrison church, but as an object of abiding interest to future generations and of peaceful contention among archæologists.

The labyrinth of more or less subterranean corridors, passages and casemates, through which the bewildered visitor finds himself conducted by one or other of the official guides, though productive of an interesting half-hour, will probably leave him thankful that he has not to pass an examination on his wanderings. He will have seen enough, however, to have some vague idea of the ingenuity of generations of engineers and of the prodigious importance attached to Dover Castle by the military authorities in days gone by. Not that he will even then have been conducted all over this martial rabbit-warren. For there are subterranean arteries of mediaeval origin, one of which, at least, gave exit to the high ground without the castle enclosure, and proved on occasions of vital import to the garrison. I believe it is still negotiable. The most exciting moment of the visitor's tour will probably be when he is by way of illustration shut into the trap used for suspected persons, who after being admitted by a small door at the base of the castle wall, found this suddenly banged behind them, and at the same moment an iron screen, or door, slams in their faces, all worked from above. Here, like a rat in a trap, they may for a moment realize all the anguish of some baffled conspirator.

Among the most notable sieges of the castle is that of 1216, when Hubert de Burgh, with 140 men, defended it for several months against the Dauphin of France, allied with the English barons who had revolted against John. It was not attachment to the miserable John, so much as the insolence of a French prince aspiring to the English throne, that nerved Hubert's arm; while the Dauphin, who had already taken numerous English castles, was stung by his father, King Philip's, remark that as he had not yet taken Dover he did not possess a foot of England. The siege began in June, and was supported by great stone-hurling engines and wooden towers for archers, imported from France. Battered by stones and subject to a continual hail of darts,

Hubert, at the head of his sturdy men, replied with every missile he could procure, till, as the weeks passed, the Dauphin grew so enraged at his stout resistance that he swore he would not leave the spot till he had taken the castle and hanged every man in it. When John died, late in October, the Dauphin, says Mathew of Paris, thought to cajole Hubert out of the castle by promises of the highest honours and broad estates. But this patriotic soul rejected the notion of handing over an English castle to a French prince with scorn. Then the Earl of Salisbury brought Hubert's brother Thomas, whom he had prisoner, in chains to the walls and swore he would hang him in front of the gate, and so put a lasting disgrace on his family, unless the castle were delivered up. But Hubert remained unmoved, even by this ungenerous threat. "As long as I draw breath," said he, "never will I resign this castle, the very gate and key of England, to foreigners."

So the attack was renewed, and would have succeeded, but that 400 men were brought into Hubert's assistance by the subterranean passage above alluded to, and the Dauphin was forced to withdraw. He returned later, however, with eighty great ships besides smaller ones, and Hubert went out to meet him with only twenty Cinque-Port ships of any size and won a brilliant victory, purely by skill in manœuvring for the wind and then pressing home his attack. It was in Hubert's time, according to Lambarde, that the old "Castle guard" system founded by the Conqueror was altered to a money charge on the manors appropriated for the purpose.

Practically all the English kings stayed in the castle at one time or another. Henry the Eighth was there constantly, as it was he who first took seriously in hand the formation of the harbour. Wooden piers had been run out in the preceding century, but proved quite ineffective against the constant pressure of the shingle drift that for ever surges against this coast. The town and natural harbour, formed

no doubt by the outflow of the little river, by its original channel, had been more than once inundated. The other Cinque-Ports had all by that time ceased to be effective harbours. There were none left between Yarmouth and Southampton. So, from Henry onwards, through every reign, under infinite difficulties, with many disappointments and at vast expense, Dover harbour became a national concern. But it is none of ours to follow the long technical story of engineering effort which step by step brought it to the expansive and intricate perfection of to-day. Railway tracks and sheds add their chaos to the far-reaching harbour works, and a stretch of beach adjoining Shakespeare's cliff remains the only bit of shore in the whole bay to be washed by the unbroken sea.

It is worth noting that Charles the First, when he came to the castle to visit his Queen, did not grudge money in rendering his own quarters there sufficiently comfortable, nor yet on another occasion when he went there to see her off. But when in need of money, he endeavoured to cut down expenditure on its defensive works. The Lord Warden, however, stood on his privileges and would stand no tampering with such vital matters. The castle was seized by the Parliamentarians early in the Civil War, and a garrison under Sir Edward Boys resisted two attempts of the Royalists to recapture it. As I selected Charles the Second's return at the Restoration as one of the many pageants of the kind which Dover has witnessed, it will not be amiss to recall the fact that it was in the castle, when much of the glamour surrounding him had passed away, he negotiated that secret treaty with France which has always been a blot on his name. For in naval affairs, so far as good intentions in a corrupt period could prove effective, both he and his brother James, as we know, redeemed some of their lamentable shortcomings. In Marlborough's wars, hundreds of prisoners were confined in the castle, and they knocked it about a good

deal. Indeed, about the middle of that century it seems to have been in rather a parlous condition, but the Government then took it seriously in hand, and it has never since been neglected.

To return for a moment to Dover in the early days of Cinque-Port supremacy, it has been shown that quite early in the day of that Confederacy it took the lead in contributions of ships and men, as well as the official leadership of the Ports through the person of the Constable of the castle, a post soon merged in the more sounding title of Lord Warden of the Cinque-Ports. In the western heights confronting the Castle Hill across the deep-sunk town, which terminate in the bold headland of Shakespeare's Cliff, there are all manner of more or less modern works, for the most part of a military nature. While these emphasize its national importance, they naturally do not enhance the picturesque qualities with which Nature has endowed this deep-furrowed and uplifted outpost of the land. This does not, however, much matter in view of their significance, which may fairly be conceded as outweighing their unsightliness.

But amid this litter of modern efficiency, mostly military save for the mouth of a coal pit, one of the first borings, I believe, for Kent coal and now abandoned, there are of course traces of days remote. The foundations of a round church of the Knights Templar were discovered a century ago and preserved to posterity. Near this once stood the base of a shattered tower which, as already mentioned, is thought to have served in Roman times as a companion to the Pharos on the Castle Hill. With appropriate continuity it maintained, according to some, its link with history as the famous Bredenstone, where the General Assembly of the Cinque-Ports was held in the open air during the earlier days of the Confederacy. The tunnel through which the railway runs from Dover to Folkestone, blocked up by a

landslip during the war, but now again clear, also gapes in the flank of Shakespeare's Cliff. The cliffs beyond have been deeply concerned in the long-projected Channel Tunnel,



Fred^r. Adcock.

SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF, DOVER.

which is expected some day to emerge from beneath them. As in the Deal to Dover route, a walk along their summit is infinitely more satisfying than any kind of progress along the high road, some way inland, which, for the most part, is equally if not more uninspiring. The cliff walk, though without any such charming interlude as St. Margaret's Bay, is in all other qualities very much a continuation of the other, with its culminating outlook over Folkestone town and harbour. This, in truth, opens out a far wider prospect beyond and behind it than even the castle down at Dover can show. For here the great chalk ridges come abruptly to an end. There is no more of them till they spring again at Beachy Head, fifty odd miles away, beyond Eastbourne, the hither limit of the Sussex downs. But this is anticipating. For if Dover town offers now-a-days small temptation, other than the modern and the practical, for lingering in its streets, its immediate hinterland offers a good deal.

CHAPTER THE TENTH

The Dover Country

FOR an exploration of this hinterland of Dover, the natural escape from the entanglements of the town is by the deep trough of the Dour valley, up which they straggle for a mile or two in gradually declining density. The little river, whose old haven was long ago forced into subterranean



BUSHEY RUFF NEAR DOVER.

outlets by the development of town and harbour, soon begins to show itself, and it may be said for it at once that its waters bear small resemblance to the deep turgid outpourings of all the other Kent and Sussex streams. For here we have a true chalk stream of clear water, which, till trammelled by modern needs ran straight into the haven. Barely three miles above the harbour front, by road or rail, one is in another world. The valley closes in to something approaching a gorge between bold, lofty hills, and has itself been transformed by art and nature into a delightful maze of woodland, lawn and water.

For here, amid this wealth of timber and in the deep hollow of the glen are two or three country houses, their contiguous grounds combining in the creation of a very perfect whole. The Dour has been held up at various times for the contriving at interludes of a succession of large pools, each of them several acres in extent. Here in the bright water, fresh issuing from the chalk, of the clean type such as has nourished their kind since time began, lusty trout sail back and forth by the fringe of trim lawns, or lie waiting lazily beneath the pendent boughs of oak or willow, for such insect treasures as peradventure fall from them. The centre of this umbrageous hollow in the hills, through whose shades the Alkham road branches off from the main highway to Canterbury, is Kearsney Abbey. The house is modern, though not in the most literal sense, for we are not capable of quite such an architectural discord at this date. When the lake and the broad lawns which sweep down to it were contrived, I do not know. But in the woods which fringe the further banks of the mere, there are many fragments of walls, archways and the like, still bearing evidence to the old monastic foundation. Here, too, are stately groves of elm, beech and lime, noisy with rooks and lit up here and there as I saw them with gorgeous splashes of chestnut bloom.

Above Kearsney the little Dour splashes half seen, but with the voice almost of a mountain stream, through the woods by the roadside, to emerge in due course from the lake at Bushey-

Rough, whose translucent waters lay like a mirror beneath hanging woods and the high, terraced grounds on which the house is perched. A bit further on another but smaller mere



ALKHAM.

skirts the open road, after which the little river, having contributed so vastly to the amenities of an altogether charming bit of Arcady, disappears, so far as one may see, into its natal springs.



ST. RADIGUND'S—THE COURTYARD.

In lingering here, tempted perhaps by the remembrance of a long June day, I have overstepped the turn of a lane at River Church, some half mile short of Kearsney, which leads

away westward in a mile or so to St. Radigund's Abbey. There is a great deal more left of this than of Kearsney, and it is, I fancy, an occasional object of pilgrimage from Dover. Even here, however, there is not much remaining of archaeological interest. But the massive, ivy-clad gateway towers, some low broken walls and a high gable end of what appears to have been the chapel, showing up well upon an open stretch of greensward, make, at least, a most delectable picture; one, moreover, that in its rather aloof serenity is none the less suggestive of the old monkish days and its own particular memories the raids that time and barn-builders have made upon its walls notwithstanding.

Indeed, I am not sure that the mental effort to reconstruct an abbey from a maze of foundations and low, ravaged walls, to which a mistaken conscientiousness or the pressure of some companion may sometimes compel one, is not rather disturbing than otherwise to the condition best suited for the enjoyment of these old haunts of ancient peace. To thread one's way, even with a ground plan, through an acre or so of little more than foundations, and laboriously identify the site of Refectory, Lady-chapel, kitchen, dormitories and what not—does not greatly appeal to me. I almost mistrust the historical temperament and imagination of archæologists given over to this structural meticulousness. It is, unquestionably, a meritorious study, but it seems to me to border perilously on the prosaic, an element deplorably out of place in such scenes. Some of these persevering souls would build quite a good house, and are obviously efficient architects wasted. And architects, *qua* such, do not often profess to feel the glow, the pageant of history, beyond just so much of it as is expressed by columns, arches and capitals, by Tudor gable or Queen Anne door cap. To many of us the greater interest of these things, apart from any question of physical beauty, is the period they symbolize, the men and women, the generations who worshipped in one or dwelt in the other.

There does not seem, however, to be very much to tell of St. Radigund's Abbey. Perhaps the most outstanding feature in its story, to strike one while standing before its ivied towers, is that many men of consequence in their day sought and found



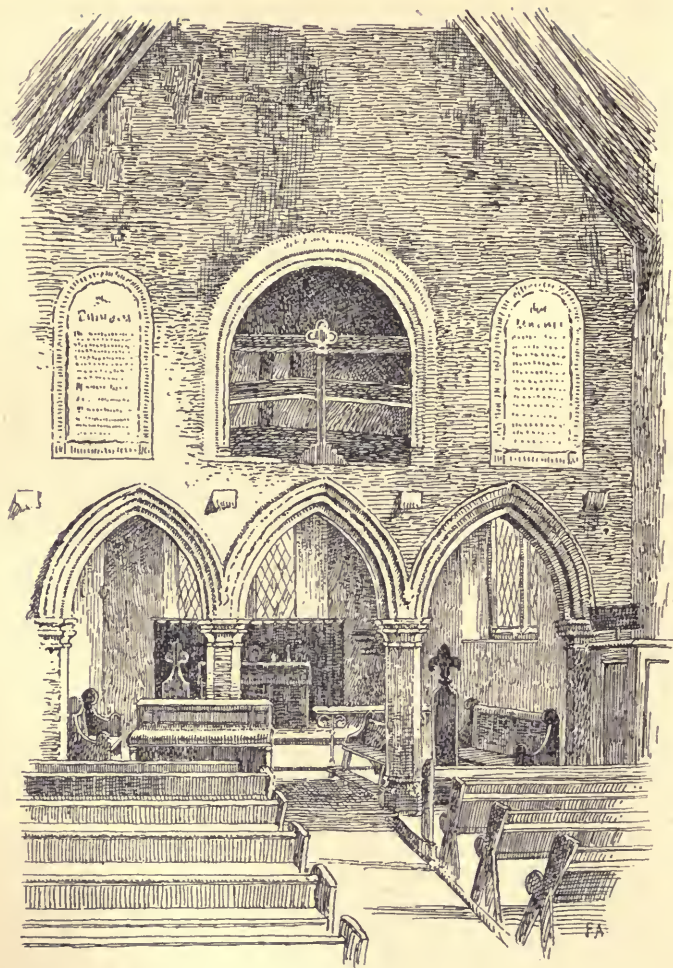
ST. RADIGUND'S.

burial here. For the rest, the Abbey was founded in Richard the Second's time by Earls of Perth for monks of the Præmonstratensian Order and more richly endowed later on, and like their brethren of St. Mary's, Dover, possibly indeed corrupted

by these dissolute neighbours, the St. Radigund monks came to live riotously and bear a bad name. But their abbot was summoned to Parliament by Edward the First, and the abbey survived till the Dissolution, when its revenues were rated at a high figure. Who St. Radigund was, I do not know, but the dedication is coupled with that of St. Mary, so it is just possible even the founders were not quite sure of their saint and took this precaution.

But reverting to Kersney and before facing the long, uphill drag of the Canterbury road, I must recall for a moment and in brief, a summer afternoon of pleasant memory that I devoted to an exploration of the little known and deep-sunk vale of Alkham, which eventually and by devious ways, brings the traveller round to Folkestone. I failed on this occasion to get quite that length, but abandoned the valley at Standen farm, where its snug seclusion begins to show signs of terminating, and climbed by tortuous, woody lanes up its steep seaward wall, to find myself, after threading a network of further lanes, on a broad, lightly-peopled hill top, and finally out amid the whirr of traffic upon the Dover and Folkestone road, with cliffs and sea but a few hundred yards away.

This high plateau parish, so furrowed with twisting byways and apparently so scant of parishioners, is Capel-le-ferne, a form of place-name common enough in Wales, but so far as I know unique in England. At any rate, the little church of Capel, which is responsible for it, seems to have been always a chapel of Alkham in the vale below, and like Alkham, was the property of St. Radigund's Abbey, as might be expected. It stands aloof in the fields and is worth a visit, if only for some unusual features in its interior. It consists of a nave, chancel and west tower—but it is the entry from nave to chancel that gives it its chief interest. For this consists of three small, pointed arches piercing a stone screen, the centre one being higher than the others. The arches moreover have good mouldings and spring from graceful piers.



CAPEL-LE-FERNE.

The Alkham valley below, as already noted, is a quite exceptionally deep cut in the chalk. Fields of grain, still in the green stage and bright with charlock, made broad,

saffron patches along its winding floor and purple interludes of lush clover, with their stiffening of limp-headed Rye grass, were rapidly falling in swathes before the rattling knives of the horse-mowers. Their driving-seats are no longer occupied by a tailor in khaki with a weak heart, from Yorkshire, or a plucky young lady from a Hampshire Rectory in breeches and gaiters. But the horses once more take the corners or turn on the headland to the old familiar invocation of the Kentish yokel, though the particular voice they knew may be hushed, and the sturdy limbs which handled him in field and stable may be mouldering beneath some French or Flemish clover field. Nowhere in all England are such severed links more probable than in this country of East Kent, which from the first call onward so gallantly filled and refilled the many battalions of its own famous regiment, The Buffs.

No modern villas are encountered here. Old creeper-clad cottages with here and there a well-sheltered and well-garnished homestead, confront the road or stand back from it a space. The steep hillsides shake off all enclosures as they mount upwards through scattered fringes of wood to long ridges of open turf some 500 feet above the sea. The little village of Alkham lies appropriately and beautifully in the deep heart of the Vale. The church displaying its capped western tower and twin-gabled east-end, set on a terrace above the village, with an alluring old Georgian homestead in its rear, and behind that again the leafy hillside, together compose a charming picture as you approach it. The building is of flint and of Early English style. It contains a monument to one of the Abbots of St. Radigund, to which monastery a rough lane from the village climbs over the hills, well used, no doubt, by the monks of old and their Alkham tenants. In truth this whole tract of country behind Dover is of a curiously perpendicular character for its situation. If its other attributes were not so utterly dissimilar, it would suggest some rugged district in the west of England. The

old writers all make comment on its almost exotic features. "These stupendous hills," says one of them, "raise both the traveller's pleasure and admiration." "These deep vales and high mountains," says another, "are much pleasanter



CAPEL-LE-FERNE.

to view than to travel over." Even allowing for the exuberant language of these ancients, they must assuredly put a good deal of restraint on the in-comings and out-goings of the Valley people.

Kearsney is not a village, nor yet a parish, though it gives its name to the little station and junction of the Dover and Canterbury railroad, on the hillside above it. But Temple Ewell, near by, with its high-poised little church, is all that. Just beyond it is Old Park, another well-timbered demesne and a further contribution to the beauty of this fine confusion of hill and dale. Above these again, on the long steep road heading north-eastward for Deal, is Archer's Court, only to be noted here, for the fact that in ancient days, before the Archers give it their name, its owner held the estate by service of supporting the King's head when seasick during a Channel passage ! The association of Ewell with the Knights Templars, which its name at once suggests, lies in a grange on the site now covered by Temple farm, an outlying possession of the Templars, who had a commandery in Swingfield, the adjoining parish on the west. Remains of this latter building still, I am told, exist in the farmhouse of St. John's. Lastly, it was either here or at Temple farm, just above our road, that King John made that memorable and disgraceful surrender of the English Crown to the Pope's legate.

From Ewell, the broad Canterbury road pushes up a winding narrow vale at a gentle but steadily rising grade to Lydden ; a small village near which, upon the open chalk down, a coal mine with its hideous chimney and raw, red buildings makes an exotic and unwelcome blot upon the scene. To judge from a mere passing halt at the best of them, it must prove a valuable asset to the village taverns ! Old Leland too has something to say about Lydden, of a nature even more weird than his own spelling and phraseology. For, speaking of the River Dour, he writes : " The principal hed, as they say, is at a place called Ewelle and that is not past a iiii or iiii myles fro Dover. There is also a great spring at a place cawled Lydden, and that ones in a vi or vii yeres brasted owt so abundantly, that a great part of the water cummeth into Dovar streme, but els yt renneth yn to the se betwyxt

Dovar and Folchestan, but nearer to Folchestan, that ys to say withyn a ii myles of it." The armchair reader



Fred Adcock

BARHAM.

cannot, of course, be expected to share the perplexity of the actual traveller through this region at such an achievement of nature, so I will pass no comment on it ; except to say that

it still occurs and has done so quite recently, nor will I on the ancient little church, with its low tower, chancel and nave, for the good reason that I have not inspected its reputedly plain interior.

As the road beyond Lydden begins to emerge from this heart of the hills and downs, and crawls up to the head of the vale some 400 feet above its start at Dover, the backward view is not in the least like anything else in South-Eastern England. Not merely because the folds of the deep vale winding seaward are far bolder and more abrupt than common in these latitudes, but its final gorge-like opening to the sea, is nobly dominated by the Castle hill, and its crown of clustering towers ; a scene the more imposing since they rise to the same height as the vale-head where we are now in fancy standing. Such hill-top fortresses, though usually but shattered shells, you may see in Wales, closing the vista of many a tortuous, deep-channelled gorge, and even this chalk vale itself seems to break all the traditions of its type in an effort to emulate the boldness of a mountain country, and prove worthy of its noble climax. This view down the six miles of valley to Dover Castle and the sea, from Lydden hill, is in truth singularly imposing and assuredly has no parallel in Kent or Sussex. When one remembers that its most dominant feature is that "great castle and key of England" one may go yet farther. And again, if one felt all the romance of the Sandwich and Canterbury road, how much more here, for its even fuller memories and the scene that holds and idealizes them.

Up here on this wide, windy, chalk plateau, the Roman road begins to show its origin and traverses the gentle undulations of the downs to Barham, and thence to Canterbury with true Roman precision. From the white unfenced highway cleaving the open fields, you can see far away to the right over that back-country of Deal which we so recently explored—over Waldershare and Barfrestone, Northbourne and Eastry,

To the west a succession of wooded ridges unfold themselves, and down into the nearest among them a lonely finger-post at a bleak cross-roads points the way under the superscription



BARHAM.

of *Wootton*. Half a gale was tearing over the upland on the occasion when I took this turn, and by no means unwillingly, for the shelter it seemed to promise in the vale below.

Some Kent "tegs," naked and white as snow from recent shearing, came shivering along the flinty road, the hearthrug coat of the shaggy dog in attendance standing fairly on end as a following wind blew him along. Such few straggling hedgerows as there were, moaned and whistled in the summer gale, lashing their spindling tops of ash, thorn or briar rose like things bereft.

It was not on this account, however, that I dropped down into the peace and shelter of the adjoining vale, and wandered for a mile or so along a by-road, which eventually climbed the low hill on whose richly-timbered summit stand the church and manor house of Wootton. The latter has been rebuilt on the old site. The little church, charming as it is in its leafy seclusion, with its noble yew trees, and well-cared-for graveyard, has nothing in its Early-English nave and, I fancy, restored chancel to beguile one far out of one's way. But a mile along the road beyond Wootton, in the next valley, is Denton, also a manor house, in this case not rebuilt, with a little church close by in the Park. In the eighteenth century and later, both these properties belonged to the Brydges, a family not, I think, connected with that of Thanet.

But the whole interest of this so far as it goes, and with me, I confess, it goes some way, centres in Sir Egerton Brydges, the cultured, morbid, and rather ill-balanced man of letters, who was born here at Wootton in the mid-eighteenth century and purchased Denton, where he lived for many years of his life. On emerging from the pleasant groves which shelter Wootton, and descending the long slope beyond, a most engaging prospect opens at once beneath you. A wide, bowl-shaped valley of park, pasture, and farming land, fringed along its high edges on the sky line with timber, reveals at a glance the home and heart of the estate, which the clever and eccentric baronet writes of with a whole-hearted affection one can well understand.

In a narrow hollow of the hill, overhung on three sides with

timber, lies the old house which Sir Egerton restored and enlarged when he purchased it. The church stands on a



GOODNESTONE POST OFFICE.

knoll close by, while the little village, one of the comeliest in the country and some half a mile distant, fringes the high

road near the Park gates. Delectable as all this is, it is the man who owned it and loved it and lived here, and yet in thus doing made himself so miserable, a hundred or more years ago, that gives Denton its chief significance. The guide books, I notice, curtly dispose of him as "that eccentric baronet Sir Egerton Brydges." Still if you have to deal in a single sentence with a bygone local worthy an alternative epithet might in this case be far to seek!

But Sir Egerton did none of the things with which eccentricity on the part of country squires of his day is usually associated. He neither engaged in pugilistic encounters with farmers or fishermen, nor in moonlight steeplechases in his nightshirt, nor backed himself in drinking bouts with other local champions of the bottle, nor yet did he don a smock frock, held the plough stilts upon his home farm and cultivate the vernacular. Our baronet was an intellectual soul, with a painfully vivid imagination, embittered by a morbid temperament and steeped to the lips in literature and by instinct a recluse. If he had altogether followed this instinct, he would have no doubt in any case deserved, according to the rural ethics of his day, a full title to eccentricity. But Sir Egerton had the *noblesse oblige* very strong within him, stimulated by what would seem an inordinate pride in his family, if he were not so frequently making unconvincing apologies for it. So he took a commission in the militia and went fox-hunting, which in those days of slow hunting hounds and scarce fences, probably made few extra demands in horsemanship from a generation who did nearly all their travelling in the saddle. He also farmed with a conscientious zeal and disregard of accounts only equalled by the cunning of the bailiffs and others who robbed him at every turn. During his long life of seventy odd years, he wrote a great many books and essays on serious literary subjects, besides doing much antiquarian and genealogical spadework. But as he only found favour with the few in his day and is now long forgotten, all this

would be beside the mark, if it were not for the autobiography which he wrote while spending his last years in Geneva, and a novel—fiction being quite out of his line—that he perpetrated in early life, which set the whole of south-east Kent agog. The first of these books, amid a mass of general matter, gives a curious if prejudiced picture of local life and local people as the author saw them at the close of the eighteenth century. Written with a candour only possible to a person who cared nothing for the opinion of those whom his hypercritical nature despised, and at a period when he had finally placed the sea between himself and the objects of his criticism, the book makes rather racy reading. Moreover, there is a good deal that is not cynical, and some not a little epigrammatical. He deplores, for instance, the lack of intellectual flavour in Canterbury society, seeing that its Cathedral hierarchy is composed of "Noblemen's tutors and Speaker's chaplains,"—a fair hit at the method of ecclesiastical preference in his day. But it was his novel, with the egregious title *Arthur Fitzalbini*, written after about six years of residence at Denton, that set the neighbourhood in a blaze. The whole edition, he says, was instantly sold out, or to put it more aptly perhaps, absorbed by an infuriated neighbourhood.

The poor squire of Denton was in truth lamentably out of his element. At his father's home at Wootton he grew up a shy, romantic, imaginative boy, buried while indoors in books and out of doors vastly preferring to ramble the woods and fields rapt in poetic, dreamy solitude, to compulsory rides with his father's harriers. He disliked his school life at Canterbury, and had no great relish even for his Cambridge career, though spent at the quiet little college of Queen's. Indeed, he was lamentably ill prepared to take a normal place among his country neighbours if they were anything like he describes them. This would not perhaps have mattered so much if he had merely shut himself up in his library every day of the week and passed as inoffensively eccentric among the neigh-

bouring squires. But, as already recorded, he forced himself to a certain amount of public life, to hunting occasionally, to a commission in the Fencibles and even to offering himself as parliamentary candidate for Dover. But it is quite evident that his shyness was taken for intellectual arrogance, and of social arrogance, though no doubt too well bred to flaunt it, he had an inordinate share. A list of the illustrious families from whom he was descended fills a page and a half in the Baronet's memoirs! His elder brother of Wootton, too, spent many years and much money in an unsuccessful claim to the barony of Chandos.

Of most of his neighbours the squire of Denton writes with unqualified contempt and no doubt had shown it in an exasperating reserve. Some were "jumped-up tradesmen," others of longer standing "had no lineage to speak of," nearly all were "boobies and clowns." The old aristocracy, he declares, had all died out, except the Oxendens and his own people. *Fitzalbini* seems to have put the crown on the poor Baronet's unpopularity, as all its disagreeable characters were promptly allotted, and no doubt the cap fitted too well, to one or other of his neighbours. It is, in truth, a portentously dull book, and quite unreadable, except as a contemporary picture of eighteenth-century rural society, drawn, however, with a jaundiced eye and without a spark of humour. The author himself is obviously the melancholy, aristocratic and unappreciated hero. It is also curious as showing the sort of stuff a clever, cultivated, sensitive being, with a good literary style, could perpetrate, when without any gift for fiction he ventured a society novel in the days of George the Third. And this too with ten times the scholarship, erudition, and even worldly knowledge, of Jane Austen, who as a distant neighbour, he tells us, he knew well when a little girl and met for the last time at Ramsgate when she was about twenty-seven—"fair and handsome, slight and elegant, but with cheeks a little too full." Nor did he then know that she was writing novels.

But Sir Egerton's memoirs are by no means all abuse of his contemporaries. It is on his neighbours and their, from his point of view, unwarranted assumption of consequence, and their hopeless Philistinism that his spleen mostly vents itself. Neither does he spare himself, but bewails his culpable negligence in matters financial and his invincible hatred of accounts that have laid him open to be robbed of so much of his fortune. He deploras too his morbid and hypercritical temperament, his overmastering love of books and solitude. His failure to earn popularity as a poet and prose writer was a chronic source of embitterment till the calm of old age came upon him with his final retreat to Geneva. As a matter of fact, he deals in brief with an immense number of contemporary people of national or local note, whom he had met in his occasional sojourns in London, or knew through mutual acquaintances. He corresponded with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and other celebrities, who seemed to have recognized his literary status, while he on his side had no smallness nor jealousy whatever in his admiration of the great writers of the day. His Kentish intimates too are all discussed by name and handled with more or less affection. These seem largely to have been drawn from the more scholarly and intellectual element of the clergy, who were at least free from the "vulgar pretension" of the climbing laity, which so enraged this illustriously descended Baronet.

Oddly enough, Denton has yet other links with literature, and in a sense more brilliant ones than that supplied by poor Sir Egerton Brydges. For just prior to his purchasing the estate, the rectory was in possession of one of the Robinsons of Rokeby, who on being ennobled had sold that Yorkshire seat, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, to the latter's friend, Morritt. The Rector of Denton was the brother of the first Lord Rokeby. Moreover, he was also a brother of the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, the bosom friend of Elizabeth Carter of Deal, and the most brilliant woman of her time. He was

himself too a man of parts, and a friend of the poet Gray, who, to put a coping-stone on the associations of this most engaging



DENTON.

spot, was an occasional guest at Denton Hall, which the Rector at that time rented, and writes of it in his letters.

There is nothing in the little Early-English church with its

plain lancet windows to delay us, though in the graveyard is an extraordinary mausoleum, erected by Captain Wharwood R.N. in 1747, a Staffordshire man, who had married a Dering of Surrenden, and purchased the Denton estate. His heiress was Lady Markham, a sister of the first Lord Clive, who sold it to Sir Egerton Brydges. The little village beyond the Park is on the main Folkestone and Canterbury road, and for its picturesque but well-preserved old houses and cottages, standing at ease amid their own orchard gardens, has some reputation with artists and travellers upon it. One detached half-timbered house has a seventeenth-century date sprawling in large quaint letters across its front.

A fine old Georgian farm or manor house confronts the road as it leaves the village for Barham and Canterbury, and now for over a mile fringed by the skirting timber of Broome Park, which was purchased by Lord Kitchener and by him occupied till his death. It was formerly the seat of the Oxendens, one of the few local families allowed by Brydges to possess any distinction. They acquired it in the early eighteenth century by marriage with the heiress of the Dixwells, who had purchased it a century before, according to the same genealogist, with money made chiefly by smuggling at Folkestone. The Dixwells had achieved a baronetcy, and furthermore owned the environs of Folkestone, "won away from them," says Sir Egerton, "a century afterwards by the Bouveries, who, later on, with the profits of their silk trade bought a peerage from one of the mistresses of George the Second." Sir George Oxenden in the same reign was a personal friend of Walpole, and for many years a Lord of the Admiralty, a wit, a writer of smart epigrams and a gay man of the world generally. His son Sir Henry, we are told, lived sumptuously at Broome, and in the best style of a good old English gentleman. At the gates of the ample and well-wooded park, the Folkestone road joins that from Dover to Canterbury, which we abandoned, it will be remembered,

in the grip of a gale for the deviation that introduced us to Wootton and Denton and the many departed worthies con-



BROOME PARK.

cerned therein. The two highways, united now, push on across Barham Down, that historic meeting-spot of kings, princes and bishops, to Canterbury.

Just across the hill, a short mile to the south-west of Denton, lies Tappington Hall, an old Tudor farmhouse and close to it another spot bearing on the map the yet more significant name of Ingoldsby. I have never been inside Tappington Hall, now, I believe, in private hands. But I met an old labourer toiling up the hill from 'Denton to Wootton, who had a great deal to say about it. His relations, and he with them, at some time or other had occupied the house for some years, and the old man had a most féarsome story of ghostly experiences there which I blush to say I forget, so involved was his narrative. But about his own conviction there was no manner of doubt. I said so much in my former volume of Thomas Barham, as the rector of Warehorne and Snargate on Romney Marsh, I will only recall the fact here that the farm, the glorified Tappington Hall of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, had belonged to the author's ancestors, and fallen again, curiously enough, and quite fortuitously, into the hands of his family, who lived in Canterbury on their private means. Young Barham, the only son of his father, through the latter's early death inherited his patrimony young, which he afterwards lost through another's fraud, went to Oxford and then into the Church. His first cure was at Eastville, and later on he removed, as noted above, to Romney Marsh, where he spent five years and wrote a good deal. By a piece of singular good luck, which his son relates in full, this humorous and witty soul got a minor canonry at St. Paul's, which led to other modest scraps of preferment and enabled him to play the part of a wit among the wits, and, I believe, a useful cleric among the clerics till his death. The *Ingoldsby Legends* still remain in a manner a classic, and they are so saturated with allusions to the author's native soil that a whole book, if memory serves me, was written not long ago by one enthusiast, under the title of *The Ingoldsby Country*.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH

Hythe and its Neighbourhood

MORE than any English town Folkestone, throughout much of the late war, was associated with the Canadian forces, whose Headquarters were at the adjacent camp of



EASTWEAR BAY.

Shorncliffe, and Folkestone made a great deal of money out of them. Indeed its name will remain quite a household word in the Dominion for a generation. It is not surprising that the protests of the Dominion troops occasionally took a rather exuberant form. There is a very old Canadian story dating back to the more primitive days of that country which recurs to my mind as I write these lines. Now it so fell out that a circuit judge, or travelling magistrate, had been appointed to a certain backwoods district, which hitherto had been devoid of any such legal amenities. In those days Canada, as regards the mere necessities of life, was one of the cheapest countries in the world. The ordinary inclusive charge at a country tavern was about a dollar a day, and speaking from my own remote but fairly distinct recollections, the accommodation and food might well have been accounted dear even at that exorbitant figure. All salaries and most incomes, together with the standard of living, were on an extraordinarily modest scale. Now the newly-appointed "Judge," a more or less local lawyer, on his first circuit had occasion to spend the night at a backwoods tavern, whose hospitalities he had in his private practice been frequently called upon to endure. On handing a five-dollar bill to the landlord at his departure, the latter, instead of giving him the usual four dollars change, returned him only a dollar and a half. The judge promptly called his attention to this piece of absent-mindedness, as he supposed. But it was nothing of the kind. "That's right enough, Jedge," replied this backwoods Boniface. "I seen in the paper that Goverment give you five dollars a day for your job, so I figured out that if I take three and a half for keepin' you and give you a dollar and a half for yourself for spendin' money, that would about square things." The Judge did not think so, but he at least had his remedy. The retailers of Folkestone went more or less on that principle when they discovered that the Canadian soldiers, who had come 3,000 miles to risk their lives for the

Empire, were receiving the colossal pay of a dollar a day, and it is no secret that the Folkestone tradesmen waxed fat upon it.



OLD FOLKESTONE.

Forty or fifty years ago Folkestone was a quietly popular and pleasant place, as I have reason to remember. Its great natural feature, the Leas, with the fine outlook therefrom

over the harbour to the Dover cliffs on one hand and away past Hythe, over Romney Marsh to the remote headland of Fairlight on the other, was not then dominated by sumptuous hotels and modern villas to match them. To-day the whole atmosphere breathes heavily of the newly rich with money to burn. The Leas is largely a stamping ground for men and women whose status depends no little upon dressmakers and tailors and similar external props. Behind the sumptuous and overgrown haunts of week-enders and the like, dreary expanses of streets and villas have spread inland and eaten far into the country. The once rather picturesque old thoroughfares that led up from the harbour and the fishermen's quarters to the new town on the Leas, have been quite modernized within easy memory. This is all very satisfactory, no doubt, and does not concern us here in the least. I have merely alluded to the change in Folkestone within my own memory, as providing good reason why there is very little to be said about it in these pages. Moreover space presses and there is a great deal to be said about Hythe. As a matter of fact, the whole new town dates as a watering place only from the mid-nineteenth century. Unlike Margate and Ramsgate which are in touch with eighteenth-century and Georgian social life, it has no interests of this kind.

The fine old church on the eastern point of the Leas overlooking the harbour and fishing quarters beyond it, has externally an air of hopeless detachment from its ornate and modern surroundings. On entering it, however, one is brought back with a jerk to modern times, for the gorgeous decoration with which a zealous High Anglicanism has enriched it. Folkestone Parish Church has been for over half a century a notable stronghold of Ritualism and its outward expression. The building itself is cruciform with a central tower supported by pointed arches and a groined roof. There is a good deal of Early-English work in the large chancel, which is lighted

on the east by three lancets with deeply moulded hoods, supported by clustered shafts. Near the altar on the north side is a most beautiful canopied tomb bearing the recumbent effigy of a knight, supposed to be William d'Averanches,



FOLKESTONE CHURCH.

who died in 1230. Part of the nave was blown away in the eighteenth century, while most of it with the short transepts has been so pulled about, that the reader may be spared any further detail.

Most of what remains of the old town and port is represented by the fishing quarters on the further side of the hollow where, as at Dover, the stream ran out which formed the original haven. This old quarter of a few score houses tucked under the first rise of the down, with the pretentious, but rather dreary villas and terraces creeping up the slope above it, affords a prodigious contrast to the smart town on the opposite hill. It is quaint enough in all conscience, but so squalid as rather to discount its really picturesque character. But the fishing population, with their nets, boats and tackle on the adjoining beach, have doubtless no share in the depression which a stroll through this human rabbit-warren is apt to engender in the visitor, despite such sympathy, which he may or may not have with the past. The better part of old Folkestone, that in the hollow of the old haven, and on the slopes of the western hills, has been apparently wiped out or at any rate re-fronted out of all recognition.

For Folkestone, as the chief limb of Dover, was a tolerably important place. It was incorporated as early as Edward the Third, with the usual mayor, twelve jurats and twenty-four councillors elected by the freemen. It shared also, from its situation if not from its importance, in some of the Royal Progresses to and from Dover. Like Romney and Hythe it was a feudatory of the Archbishop. For the place had its chief origin in an Early-Saxon monastery founded by that pious princess St. Eanswith, daughter of Eadbald, King of Kent, who, among other supernatural accomplishments, made water run uphill to supply the monastic needs. Most of us know stretches of brook that from certain points have this illusive effect. This particular rivulet, still in use, is a case in point, and to the barbarous Saxons of the Kent coast the miracle was convincing.

But the Saxon monastery was destroyed in due course by the Danes, and subsequently re-founded in Norman times, only to be so seriously threatened by the ever-encroaching

sea that the monks were moved by Sir William d'Averanches, the Knight who lies in effigy in the Parish Church, up to the latter, which thus in a manner represents the ancient found-



FISHERMAN'S QUARTERS, FOLKESTONE.

ation for which Folkestone was once famous. Hasted says that the body of the saint was moved up too and buried there, which is readily conceivable, but he strains our credulity

no little by asserting that it was discovered in the seventeenth century and in such perfect condition that the townspeople snipped off locks of hair as mementoes.



FOLKESTONE HARBOUR.

Folkestone smuggled as persistently, and made at least as much money by it, as any of its neighbours. Indeed, its people were quite exceptionally resourceful in contriving false



WARREN CLIFFS, FOLKESTONE.

bottoms, hollow masts, and all the other ingenious shifts for concealing illicit goods. The intricacies of the old town,

too, and the manner in which cellars and attics in the close-packed houses] opened one into the other made it the despair of the official searchers for contraband. As a last word on Folkestone, concerning which pages might of course be written, it is needless to add that its modern prosperity is not wholly due to its watering-place attractions. For with the improvement of the harbour, the early difficulties of which were practically those of Dover, its continental trade naturally kept pace, wholly apart from the passenger traffic to Boulogne with which we are all so familiar. Nor must it be overlooked that its nearness to the Continent gave it a share of the trans-channel traffic even as far back as the early days of the pilgrimages.

Next to the Leas, the chief natural attraction on which Folkestone prides itself is the Warren. This comprises a large area of broken ground, of dells, knolls, ponds and thickets, prolific in plant life, which stretches for a mile or so along the shore, between tide mark and the foot of the here receding and sloping chalk cliffs that form the bay on the north side of the old town in the direction of Dover. The bay containing this curious, low-lying plateau, the débris of age-long landslides from above, terminates seaward in a precipitous chalk cliff, which marks the beginning of those over-sea heights that terminate at Shakespeare Cliff above Dover.

After shaking off the rather dreary northern suburb of Folkestone, it is a pleasant walk along the down foot to the edge of the Warren, and if it be continued to the summit of the hill above there may be enjoyed a really glorious outlook over land and sea. The Warren itself is interesting rather for its geological and botanical treasures than for any intrinsic natural beauty. For myself, I have only seen it in its deserted condition, at times when such might be expected, and it has then a certain wildish fascination. But I believe that in summer such moiety of Folkestone visitors as do not mind dirtying their shoes, and possibly even tearing

their clothes, resort here in sufficient numbers to banish altogether that sense of aloofness which gives the scene



THE WARREN, FOLKESTONE.

some further attraction for the other nine months of the year, and this despite the fact that the Folkestone and Dover railway runs through it.

It is from these high cliffs between Folkestone and Dover that the long, broad ridge of Downs runs inland, which must be so familiar, with its steep western rampart and white chalk pits, to all continental travellers between Ashford and Folkestone. We have already been in its recesses, at Alkham, Kearsney, Denton and elsewhere. For it is in fact a deeply furrowed tableland, running right up to Wye and Chartham and the upper valley of the Stour. But from the western side, and even far away into Sussex, it suggests a high single ridge like the South Downs. It forms the familiar eastern horizon over a vast district. The glint of its chalk pits and white scaurs at the hours when the sun strikes them are seen by half a hundred parishes, to whom also the measure of its clarity is something of a barometer, while the white mantle that frequently covers its summits is sometimes almost the only snow seen in a whole winter by a region that suffers little from that affliction.

But at Folkestone, across the valley, as we have seen, the chalk ends. The heights behind the town, where Shorncliffe Camp lies overlooking the narrow shore-fringe along which Sandgate straggles towards Hythe, are sandstone. With their broken and varied surface, they make a pleasant Arcadian link between Shorncliffe, Folkestone and Hythe. Much of this hill and valley, clad as it is with crisp turf, is naturally utilized as a golf course, and the way of the uninitiated through it might possibly prove perilous. Now the rather ragged wilderness on the heights behind Dover Castle is perforated, I am told, at intervals with nine holes large enough to receive and retain a golf ball. But the patriotic compiler of the Dover Guide Book is not to be outdone by the lack of the other accessories to the equipment of a golf course. On these links, if such they may be called, he assures the potential visitor that he will be able *to enjoy a good and breezy game*. The italics are mine; but the commendation is delightfully suggestive that half a gale is

what the golfer is mainly after, that greens, bunkers, tees and lies are secondary considerations, so long as his ball comes back over his head after he has driven it, or goes over the cliff after he has sliced it. On these uplifted Hythe links, I should fancy the golfer will find all the wind he wants, but unlike the other he will also find a good course, though of the inland type. Shorncliffe Camp was started in the Crimean War. While the attenuated village or town of Sandgate arose from a camp formed for training those Peninsular regiments under Sir John Moore, at whose head he was destined to fall so gloriously.

Hythe, however, is another matter altogether, though possibly the world in general knows it only for its famous School of Musketry. Yet it is one of the five original Cinque-Port towns and furthermore has its roots in a Romanized soil. But Roman Hythe lay over two miles to the westward, its site marked by the present trifling hamlet of West Hythe and much more emphatically by the ruins of the Roman port of Limenus and the later castle of Lympne, which in its restored condition crowns rather magnificently the heights above. The gradual shifting eastward of the old town of Hythe is associated with the constant recession of the sea and the bit-by-bit reclamation of Romney Marsh, which made steady progress from Roman beginnings throughout the Saxon period. For in Roman times a broad estuary or arm of the sea washed the foot of the lofty steeps where West Hythe and the shattered walls of the third great Kentish port of Limenus now stand. Of this and all concerning it I dealt in my former volume. It will be enough here to ask the reader, as he stands on the mile-wide strip now occupied by the rifle ranges between hill and sea, to imagine Hythe gradually shifting eastward through the centuries along the hill foot in pursuit of the receding tides, till ages ago it came to a final halt, in despair, one might almost fancy, where the present town now stands. To-day it trails

along the foot of the high ridge, some half-mile back from the shingle-entrenched seashore ; a fine old town, with its roots in the Middle Ages, its Tudor, Jacobean and Georgian houses still making a good display on or about the long, narrow High Street. It combines the spirit of the past and the needs of the present in quite felicitous fashion, while its noble old church dominates the whole from a commanding ridge above. Though now much larger than Rye or Sandwich and in old-world charm hardly the equal of either, it nevertheless like these retains its character as a complete survival of a Cinque-Port town. In no sense is it a mere watering-place, with an old quarter tucked away at one extremity. Its considerable military and residential population live for the most part in villas on the hills above, or on terraces stretching seaward and not structurally entangled with the town itself, which despite its years wears an uncommonly cheerful face, as in truth it should. Moreover its precincts have been greatly beautified within the last century. For the Military Canal, created for strategic and traffic purposes in the Napoleonic Wars and extending as far as Winchelsea, begins at Hythe. But it has been made to do service at this end for the better adornment of the town, and with admirable effect.

Expanded here to the width of a Flemish canal, between smooth grassy banks and shaded continuously by the stately elms planted along it over a century ago, it provides for a mile or two a really charming blend of green leaves and clear waters, to say nothing of an excellent boating stretch freely patronized. Eventually, when towards Romney Marsh all trace of Hythe is left behind, the canal, quickly narrowing, drops into the rôle of a glorified, forsaken dyke, redeemed, however, from insignificance by the ceaseless and picturesque procession of wych elms that follow its long course round the back of Romney Marsh by Lympne and Appledore to the Rother near Rye.

Hythe, though first mentioned in the Saxon charters of Ethelbert in 732, received its first formal charter from Edward the First, renewed or amplified by Henry the Fourth, Edward



THE MILITARY CANAL, HYTHE.

the Fourth and Elizabeth. Though one of the five original Cinque-Ports, its contribution in men and ships to the King's Navy was on an average slightly below that of the others, save

perhaps Romney. But that little town gathered some compensating importance from its central position, which made it the most popular meeting-place for the Brotherhood and Guestling assemblies of the Ports. Yet in this particular Hythe puts in a claim against the Dover Bredenstone for the site of the old shipway cross of the earlier open air gatherings, a matter inadmissible of proof.

The archives of Hythe till recent times lay about in the chamber over the south porch of the church, accessible to any one, visitors or otherwise, who felt inclined to handle or appropriate their unassorted leaves. In short, they were utterly uncared for and neglected. Though this last had been remedied over fifty years ago, when the Historical Commission examined and reported on them, they still remained in their inappropriate and insecure quarters. Since that time they have been removed to a suitable chamber in the town, under official care, re-arranged and partly bound. Thanks to age-long neglect, what are to be seen here now represent in all probability but a fraction of the original mass. A portion have been printed and bound in two volumes under the respective titles of *The Great White Book of Hythe* and *The Black Book of the Cinque Ports*. There are still in the shelves, however, a considerable mass of assorted papers, awaiting similar treatment at some future day. Among them we turned up a dilapidated slip of paper, representing an order from Edward the First and bearing his signature.

The Hythe *White Book* begins early in the fifteenth century, the Cinque-Port volume more than a hundred years later. A familiar burden of the Hythe domestic tale in earlier times is the constant state of filth with which the town streets, then straggling eastward from West Hythe, its original base, were blocked by the grossly insanitary habits of the people. Another, as in the Romney records, reflects the subservience of the town to the autocratic sway of the Archbishop, who was their feudal lord, and who sometimes exercised his rights with any-

thing but Christian clemency. The burgesses were always studying how they might best propitiate his High Holiness,



SMUGGLERS' HOUSE, HYTHE.

and their anxious consultations on the subject usually resulted in the present of a porpoise or a grampus, whatever

that last may be. Truly the Archiepiscopal palate must have been a strange one if porpoise steak was the dainty dish most propitious to his gracious moods. Sometimes his messengers were "got at" by a *douceur* of tenpence or a shilling, for which the town is duly charged on its books. Most of these town records, however, consist of very small beer, fines, deeds of conveyance, licences, grants and so forth, interesting enough to the local antiquary—a rare enough bird, however, even in the Cinque-Ports—not only for the still familiar sites they are concerned with, but for the often still familiar names of those who were parties to such transactions. Among these last, it may be noted, occurs the significant name of Cade.

The Christian names of the women of Hythe in the fifteenth century make an interesting list. *Joan* or *Joanna*, hitherto the most popular of all, had begun by this time to lose favour, *Alice* having taken its place. *Agnes*, with *Christina* and *Margery* in the order named come a bad second. But these four names account for over half of those mentioned. Among the more curious are *Magota* (several), *Avicia*, *Lore* and *Gadilda*. *Mary* never occurs here in the fifteenth century, as was also the case, I believe, in London. One wonders why, above all in these regions where the Church was so powerful! Could it have been deemed sacrilegious? Yet, how about *Christina*?

Hythe is said to have been raided and more or less burnt half a dozen times by the French. But though not mentioned, unfortunately, in such fraction of fourteenth and fifteenth century records as have survived in decipherable condition, we gather from other sources that a self-kindled fire, if not two of them, accompanied by a devastating plague, is the only irremediable calamity which ever occurred in the rather consistently prosperous if bishop-ridden town. This apparently set the clock back for a long time. It must, at any rate, have thoroughly cleansed the Augean stable, though the lesson, as we have seen, does not seem to have been greatly

taken to heart. In very early days, the salt-pan industry had been a considerable asset to the town. Later on, the numerous monasteries in the district provided a handy market for the



HYTHE.

fish, while there was always a good country market for general produce. The harbour shifted so gradually through the centuries that the sea-going people probably accommodated themselves more readily than elsewhere to these slower changes.

Leland, though not quite trustworthy in details, says that owing to the shifting shingle beach the Hythe, which he saw—if he *did* see it—was sometimes a mile and sometimes a quarter of that “from the se.”

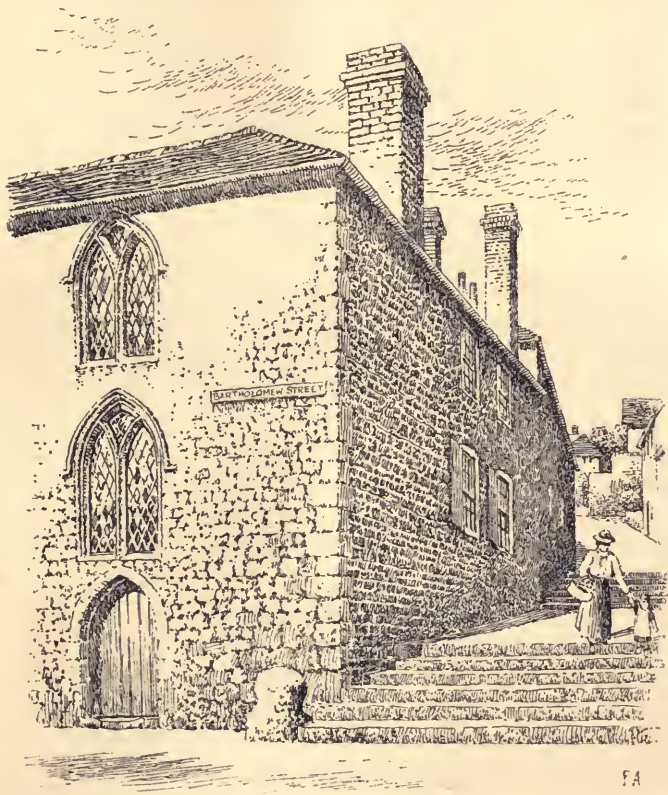
But this did not perhaps affect the harbour, which at that period seems to have been a narrow strip of water about a mile long running parallel to the town and shut off from the sea by shingle ridges. A pretty little stream runs to-day down the narrow vale from Saltwood Castle and serves the old town mill: doubtless in olden times it formed the head of the harbour. But, after all, when the latter finally silted up, the firm shingle beach, as at Hastings and elsewhere, afforded a quite sufficient landing-place for fishing-boats and the like, which could be readily hauled ashore. And while on the subject it should be mentioned that Hythe, too, had its modest share of the pilgrim traffic. I believe the traces of the pilgrim paths are still to be found leading up the heights to the old Roman road which led from Lympe to Canterbury, and that served the same purpose for Folkestone by similar links.

There is a good deal in the Hythe records, as in those of other ports, about those pernicious Yarmouth men, who as we have shown had by the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries begun to cold-shoulder and snub the ports barons when they put in their official appearance at the annual autumn herring fair. The two barons on one occasion selected to represent Hythe for the Brotherhood assembled to discuss these Yarmouth troubles are approvingly described as “grave and sad men,” which looks rather like meeting trouble half-way! Hythe, like the rest of the Ports, returned two members to Parliament, one of which by custom was nominated by the Lord Warden, who occasionally tried to stretch his rights and name both. The members were of course paid in those days, but their constituents had the priceless privilege of withholding the remuneration if they went crooked, which quickly brought the erring member to heel. The modern four-hundred-a-

year-man, as we have recently seen, can stick to the cash and his seat even though he represents almost nothing but his own perverted and degenerate self. After the worst of the fires and plagues in Henry the Fifth's reign, the place was reduced to such a pitiable condition that the inhabitants petitioned to evacuate it altogether. But this would not have suited the Archbishop at all, though he at last conceded to them a bailiff of their own, which saved in a measure the perpetual consignment of porpoises and grampuses to His Grace whenever a lane needed cleansing, or a bit of shore strengthening. Henry, too, in view of their impoverished condition, let them off, till better times, their tribute of five ships to the King's navy.

Lambarde, the Kent historian, who in Elizabeth's reign drew such an admirable picture of his native country, pronounces a scathing indictment on the haughty Archbishop Courtenay, who built Saltwood Castle in the fourteenth century and spent much more time there than perhaps his tenants relished. "Hear, I pray you, a word or twain of the Honourable, or rather the Pontifical, dealing of William Courtenay, the Archbishop and Amplifier of the Castle, who taking offence that certain poor men had brought him rent, littar and hay to Canterbury not openly in carts for his glorie as they were accustomed, but closelie in sacks upon their horses, as their abilitie would suffer, cited them to this his castle of Saltwood and there after he had shewed himself (*adsia iracundiorem*) as hot as a hoste, he first bound them by oath, to obey his own ordinance, and then enjoyned them, for penance that they should each one march liesurely after the procession bare-headed with a sack of hay or straw on his shoulder, open at the mouth so as the stuff might appear hanging out of the bag to all beholders. Now I beseech you what was it all else for this Proud Prelate thus to insult even simple men for so small a fault or rather for no fault at all but *Lauroleam in mustaceis quorere*?"

There is no doubt that the Freemen of Hythe and Romney, despite their Barons and Combarons, their bailiffs and Jurats, their charters and Cinque-Port privileges, had to put up with a great deal of clerical overlordship, such as the other ports



OLD ALMSHOUSES, HYTHE.

knew little or nothing of, and one might even venture to think would not have endured for a moment. Perhaps it was this habit of awe for constituted authority that made them, unlike most Kentish towns, sympathize as strongly as they durst

with the Crown against the Parliament in the Civil War, though irregular naval demands of Charles the First before the said war had been peremptorily refused.

Though the long, level High Street, hugging the steep hill-foot which comprises the greater part of Hythe proper, with its blend of old and not too obtrusively new buildings, contains no notable or at least outstanding survivals of its ancient life like Rye and Sandwich, its character and past history is nevertheless written all over it. Many of the houses, now shops, offices and the like, still retain their seventeenth and even sixteenth century features more or less entire; but the early Georgian period, though often quite obviously containing earlier work behind the street front is more conspicuous. The conflagrations of former days, even more than natural decay, make this inevitable in all old English towns. And talking of the eighteenth century, Hythe does not seem to have succumbed during that corrupt period to quite the helpless political condition of a rotten or pocket borough, for it had forty freemen voters besides the corporation, while before the Reform Bill these had risen to three hundred, far too many to handle with a cheque book, or its equivalent, and with the simplicity and despatch which disposed of the dozen or so voters at Rye and other Ports.

The town hall is of late Georgian date. In the invasion scare, as Henry the Eighth at any rate considered it, of 1538, that King came down here himself and built one of his defensive castles in line with those of Sandown, Deal, Walmer and Camber. The spot chosen was in the present Sandgate. After an uneventful existence, it seems to have survived intact well into the eighteenth century, but disappeared amid the military works which arose along this coast strip during the Napoleon Wars. A present feature of these activities with which one could well dispense is the string of Martello Towers, or "inverted flower-pots," with neither wealth of years nor wealth of incident to mitigate their uncompromising ugliness.

They are not so bad, however, as the unsightly erections that Hythe builders have raised along their immediate sea-shore, fortunately half a mile away, and in a measure shut out by pleasant intervals of grove and meadow. These two or three soaring blocks of lodging houses, with a more cheerful hotel or two and a long parade, constitute the sea-front. But I take it that its clean, shingly qualities, and expansive views, stretching from Dungeness to Dover Cliffs, suffer nothing from the unæsthetic fashion in which those who enjoy these things are lodged. I daresay the inhabitants of the many villas dotted about the hills above Hythe, whether visitors or residents, do not often trouble this bare, stimulating sea-front where wind and sea and sun have you absolutely at their mercy. For in the meadows running back to the leafy waterways by the town there are quite noble cricket and tennis grounds, to say nothing of bowling-greens set amid pleasant groves, as bowling-greens to be true to type and tradition should surely always be.

It is going westward through the beautifully timbered outskirts of the town that the large mid-nineteenth century buildings of the school of musketry which has given Hythe world-wide fame, show themselves. With gardens in front and foliage all about them, unpretentious in design and no longer new, they do no serious affront to this engaging quarter. But following on for one, two or three miles, over what was once part of the solitude that still reigns over the greater part of Romney Marsh, the apparently interminable rifle ranges fill the broad shingle tracts between road and sea, where these at length meet at the end of the ranges. Dymchurch wall, that ancient, costly, but indispensable sea-barrier, presses hard on the road throughout the few remaining miles of its straight course to Dymchurch village, now developing into a modest watering-place. Away inland, the high, green ridge, otherwise the old coast cliffs of bygone ages, with Lympne castle and church poised dramatically on its summit, begins to

slant away from the sea on its long, curving course round Romney Marsh to Rye and Fairlight. And in the great space between spreads far and wide into the hazy distance the silent and thinly peopled levels of the great Marsh, won wholly from the sea some five centuries ago by the slow toll of more than a thousand previous years.

To envisage the Marsh, white-flecked with fresh-shorn sheep, that in summer like countless mushrooms spangle its far-reaching, verdant pastures, its ancient, empty churches, its for the most part sparse humanity, and its long, curving, surf-lashed shingle shores: to realize all this the curious or reflective soul who finds himself at Hythe should bend his steps to Lympne. Here, and for choice from the high-poised churchyard, with the great fragments of the Roman *Portus Limenis* lurching about on the hill slope beneath him, he may compass at a glance the greater part of this strange country, and dimly mark the ridges twenty miles away which carry the old Cinque-Port towns of Rye and Winchelsea and bound its further limits.

Lifted imposingly upon a high ledge above the centre of the long, narrow town, its church is Hythe's greatest glory. The height of its chancel, by far the most interesting portion, and considerably exceeding as it does the elevation of the nave, is the most striking external feature. The original church, consisting only of the nave, dates back to about 1100. In 1165 great additions were made, comprising a chancel, transepts and nave aisles. The magnificent chancel that we now see owes its character chiefly to further work in the thirteenth century, and contains north and south aisles, an ambulatory, triforium and clerestory. Three large lancets light the east end, surmounted by beautifully moulded arches. The clustered columns, with graceful detached shafts of Bethersden marble; the vaulted roof, the rich triforium arcade, and the carved panels beneath the east windows, are the most notable features of this finest portion of the

church. Its great elevation above the nave will remind those familiar with it of Canterbury, the connection being obvious and the high distinction thereby acquired being on this smaller



HYTHE CHURCH

scale equally striking, while the triforium is actually on the model of that of the great Cathedral.

The nave arcade was rebuilt in the thirteenth century and heightened in the next, when the clerestory was inserted and the aisles raised. The fine south porch is also thirteenth-century and over it is a Parvise where the municipal charters and records were kept till recently and in such fashion, I am told upon the best authority, that any casual tourist or peripatetic antiquary could fill his pockets with their sheets if he felt so inclined. Among curiosities preserved in the church is a venerable iron chest, containing the parish registers since Elizabethan times. It is said to be a treasure chest captured from the Spanish Armada, and would seem to suggest the fact in its many locks and bolts. I believe it was opened by the united effort of three different keys, which, in the custody of three different persons, made no doubt for all reasonable security. For King Philip's admirals did not reckon on English hammers and chisels being brought to bear on it. The old tower of Hythe church fell down in due course according to custom, in this case however postponing the ceremony till 1739, and apparently carried the inevitable portion of the church fabric with it, though fortunately little more, it seems, than the south transept. The tower was rebuilt, as well as the transept, the last by the Deedes family whose mortuary it had been.

But Hythe Church is the repository of one of those curious collections of human bones, such as are to be found, either walled up or exposed in several places in England. Here in the crypt under the chancel is the most carefully preserved and largest and best known of all of them. Hythe crypt, however, is not as others, but a vaulted ambulatory rather, which runs under the chancel from north to south with outside doorways at either side. It is of thirteenth-century date and is thought to have been used and even intended for processional purposes. The large south door, the present

main entrance, is a beautiful piece of work, though greatly injured by time and mutilation. Thousands of people, however, come annually to see the bones who care little for Gothic arches, capitals and mouldings. For there are here some 2,000 skulls, and 8,000 thigh bones, representing the remains of about 4,000 people. They have almost certainly, it seems, been here since pre-Reformation days, but in recent times have been arranged on shelves or in stacks for the double purpose of better preservation and exhibition. Local tradition attributes them to a great battle fought in Saxon times, but expert opinion utterly rejects this rather trite explanation. Not merely because of the large number of women and children represented among the skulls, but for the further fact that similar though mostly smaller collections are found in places where no battle could possibly be faked up.

It would be nice to believe with the historian Hasted and the locals of his day that these stacks of bones represent the slain in a fifth-century fight between the Saxons and the Britons. But later and more critical opinion rejects the theory, not merely for the reasons given above, but for the still more cogent one that the consecrated burial grounds were so limited in area that the bones of earlier generations were often of necessity displaced by later burials and reverently laid away in crypts, vaults or other shelters within the sacred enclosure. But here in Hythe it is thought that the bones unearthed from the graveyards of the ruined and abandoned churches which served the town in the Middle Ages were, in all probability, brought here. For Leland says: "Hythe hath been a very great town in length and conteyned iiij paroches that now be cleyn destroyed. Ther remayn yet the ruynes of the chyrches and chyrch yards." The present vicar who has gone exhaustively into the question thinks that all the bones and no doubt many that have vanished were stored in this crypt while it actually served as an ambulatory in pre-Reformation times. Besides the shelves carrying

the skulls and the great stack of thigh bones, on the floor there are glass cases containing specimens of hair, mostly fair or auburn, also selected skulls and bones displaying the marks of injury or disease.



SALTWOOD CASTLE.

The last word on the Hythe collection may fairly be given to Mr. Parsons, Professor of Anatomy in London University, in a paper read at a meeting of the Kent Archæological Society shortly before the war. The professor, whose experience in

these matters was second to none, had subjected the Hythe bones to an exhaustive examination. His paper is embodied with one by the present vicar in a *brochure* sold in the crypt for a trifle by the custodian in charge. From the shape of the skulls and their age, which an expert can roughly assess, the professor is convinced that practically all the bones "belong to people of this town who lived and died in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, who were buried in the churchyards and exhumed in the ordinary mediæval way, but they cannot as a whole be considered as typical representatives of the English folk of the Middle Ages, because they contain a large admixture of another and a short-headed race, probably derived from that part, inhabited by the so-called Alpine race." The average height of the men seems to have been 5 ft. 5 ins. to 5 ft. 4 ins. and of the women 5 ft. 1 in. Sometimes the dents and marks of blows on many of the skulls are quoted in evidence of the battle theory, but, as Mr. Parsons points out, this is utterly fallacious, as these were mainly effected during their excavation by the strokes of pick and spade, the difference between wounds received in life and dents inflicted on bones centuries after death being obvious to the expert. Finally, there is the fact that the charnel house was a quite common institution in English mediæval churches, and every one knows how common it is on the Continent.

There are a couple of small hospitals or almshouses in the town, one of the Tudor period just below the church being well worthy of notice. But the great feature of the immediate neighbourhood of Hythe is Saltwood Castle, originally built by the Archbishops, the feudal overlords of the town and district. Its chief historical incident is connected with the murderers of à Beckett who made it the starting-point for their dramatic deed. It was restored some thirty years ago as a residence for the Deedes family who own the estate. It seems to have been in a tottering condition at the close

of the sixteenth century when an earthquake put a finishing touch to its eligibility as a residence, after which the neighbourhood in the usual fashion fell upon it whenever building material was needed. To-day its restored drum towers and curtain walls, containing within a comfortable modern house, make a really noble picture a mile up the glen, down which a little stream runs, and betimes quite briskly, to its outlet at Hythe.

The old grey walls of the outer bailey, still retaining all or most of their original height, describe quite a wide circuit behind the castle and enclose a full acre or two of trim lawn and flower bed in their sheltering embrace. Within this snug but spacious pleasance, embowered in evergreens, are the remains of the castle chapel and, if memory serves me, the fragments of some other buildings. Around the whole the lines of the moat are clearly marked. With such an atmosphere in which to replant it, Saltwood was surely worthy of restoration ! Commanding the gorge to the sea in almost Cambrian fashion, it strikes a fine and dominant note, far removed as it is from the last of the villas which straggle inland over the high uplands behind Hythe. The little hamlet and church of Saltwood are near by, the latter calling for no special comment in these closing pages.

From no point does Saltwood, with its woody glen running up to its head in the high down behind it, look more effective than from the steep road which toils painfully upward and out of Hythe past the railway station on its way to Sandling, Lyminge and other inland places of note. And as we have not much space left, Lyminge and its neighbourhood seems to demand such as there is of it, with Westenhanger on the return journey as a fitting close to our pilgrimage. Both of these places as a matter of fact have stations on railroads, Lyminge on the Folkestone and Canterbury line, Westenhanger on the main line of the South-Eastern. But it is surprising, when wandering about a country by-road what an aloof

position railways and railway stations seem to assume in its make-up, which is just as well ; for though indispensable



THE BARBICAN, SALTWOOD.

they are neither harmonious nor picturesque. For myself, I seem to know quite intimately scores of villages in various

parts of England boasting railway stations, of whose respective situations I have no recollection whatever and in many cases never even realized their existence.

It is a singularly pleasant road to Lyminge after dropping down at the back of the Hythe ridge, and crossing both the main line and the Folkestone-Ashford highway near Newington. Thenceforward it leads up a valley drawing towards a pass through the high downs at the head of it. The interval is filled by the woods, parklands and pastures of Beachborough, with its plain-looking Georgian house. On the summit of the cone-shaped down overhanging it and sharp against the sky-line is a rather distracting object in the shape of a small pavilion or observatory. It is even worse than the obelisks which a misplaced filial piety under the later Georges was wont to rear on hill-tops to the memory of respectable but unremarkable country squires; tributes of a generation who no doubt looked on their own as we are sometimes apt to look on ours as the first and last word in the nation's story. If local report, however, is to be believed this particular erection had nothing to do with ancestor-worship. For it is said to be the contrivance of a former owner of Beachborough, whose passion for the chase outliving his powers of following it, he found consolation in this aërial vantage point whence he might still see and hear something of the hounds when they came to draw his covers.

Thus pursuing a steadily rising road, cut in the chalky side of the down, round the sweep of the valley head—a veritable frying-pan on a hot day when the breeze is off the land—one descends through a gap into a shallower vale beyond, where lies the snug little village of Etchinghill. Save for an immense hospital, which rather overwhelms it, Etchinghill is a peaceful and engaging spot. A cosy old inn of character suggests an assured road-side status throughout the ages. A couple of picturesque farmhouses, many old cottages, among them a large one of brick and timber displaying the date

1634, together with some fine elms at the exit from the village, leave altogether a pleasant memory of it. Another low ridge



NEWINGTON.

and the road drops down into the historic village of Lyminge. Its appearance, however, at a first acquaintance altogether

belies such a character. It is a good-sized place, and most of it suggests the successful villa enterprise of a building estate. In short, it might be a suburb of Folkestone, taken up and dropped far away in the heart of the country. With its station on the Folkestone and Canterbury line, possibly it serves for something of that kind. But higher up around the church quite sufficient of itself to justify the historical fame of Lyminge is what remains of the old village, only remarkable for its contrast to the new red brick streets and terraces which have grown up beneath it.

The church, well raised up above the village, stands amid a large and leafy graveyard, opening out behind upon quiet pastures and a secluded, dignified-looking vicarage. It should be said at once that it is not the proportions or architecture of its mediævally altered church which give Lyminge importance, but the fact that much of the fabric is actually Saxon work, succeeding as it does a Saxon seat of Kings, Archbishops and Abbesses, which had sprung up amid the walls of a Roman basilica. Moreover, the remains of all these periods are still visible, either attached to or near by the church, to give some measure of reality to its dim but famous past.

The church itself consists of a massive, squat, buttressed and battlemented stone tower with turret stair, a nave with aisles and a chancel with flying buttresses all of flint. Among the later work, Early English, decorated and perpendicular, there are round-headed deeply splayed lancets on either side of the chancel, with Roman bricks built into them that are either very early Norman, or actually Saxon. In the south aisle of the nave, too, there is a similar window, containing in this case some bits of old glass. A single oaken stall, no doubt the survivor of many, is preserved, together with a sixteenth-century reading-desk, while some curious alms-books with wooden covers and iron clamps and locks are kept in the west end of the church. It is outside the south wall of the nave west of the porch and in the churchyard that the

remains of the walls of the Basilica and Saxon church are to be seen, obviously not in alignment with the later building, while further away still, both inside and outside the churchyard, excavation has revealed a great deal more. Bede tells us that Queen Ethelburga (633) founded this church and monastery of Lyminge and was the first abbess here. But some fifty years ago, the then vicar of Lyminge read a paper on the subject before the Kent Archæological Society, which embodied practically all there is to be known and said upon it. The remains to be seen against the south wall, including the substructure of the wall itself, together with the remains outside, belong to the Roman period 400-500. This was the Basilica 120 feet long on which Ethelburga reared her Foundation containing an apse, the shape of which can be still readily seen. In the charter of 697 it is called "The Basilica of S. Mary the Mother of God in Lyminge." There was also here a palace of Ethelbert and Bertha, the French Christian princess, it will be remembered, who welcomed St. Augustine and helped him no doubt to convert her husband. It was the scene, too, of the early life and widowhood of Queen Ethelburga who received the veil from Bishop Honorius in 633. The Basilica was adapted by Ethelburga, not rebuilt, and was of irregular herring-bone work bonded with courses of tiles or flat bricks. Archbishop Dunstan destroyed the monastery in 964, made the place parochial, gave it a grant of land and built a new church which included the old basilica walls, while the stones of the monastery were used in building the other parts. The tower built long afterwards, says the authority here quoted, is entirely composed of these. To the period 965-1000 he unhesitatingly ascribes the present church, all save the north aisle and tower, which date from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Archbishops resided here from Lanfranc to Winchelsea, before, that is to say, Saltwood became ecclesiastical property. One commends their taste, if peace, seclusion and an atmosphere rich in the memory of departed saints

was their aim. To some of them no doubt the feudal dignity and secular spirit of Saltwood was more congenial.

From this ancient upper quarter of Lyminge, leaving Sibton Park on the right, a narrow lane, accorded highway honours, by the way, on the maps, toils upwards for a mile or more to the high ridge which carries the Roman road from Lympe to Canterbury. It is an aloof, unpopulous region up here, woodland and common or poor land but half reclaimed. Not often does a Roman road, in this case still the main highway, maintain its original course more obviously. Straight as a ruled line, it forges onwards in gentle undulations, through groves of saplings, rough pasture and bosky thickets, known as Stowting Common and Mock-beggar Woods, without a sign of habitation on either side and always at an elevation touching at times 600 feet above sea level. It was along this road that Fitzurse, Moreville, Tracy and de Bret rode from Saltwood, where it had been planned the previous night to murder Becket, and along it that they returned in hot haste after the deed was done. The prospect now on either hand, where the thick foliage admits of it, is panoramic. Particularly charming is that, as the road turns southward, of the spacious "Punch-bowl" immediately below us containing the parish and village of Stowting, snuggling under the hill foot, with that of Monks Horton, and the green, well-wooded levels of Horton Park near by and Brabourne filling in the distance beyond both. All the way down the steady four-mile descent to the village of Stanford and Westenhanger station on the South-Eastern main line, there is full opportunity for the enjoyment of all this and much more besides.

Now, every one accustomed to travelling on the London and Folkestone line, even by the fast trains, must be familiar with the fortified manor house or castle of which a clear glimpse is afforded just before passing Westenhanger station. It is locally familiar in another sense as the headquarters of the Folkestone racecourse, which is laid out beside it.

The old castle itself consists to-day of a large quadrangular building with three of the nine towers which once defended it still standing. It has for ages served the purpose as barns and outbuildings of a large farm and apparently still does the same for its present owners. It is divided from all the inharmonious paraphernalia of the race-course by the Georgian looking residence, set amid pleasant grounds, of the manager, formerly no doubt the farmhouse. The roof timbers, Tudor or earlier, of the great barn are magnificent. Indeed, the whole front of the square enclosure overhanging in part the old moat, once fed by a neighbouring stream, is most imposing.

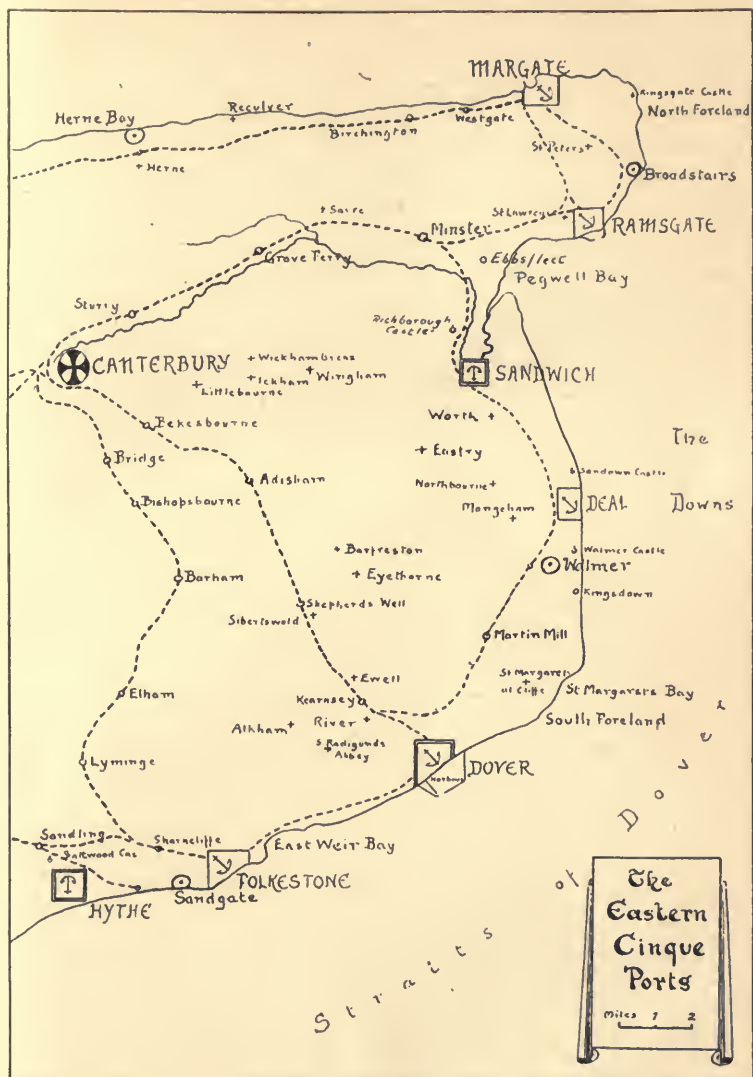
The history of the place is chequered and eventful. For leaving the mere tradition of a royal Saxon palace, Henry the Second is said to have kept Fair Rosamund Clifford here before removing her to Woodstock, one of the surviving towers bearing her name. But the real founder and builder of Westenhanger seems to have been Bertram de Criol, of a famous baronial family in these parts, and himself so powerful in Henry the Third's reign that he was known as the Great Lord of Kent. But not much more seems to be known of it till Sir Edward Poynings, Lord Warden of the Cinque-Ports, got hold of it in Henry the Eighth's reign, and began building ambitiously, only to be interrupted by death. His son, however, sold it to the King, who emparked it and turned it into a residence worthy of kings—Elizabeth, indeed, stopped here on one of her Kentish progresses.

But at King Henry's death, or thereabouts, Westenhanger passed again into private hands, for in Elizabeth's reign it was owned by a famous character of that day generally known as Customer Smythe. This gentleman was the younger son of a substantial Wiltshire yeoman and clothier, and he came to London after the proverbial fashion to seek his fortune. But, unlike the proverbial type, he did not come empty-handed, as he owned a farm on Salisbury Plain as his portion. This in due course he converted into cash and set up as a

haberdasher. His business so prospered that about 1552 he paid £2,500 for the privilege of becoming a customer, farming the dues of Sandwich, London and Chichester. He married the daughter of Sir Andrew Judge and acquired thereby the manor of Ashford. Henceforward, he made money rapidly, and in 1560 became engaged in a curious transaction. The Government, it appears, at this moment were in great need of ammunition, and were forced for some reason to obtain it from Holland. But Dutch law was most stringent against its export ; so Smythe and the celebrated Sir Thomas Gresham arranged for it to be shipped in frequent but small consignments labelled as silks and velvets ! These luxuries arriving so constantly at the Tower at length excited suspicion among those in authority, who had not been let into the secret. Sir Thomas Gresham, however, undertook to explain to the head of the searchers that the English Government was law-breaking on its own account, the end justifying the means. Smythe had also much to do with financing the crown operations at Dover harbour. Queen Elizabeth had granted him Westenhanger, and he was one of those prosperous men bound for life as it were to the cunning Queen, or at least to any life that was worth living. So Customer Smythe continued to make money, but from each fresh haul the Queen exacted a larger and larger share for herself. At length, her demands were more than the much-harried Customer could comply with, and he consequently fell into her bad books, which helped, it is said, to bring him to his grave. A good many people, to be sure, died under the Great Eliza's displeasure ; it was apt to take such horribly practical forms ! However, Smythe's relations gave him a splendid monument in Ashford Church, which among other things tells us that he paid £30,000 for the customs of London and presided over them "*et singulari in nobiliores liberalitate et amore in mercatores proestibit.*" His widow provided for his twelve children, but the Queen had left something at least,

so we are told, for the poor Customer to bestow on the universities and other charities.

So much for Westenhanger with its dim mediæval traditions, its curious Tudor associations, its imposing remains, which, as already observed, must flash briefly, but clearly and no doubt mysteriously into the vision of hundreds of thousands of passing travellers with each succeeding year. But our more leisurely pilgrimage must make Westenhanger its last word save that of farewell to such readers as have been patient enough, or may I hope interested enough, to bear me company to this final page.



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